

RATS IN THE HALLWAY

#13 - SUMMER TOURS ISSUE
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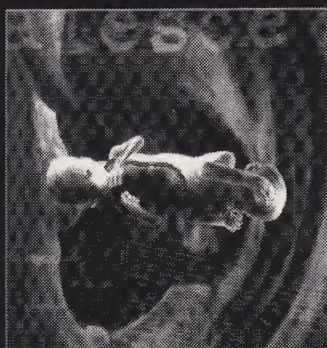
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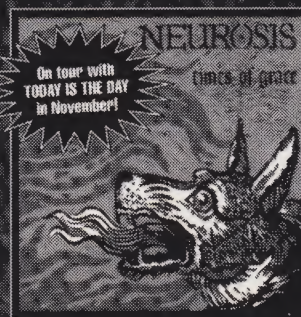
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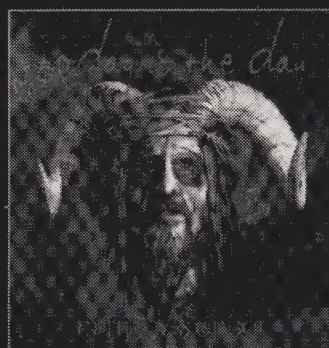
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caroline
DISTRIBUTION

Rats in the Hallway

#13

Summer Tour Issue

"...Jesse was next to follow my lead and was soon stripped down to only his underwear and took off running into the cold water. John and I joined him and we took the ceremonious photograph to immortalize the moment forever."



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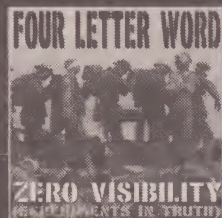
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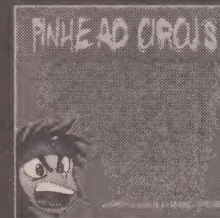


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So, another issue?

You can't even begin to guess the things I ran into on the way to #13's completion. For a while, I even thought that this might be the last one. Then again, in a way, every issue feels like it will be the last one at some point.

But, I can't say I haven't had a blast. I HAVE had a blast. Inserting pictures of our past summer's tour was enough of a flashback to get my bags packing once more and I'm hitting the road for the great state of Kansas with a good friend for some more action and adventure.

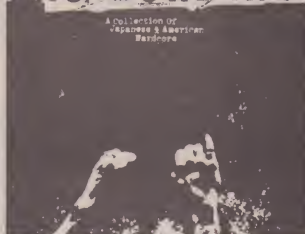
Leatherface? Leatherface. Leatherface! What a privilege to be able to ABSOLUTELY WIG OUT for over a week's worth of shows. This summer's RITH tour paired us up with some of the most articulate, personable and BRILLIANT individuals that I have ever had the pleasure of sharing a conversation with. And then came the interviews. I kept on thinking that I would wake up from this dream. I kept on thinking that the urinal I pictured so clearly in front of me was not really there, and I was a second away from waking up in a puddle of my own urine. But the dream came to an end and I'm still riding the high just writing about it. In grade school, your teachers would always ask you what you wanted to be when you grow up. A Fireman. A Teacher. A Doctor. A Rock Star. A Lawyer. These were the common answers as you went around the circle. But now it's my turn to get to answer that question again. When I grow up I want to be LIKE THOSE GUYS. Those amazing guys from Sunderland, England, from Gainesville, Florida, from Minneapolis, the guys (girls) we met from Sioux Falls, Madison, Milwaukee, Detroit, Chicago and Noblesville, Indiana. THOSE are the guys that I want to be when I grow up. Amazing people. So amazing, they'll sock you with twice the buzz than any synthetic drug can produce. Straight to your main vein, to your main artery. Pumped faster than the speed of light through your body and hitting your head and heart at the exact same instant. I CANNOT IMAGINE GOING ALONG A GREATER TOUR. Thank You Everyone.

Endnotes (faster than you can say denasalization):

I got a job working for the housing department here and have 60 spectacular residents. I got back together with my one true love, not regretting the little break. My family moved to Glenwood Springs. Future issues of RITH will come with a 70 minute CD. This is the best issue I've put out. The next will be better. I accomplished one of my big goals with Mike and Paul opening up the RITH UK office. The web site is twice as good as before, check it out (completely unedited interviews). Bands/ People that I would love to have interviewed (if only to appear on the web) by RITH 14: GUY SMILEY, SMALL BROWN BIKE, PEGBOY (RIP), JOE STRUMMER, ANN BERETTA, STILL LEFT STANDING, DR STRANGE, BUILT TO LAST, KNOWITAL, BANE, SEAN RUGGER BUGGER. Photographer Theron, I'll still take your free pizza offer one of these days. Anyone have a great summer internship opportunity for a young engineer where I could still spend my 5 minutes per day of looking for rare vinyl on the internet?

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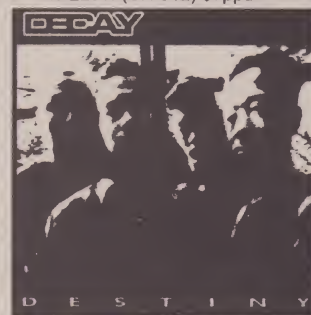
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With the RITH UK office now open, and classes in full swing, it's clear that Mike B. has

Landed in the uk

Part I: Hello Everyone!

Just wanted to write everyone that I've arrived safe. I've been in England since Monday the 5th in the afternoon. Everything has been going smoothly and all is fine. My last week has been filled with waiting in lines (or as they say over here, 'forming queues') to fill out paper work. It hasn't been too exciting, except yesterday I had the chance to take the bus into Brighton (about a 15-20 min ride). It was fairly late when we arrived there (around 6-7pm) but we still managed to go down to the sea. The beaches here are extremely rocky, and the wind is incredible. There is a saying here that if you don't like the weather in England, just wait five minutes, and it definitely holds true.

We went out to the famous pier that is sort of a cross between a child's amusement park, and a flea market, while having a fairly respectable restaurants in the middle. Basically it is a tourist spot. However it is extremely long, and takes you a great distance out into the sea. We watched an amazing storm roll in off of the water, and when it started pouring we managed to run to a fish and chips shop. It was actually rather good. The chips are like our 'French Fries' but cooked differently so the inside is soft and sponge-like, while the outside is lightly crisp. I can't really explain, but they are different.

Other difference that I've noticed are that all the light switches here are opposite of the states. Up is off, while down is on. Also all lights are fluorescent, so they always flicker before they come on. Half of the cold water taps are labeled with a blue mark, while the other half are marked with green. Red is always for hot though. The showers are tiny. They are actually a 'water closet' in which you have to step into the shower itself to shut the door behind you. Other differences in the bathroom are that there are separate rooms for the bathtub, a different one for the toilet, and a third door and room for the shower (by far the smallest room). The toilets have the flushing handle on the right side, as you are facing it. The toilet paper is pre-cut into little tiny squares, and the are dispensed in what is similar to an upside down Kleenex-box.

But I digress, back to the story about Brighton. After the Fish and Chips we wandered around the 'Lanes' which is similar to the Sixteenth Street Mall or Pearl Street, but it is a complex grid of one-way streets that make up, perhaps, ten or twenty small blocks. The streets are brick roads, and cars rarely drive down them, as during the day they are packed with people. They are not as touristy as the sixteenth street or Pearl street, they are more small 'mom and pop' shops. It is rather nice, or so it appeared, as we arrived after all of the shops had closed.

In just walking around the streets we would often come upon a large gothic looking cathedral that was either boarded up, or still in use. It's incredible the architecture here, all of the early Victorian house (many of which now have satellite dishes clinging off of their sides). I believe that the streets out here appear dirtier, but I think that it just seems this way because of the overcast skies, and the extremely old buildings. If I had been walking around these neighbor hoods in the states, I might have felt a little bit uncomfortable, but I was assured by all that the rate of crime here is extremely low, and the large percentage of crime is only pick-pocketing and purse snatching.

Later, after it turned dark, we decided to see the sea again, as we thought it would be interesting. We walked about a mile or a mile and a half up the coast to the original pier, that had halfway burned down a while ago (I'm guessing around the 1880's-1920's??) and has been shut down ever since. It appears that it is now under reconstruction, with the city attempting to reopen it. The sea was beautiful at night, as the horizon could not be made out. The surf was extremely rough, and the only thing you could make out between the dark sky and the dark water was the whitecaps.

Brighton also has the highest number of bars per square mile (or kilometer). It is an extremely young city, as most of the people we saw were under the age of thirty. It is also consider a liberal city. Brighton is known as having a high population of homosexual individuals as well.

We saw a lot of tiny pubs, large trendy (and extremely expensive) restaurants, and huge discos that would be enormous in size. The largest one was perhaps 4-5 stories and about half of the size of the

old McNichols sports arena. I hear that the discos are very good, but extremely expensive (as are all prices here).

The food situation here is interesting. There are basically two choices. One can eat out, and pay a lot (the fish and chips would be about \$9.00 in US money) and get only mediocre food, or one can attempt to cook. The kitchens in my housing are extremely small. They are shared by a total of 12 people. There is four burners, a 1/2 oven, a 1/2 oven sized thing called a 'grill' that is actually a separate place to broil food, and refrigeration and freezer space equal to one fridge/freezer that are found in the States. The University has a Student Union food shop, but the quality of food is poor. There is a lot of canned food, but all of the fresh produce isn't fresh at all, and is sparse. One can take the bus about 15 min. away for 90 pence (about \$1.70) one-way to a great super market, but it is difficult to carry food back to the bus, and to the 'Uni' (or University). Also pots and pans are limited and pricey.

Thankfully I live on a great floor. Everyone gets along extremely well, as one person will cook for many others, and everyone will pitch in some food. The dishes are shared, and washed in turns. It almost makes me believe that communism could work... yeah, maybe. None are preoccupied by who hasn't washed their fair of dishes today, as everyone knows that person will either cook or do all of the dishes tomorrow or the next day. I guess that our floor is unusual in this way as all other floors have had their individuals lock their cupboards, and lock their kitchen as well. We leave our kitchen open, and here is a reputation across campus that it a social place to come. Many times after the bars have closed (at 11:30 pm) their will be over 30 or 40 people in our kitchen and spilling out into the halls and patios, listening to music and having fun until 3 or 5 am. The kitchen on floor 2 of the Lancaster house has become known as a place to hang out and meet people all across campus. Recently I found out a girl that I had always seen in our kitchen didn't live on our floor, let alone in our building! She stated that she had only eaten on meal outside of kitchen this whole week.

I'm sure that things will calm down and stabilize as classes start this Wednesday. Most everyone on campus is 18 or 19, and for the first time they are living on their own. They are also attempting to get their drivers licence, which for me is actually kind of funny. It is rather weird as I'm not used to living with this age group, but luckily everyone here is much maturer than the average person of the same age in the states is.

On thing that I really enjoy is walking around and hearing people speaking different languages walk by. Everyone here knows at least two languages, and I would say that about half of the people know three or more languages well enough.

In general, I really am glad that I am here. Everything is great, and I'm learning so many new things, and I haven't even started classes yet. I hope to keep in touch with all of you in the States, but feel free to write me first at: eaui2@central.sussex.ac.uk

-mike b.-

Part II: Retrospect

Looking back on everything, I can always remember having a friend that listened to punk music before I ever did. I guess that was both a good thing and yet also a bad thing. I remember when Stefan came to school sometime in Jr. High and I questioned him about a punk rock shirt that he was wearing. Ever since that day I have known that not only does punk rock music exist, but that someone relatively close to me listens to it. In high school, my friends were always talking about the latest band, and when they found out that I my family had a turn table and I could dub things from vinyl to cassette, I was asked for a couple of favours.

That's when I started to get into everything. This constant environment of having punk rock friends by my side has simply just been part of my life. It doesn't seem weird, or anything, it just was. I believe that this passive involvement was both good and bad. I don't know where I would be today without that influence, possibly getting down to country (no, not really), yet I also think that it might have slightly harmed me.

I was regularly meeting new punk rockers on very common basis, as Scott is a total scenester deep down no matter how hard he tries to deny it. It was old hat for me to met a new person in the scene and after a while it didn't seem very exciting at all (sorry to all that I did met and are reading this, but please read on to see what I mean).

Now let me fast forward to a more recent event. I was attending the 'Fresher's Ball' which is basically a fairly relaxed party for all freshmen on campus. Being that it was held in Europe, all the music that was played was in one form or another a type of Techno. Now I'm not a big fan of Techno, as a matter of fact I used to hate it with a slight passion. Yet I went because I thought it was going to fun, and it was.

I ended up standing at the side of the dance floor with a couple of random people from my floor that included some from Scandinavian countries, and a couple Londoners. I turned to a girl that I was talking to, a Londoner, and asked her why she wasn't dancing. She stated that it wasn't really her type of music. Being in the small talk conversation that we all were in, I asked her what was her type music. She said the sweetest words I've heard on this island so far, "Southern California Punk Rock." She was the first punk rocker over here that I met.

The second punk rocker that I met was at one of our floors wild kitchen parties (as the bars close ridiculously early at 11:30 and everyone is still in the party mood), and across the strap that held his shoulder bag was a button with the hot water music symbol. At first I thought that it was something else, but then I asked him if it was what I thought it was. He said it was, and we ended up being in the same school of English and American Studies over here. I was extremely excited, and ran and told Ellie, the one at the Fresher's Ball, about the new person that I had met.

There is something pure about being vulnerable and meeting people that are similar. I mean it isn't just about the type of music. It is not that shallow. It is something completely different.

Ed, the guy from the impromptu kitchen party, talked of an organized society at the University that I could join and get regular e-mail updates about good concerts in both London and Brighton. He also mentioned that they might try to start working with the University

this, and my experiences with R.I.T.H. that there is quite the atmosphere for endless possibilities. I was (and am) so excited to find a scene, and/or build it and start organizing the forces.

I wouldn't have been this excited at all if I was back in the states I think. It might have been possible if I had moved to a separate city, in a different state, yet I don't think to this extent. I cannot remember the last time that my mouth watered at the sound of a show, and it isn't watering because my favorite band is coming. It is watering because I'm here, it's all new, and I've found new people to go to shows with. I am excited to go to any show, even the most used up, worked over general mainstream bands from southern Cali (that are on that label that people complain sounds all the same) that I wouldn't have gone to in the States. I also feel this huge urge to go to ANY local band that even remotely sounds punkish, no matter how shitty their garage performance and lack of a turn out might be.

Another thing that has been interesting and exciting is the politics over here. I haven't ever really thrown my hat in to the punk rock community's idealistic politics, but over here these ideas are more out in the open. At the society fair (wow that sounds almost snobbish) there were booths set up for people to join groups believing in Marxism, Socialism, and Anarchism. There is also a huge campaign over here right now because the government just took away funding for University students. Two years ago anyone who passed a test by a high enough mark could receive a completely free three-year university degree. Now the government makes students pay fees of £2,500 (or roughly \$4,500) with £1000 lent at an interest rate fee until the student graduates and earns a certain salary. The students are organizing and there is a real air that things could change. Everyone out here is much more into politics, and a lot more open minded to things.

Everything is new and fresh and it seems like it is spring and Easter is right around the corner (even though it always overcast and fucking raining). I sometimes wonder if this feeling is going to fade away in the nine months that I'm here, but I hope that instead I can bring it back with me to the states.

But until that time, feel free to write me at: eaui2@central.sussex.ac.uk Cheers, as the Britts would say.

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With the amount of time I spend at a keyboard, when I'm not trudging away at the grindstone for the boss, you'd think I'd actually have something of relevance to say. I don't know. It's getting excessively harder to figure out what it is that I have to say to anyone (not just a handful of zine readers) that really has any value. Oh, I'm sure it's there; I just think I'm missing the mark. It's all just so much mental masturbation. The rest is a finely time barrage of large vocabulary words, and verbose tirades. It's getting old. Or maybe I'm just getting old.

This happens every so often. I get to that point of just nearly burning out. Over the years, when that took place, I'd just find a sort of (hollow) solace in drinking way too much and pretending that I don't care about the things I do care about. Sometimes, you can convince yourself that those things don't really matter, at least momentarily. Is this all sounding rather ambiguous? Yeah, I thought so, too.

A plethora of issues have bogged me down for far too long. Not all of them are my vain attempt to "save the world", either. It's just too easy to give up on something as futile as that. But when it has to do with your own health and happiness, and that of those you love, it's not so easy to grab a fifth of whiskey and say "fuck the revolution". Lately, I've said, "Fuck me," far too much. It's starting to take its toll on me and my family.

CHRISTIAN BEANSPOUNT *punk pop*

It should come as no surprise that I absolutely hate my job and the town in which I live. Somehow I pacify myself with some ridiculous, little addage that life starts after Shelly and I are married. Everything hinges on us getting married. Then we can move far from here. Then we can actually stop to have fun, amid all of the crap life dumps on us (that's something that happens to everyone, so don't think I'm feeling especially put upon). Once we're married, we'll use the dental insurance to its fullest extent (I'm pushing for a set of dentures by the time I hit thirty!). Alright, I've got to stop before the examples get out of control.

I think the big issue here is that I'm missing out on the little things that proverbially get taken for granted, well, at least until you look back on them sometime later and get pissed at yourself for not enjoying them while they were there. I'm the kind of guy who's so stressed out, most of the time, that he can't even decide if he's having fun until sometime later, when he can look back at those situations as mere memories. Ever get the feeling that that causes one to miss entirely too much of their life?

I have to give major props to Shelly and Bailey through this little predicament I'm finding myself in. They put up with me being a royal shithead, with a lot of love and perserverance, never really knowing just how stressed out I really am. I wonder if Bailey will approach it the same way, when she's older and realizes that her dad was such a stressball that he ignored some of the most important things, affecting both her life and mine.

Perhaps I'm being too hard on myself. I'm sure every dad gets bugged once in a while about his role as a parent. Maybe not all of them live with a ton of debt, a sixty plus hour work week, planning a marriage, doing a zine, and having such grandiose plans and schemes that Da Vinci would faint at the possibilities, but then again, maybe that's average. Maybe most dads let injustices against their friends and loved ones affect their lives so greatly that it consumes all of their ability to care for months on end. Or maybe that's just me.

Sorry if I seem self-absorbed, on top of ambiguous, it's my less than public demeanor tonight. I'm tired. I've got walking pneumonia (a friend of mine, Ray, died of it almost two years ago). I'm out of work for a few days, due to a work-related injury. I'm broke with a wedding coming up in October. I've been incredibly hard to live with lately (ask Shelly, Bailey, and Nate). I'm pissed at an entire scene of so-called Christian punks (sic) for rallying to support church, state, "life" (in the form of an unborn fetus, anyway), and a rapist, while discrediting the victim, and joining in a ten-to-one fight with ONE guy who dares to confront the little shithead. (Cheers to Nate! And incidentally, he's NOT A NAZI! I should know, I live with him, and so does my half-Taiwanese daughter, and my Fiance, who is of mixed-Euro descent, including SEMETIC BLOOD!)

Yeah... you know, all of this ties in with the topic of being a parent. I thought about it the other day. No matter what I write about, if it's written by a parent or to people who are parents, or just have them, it fits. Hope this didn't just serve as a vent, but sometimes, that's just what a furnace (of anger) needs.

ENDNOTES

- The **VAMPED! #3/THURTEEN #5** split issue is complete, and is **FREE** from the hands of Justin and myself to yours. But... the thing costs like \$3 to make at Kinko's. I found a better deal, where each costs like \$1.10. A few benefactors, kicking down \$25 would help get **FREE** stuff on sexual assault and its prevention out to a lot more people. Consider making a donation. Otherwise, you can get a copy for \$2, to cover the postage... it's pretty thick, directly from me, at my P.O. Box below. Extra cash is deeply appreciated.

- This issue of RITH was supposed to feature an interview with Jeff Ott of **FIFTEEN**, but as fate would have it, only about five minutes of the recorded conversation were audible. I will be doing my best to get another audience with Jeff, so that we can see it in print, hopefully in the next issue. That may be a bit hard, as Jeff is a dedicated father, wage-slave, and an activist in the biggest sense of the word. But look for it, it will eventually happen.

- On a recent trip to the Bay Area, I happened to find a U.N. gift shop, a concept which I find a bit bizarre. Anyway, they had nothing on the Children's Bill Of Rights, but they did help me out with an address. I'll try to find it in my heap of a bedroom and print the address in the next issue, as maybe some of you may be interested as well.

- Another interesting parenting newsletter has popped up and grabbed my attention that I thought I'd share with youz guyz:

Satanic Parenting, Sharing Ideas for the Infernal Empire, it's \$2 per issue, or \$6 for a four issue subscription from: IZM Enterprises, P.O. Box 353, Maple Park, IL 60151 (edited by Lydia Gage). This one has ideas and issues for parents who subscribe To the philosophy put forth by Dr. Anton Szandor LaVey and the Church of Satan, and includes art by their children, as well. Very practical information, and I think you might get a different take on the way Satanists really view children, as opposed to what Christian fundies would have you believe through their ridiculous propaganda.

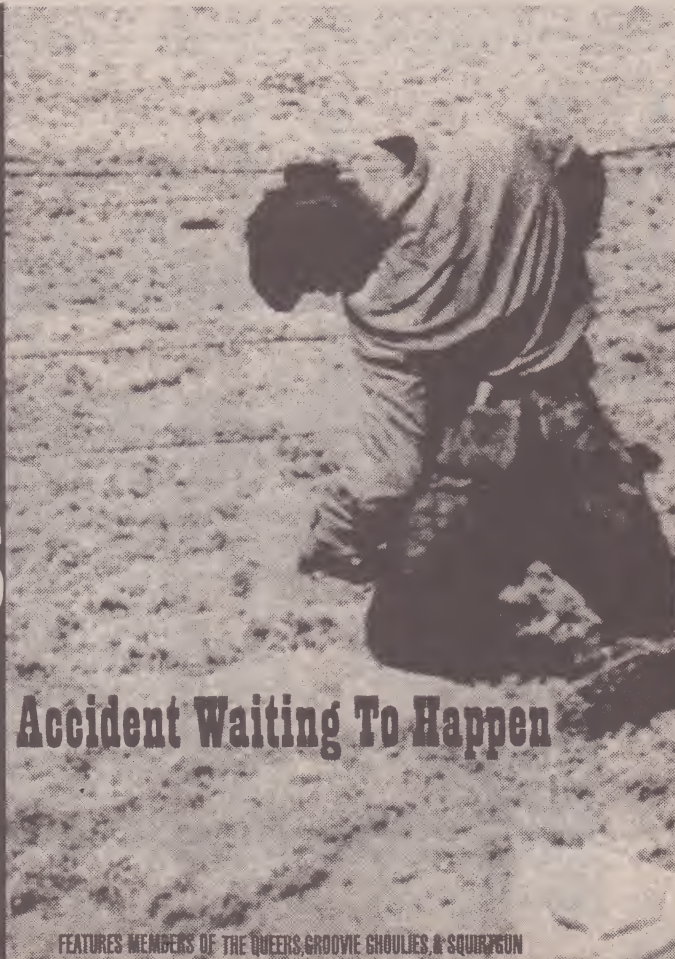
With that all said, I hope you all had a less stressful Friday the 13th than I did. Contact me for any reason, especially concerning parenting issues, **NETWORKING (!!!)**, and sexual assault issues. Donations to keep putting important info out for free is always appreciated, and your input is important (hate mail is funny... keep it coming, twerps!). Be patient, I'm laggin' on the mail pile.

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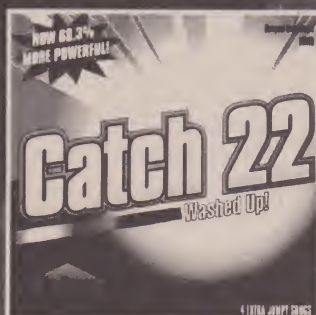
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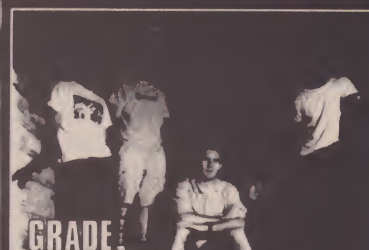
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Hot Sex

by Dan Butcher

The morning after, Julie had plunged back into reality. As she hurried to Rocky Mountain Roasters coffee shop, her eyes darted around, scanning the city benches, transplanted trees, and shop windows for comfort. She turned the corner and froze. Dave was sitting with his back to her, his usual double latte with cinnamon half empty. She inhaled slowly through her nose, and started towards him. Her mouth spread at the corners as she touched his neck and quickly hunched down for a kiss. She hurried in to order.

She set her double espresso *con panna* on the table. Dave was smiling. "How's it going, Jules? What did you do last night?"

"Uhh, I'll be right back, I have to go to the bathroom." She walked off. Dave frowned, then shrugged and took a swig of his drink.

When she sat back down, she was strangely transfixed by her shoes. He tilted his head slightly and squinted. "What is it?"

"Uh, what do you mean?"

"You seem tense, or something."

"No, I'm just tired." She reached her hands across the table to his, making sure to smile. "How was work last night?" Dave relaxed.

"It sucked. John didn't show, and so inventory took longer than usual. I called you after I got off, but you musta had your ringer turned off because there was no answer."

"Um, yeah." She twirled a strand of hair around her pinky finger, struggling for the right words and trying to seem nonchalant.

"Nah, come on, for real, what's bothering you? Are you pissed at me or something?" His grin playfully proclaimed his innocence.

She sighed. "I told you, I'm tired. And I'm having my period." She pushed her fingers straight back through her hair, carefully watching Dave's reaction.

"Oh, well, thanks for warning me." He slurped up the last drops of his latte.

Julie saw that Dave was satisfied to let it drop there. Her elbow on the table, her head fell to rest on her hand. "Dave, fuck... That isn't true. I... You're the first person I've ever lived with, and it's been working, and I guess I was afraid I was getting too attached, but..."

Dave leaned his head in, his jaw sagging. "What're you trying to say?"

"Well, something happened last night, Dave, and you should know that it didn't mean anything, it was a mistake, I wasn't thinking..."

"Motherfucker." His head shook from side to side, his eyes blank. "Motherfucker." His eyes focused on Julie. She looked down. "Who."

"Dave..."

"Who."

"It isn't important, you don't know him, I'm not going to see him again..." Dave pushed himself up from the table and Julie winced as Dave's chair ground over the concrete. He stood watching her, suddenly more sad than angry. He turned and walked.

She stood up. "Dave, I wanna work this out. I..."

He didn't stop. Pride kept him going.

"Dave..." Her mouth closed and she sank back into the chair. Something drew her glance to the table. Dazed, her head dropped forward onto her folded arms. Next to her cold cup of espresso Dave had left a crumpled five-dollar bill.

Klap Attack: Conversion

Three weeks on the road wasn't enough to change the world, but left the confused and nervous reflecting on old choices and new paths. I paid my rent, bills, and left worry on my neighbor's welcome mat for strangers to scuff their feet on. Without any consideration of reality, I packed a bag for this urban camping trip and shelved the worst case scenario. The whole thing is insane when put into parental perspective, but we call it life. Anticipation and the smell of detergent laden underwear cleared my sinuses. Meanwhile half a world away, Rob knelt on his prayer rug, unfolding pious hands from Allah, and catching a paper cut on his finger from the intact price tag. We hadn't spoken since he moved to the Middle East on New Year's Eve and drifted apart through communication breakdown.

No resolutions were in place, but revolution sat on the horizon. His postcards were brittle, probably from the Dead Sea's salt air. They detailed a man who relished an ex-patriot persona, to the point of relegating old friends to 100 words or less. For the rest of winter and spring, it evolved into a standard sermon for the seasons.

"Hey, what's up? I'm partying. I even got laid. Take care." But by the time I was sitting in a sweat soaked van, speeding down I-80, a new postcard stood out in the accumulating pile of junk mail on my doorstep. My roommate moved them to wait stoically on my desk. Upon returning, I walked into the place expecting to win the publishers clearing house and ended up reading about a vagabond conversion with words downed out by a weighty nightstand edition of the Koran. We were too far apart to play phone tag, and becoming reacquainted takes more than 100 words. I thought Rob was a goner, until an uncharacteristically drab evening when he scuffed his heels on my doorstep. Instead of shrinking under the stars, he took me out to dinner.

"So how's the food over there?" I asked.

"Inedible," he answered, while leading me into the Med on Walnut.

The waitress came to take our order, but all our awkwardness could decide on was a stiff drink. It took several of those before I noticed Rob staring at me with apprehension as I retold the tales of life on the road. The Fairclay Zealot

in Montana who breaks windshields out of love. The baseball oasis in Omaha where we smelled like cigarette butts and John still treated us like Warren Buffet. The days spent driving in The Gamits van, reeking to "Number of the Beast." The nights where throngs of kids danced away every fear, and the nights where they would rather pay attention to their Mocha and discuss underdeveloped interpretations of Homer. And even though my smile hurt by the end of this oral odyssey, Rob just nodded and faked obligatory chuckles at the appropriate times. At that point I knew there was nothing more I could say to change the condescending look of mistake. So instead of pursuing it, I pulled the latest installment of postcard conversion out of my pocket. "So what am I supposed to make of this?"

Instead of being defensive, he attacked like a tennis ball bouncing back in response to a practice wall. "Well, what do you want me to make of all this punk stuff?"

Frustrated, I said we should order. I opened the can of worms. That conversation would have been nipped in the bud if it wasn't for my narrow mind, which had to shed doubting light on his new religion. After ordering, I thought about when we used to live down the hall from each other and how my burgeoning hope and his nihilism crossed at cynical contentment. Now, two years later, we could only agree on silence. The world used to be our razor clam, which we used to cut our surroundings down to a level we could digest. Now he sat across the table, wanting to talk and waiting to be asked, so I did. He began by explaining the path of Allah, and how he had no affect on predestination. Right then I felt the breeze of our waitress returning with another round and our entrees.

"So did Allah decide on the fish for you?" I snidely asked with our old friendship burning in words.

Rob didn't smile or look up from his first forkful of food. We ate in aggressive silence. At that moment, a simple dinner tried to support the weight of a last supper. How could this born again athiest all of a sudden become consumed in faith? Rye jokes now fell on oversensitive deafness as we cleaned our plates. The waitress came back and tried to be witty, but failed in the seriousness of the evening. She cleared our plates and took desert orders as my confident curiosity recharged.

"So how does your new religion affect the way

you look at me?"

"What do you mean?" he retorted.

"Beyond my Jewish blood, beyond my lack of faith, how does Allah allow you to see me?"

Rob looked at me for the first time that night with 1995 eyes. The eyes that shared the laughter of pain and backhanded happiness through tasteless quips about failed girlfriends and family tragedies. "What are you talking about? You have faith," he said. "Look at the energy and love you are surrounded by. Look at the tour, your friends, hope. We used to shit on everything, and now we're both trying to grow something out of that."

I hiccuped a laugh at how prone to melodrama he could be. My mom used to call me Doubting Thomas for my need to see the tangible. That skepticism grounded me in a dangerous time when unrealistic expectations could have killed me. But my aversion to organized religion had become just as dogmatic as the religion itself. It became too easy to misconstrue personal choice as weakness, and too easy to forget my choices, like the punkhouse in Man Kato. It became too easy to overlook Sarah and the hula girl in

Green Bay. Even the mayhem of Sheridan slipped my mind. As desert arrived, Rob pulled out the Koran and started to read the passages that changed his life. I harmonized with my photos that flowed beyond 1000 words.

Faith is dangerous. It makes people take crazy chances. I once held it in a different light, and got burned. But a renaissance was at hand, and it floated back into the foreground to light a fire under dead dreams. At one point, Rob and I headed down a road toward empty hearts, until this fork. We risk different paths, but seem to make the same progress. We live by what works, and I'll take the patchwork solution to warm the cold nights, for now. I'm not religious, but put my faith in something just as important.

"So did Allah pick the chocolate cake for you?"

"You know what?" he paused to grin. "I still eat pork once a week to keep myself fresh."

We both laughed. What Rob's words lacked in conviction, they made up for in humanity.

Kap appears courtesy of Comfort Creature. Issue #6 will be out in late November. Issue #5 is available for \$2/ppd. Feel free to write him at PO Box 4251, Boulder, CO 80302. Thanks for reading.

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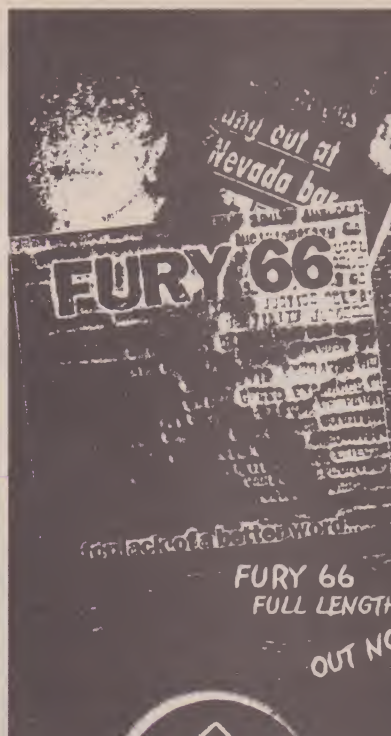
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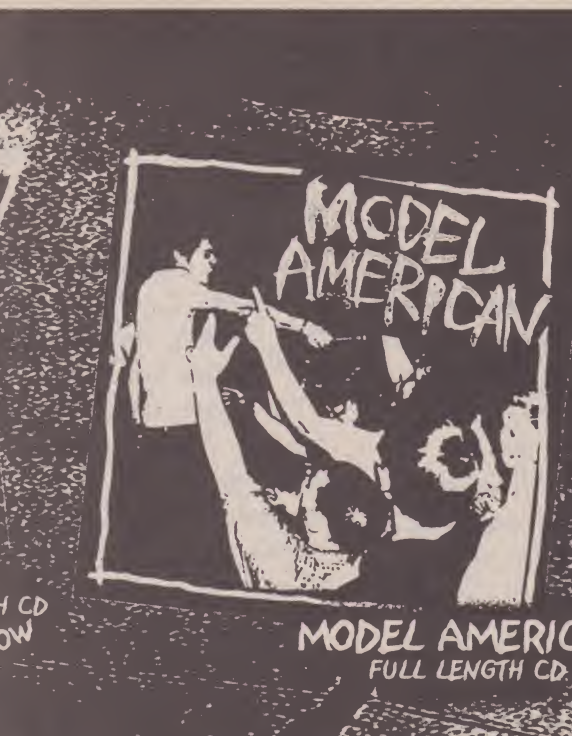
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NOVEMBER 24th

Non-standard College Lifestyles

alternatives to 'normal' college life

By Megan Briggs

There's not so much to report about non-standard college lifestyles during the summer, so instead I'm bringing up what has rapidly become everyone's favorite little tidbit of news.

I'm so sick of the media shoving the Columbine tragedy in my face I could never watch local news again. That's no escape, though, it's on coast to coast. I did happen to catch a few minutes of coverage on the back to school rally led by none other than the cheerleaders and pom girls. This is not school spirit, and most of the kids out there do not see the football team or the cheers as their peers. It's popularity on a pedestal.

The most impressive person in this whole fiasco is the one who seemingly should be in the middle of what has become a wet dream for the press-- the principle, Frank DeAngelis. But in all the time I've been home I haven't seen him once on TV and read only one extensive article on his take on all this. While everyone else is leaning on the crutch of gun control or parental neglect (of others, it's never their fault), DeAngelis is actually taking responsibility and pointing out his own failures. Poor communication and an environment that isn't focused on improving it is what allowed what happened to happen. Maybe lax gun control made it easier for the two to get their weapons, and maybe their parents should have been aware of bomb building in their garage. But I can't help thinking that this is an example of one of those totally unique situations. If it was two other kids the influences and circumstances couldn't help but be different.

The most ridiculous part of all this is how it's being handled now. I can't see what I.D. badges are going to accomplish, kids who shoot other kids have I.D. badges too and someone coming in from the outside

to shoot kids is not going to make a stop in the office to get a visitor's pass. And right after the shootings everyone was in an uproar about it happening again. That's understandable. But the way administration treated the rest of the kids in Jefferson County was more likely to cause another problem than prevent it. My brother, a smart and decent kid, was called into the office and treated very rudely for having wire and cutters in his locker. Another prime piece of evidence snagged during an unauthorized search (neither my brother or his locker partner knew this was going on) was his physics test on which he'd gotten 97%. Look out for those smart kids who used to be considered our future-- they are now considered a threat. The principal kept badgering him, and my brother kept asking why he was there. He finally said that his rights were being violated as a student and a minor, and that he wouldn't answer any more questions until they gave him more information. Who sounds smarter in this story? And no apology was offered after they realized that no threat was posed by my brother or his friend. (The wire cutters were his locker partner's, and had been borrowed to finish a tech. ed. project at home).

My philosophy on all this is that you can't treat kids with no respect, maintaining the attitude that they're all psycho hoodlums, and expect them to take it. That's how this all got started, one group of kids gave themselves the authority to treat another group like shit. Granted, not all picked-on kids go on homicidal rampages, but it's becoming more common. So I agree with DeAngelis that communication needs to be improved, and that it's almost impossible to know what's going on every second with every kid in a school with 155 staff members and 2,000 students. So make the schools smaller, classes less crowded and, as a result, relationships between students and teachers more involved (because kids aren't going to rat each other out). But that won't happen unless schools get more money. And that's something I'd like to take up with Bill Owens, who I did not vote for, and who thinks fixing 1-70 is more important than libraries or schools. That's another issue entirely.

What should have been a starting point for reform is now one big mess, with administration treating kids just as poorly as their "peers," expensive short-term solutions being pushed on schools, and swastikas in the bathroom. Not so much has been fixed, except maybe the line in the sand between social groups in high school.

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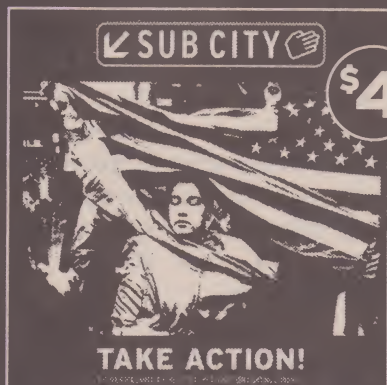
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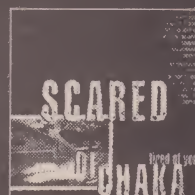
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RATS IN THE HALLWAY

Summer Tour 99



SUMMER TOUR 99

And so it was that Leatherface would make their first appearance on United States soil ever in the summer of '99. I couldn't even think of passing up this challenge, this milestone, this opportunity to witness such a great band perform live and in person.

John and Jesse packed up the van, I brought back issues and we left our summer homes in Evergreen, Colorado for the next ten days.

This is the story of our tour, of the people we met, the friendships we made, and the trouble we got ourselves into. It was truly a remarkable week and a half in a short summer. All the names are real as can be but I don't think I hurt anyone's feelings. Here we go.

Bluebird Theater
Saturday, May 29
Denver, Colorado

I live in this damn scene and while I can say that I am happy here and love Colorado to death, I don't want to talk about this show. I honestly had a lot more fun at the other shows on the trip and was almost sad to have people thinking of watching me freak out as I saw LF for the first time.

It's funny to say this, but it's actually a lot easier to go all out and have a blast in an unfamiliar scene. In all the cities and towns except for Denver, we were outsiders and unfamiliar to the locals. Only in Denver did we have past acquaintances and girlfriends, kids we admired, avoided and hung out with. You'd like to think that you could totally kick back and have a great time at a show in your home town without having the creepy feeling of familiar eyes on your back, wouldn't you?

Let's get the hell out of here.

I ran into Liz at Paris on the Platte before we left. I wasn't big on going to the coffeehouse. I would have much rather fancied getting started on our 11-hour drive like the bands. But I lost a bet to Jesse and so it was that we ended up at the alternative-but-still-upscale coffeehouse at 10:30. Liz was looking cute and I was happy to see her, lots of things had changed since I last saw her only a month ago. She was the first person in my

high school class that started college and then get kicked out. It rang true about missed opportunities and lost chances. But Liz looked happy (did I expect anything less). We jokingly invited her to join us on our trip but when she told us that she had 25 cents on her we were quickly interested in changing the subject.

Jesse kept on hitting on the waitress in such a smooth way that I was thoroughly impressed and excited that this could only be a hint of what to expect from our tour. We took off in the van a little past 11 and said goodbye, leaving the first Rats in the Hallway stencil as a goodbye to the construction barrier outside of the coffeehouse.

Sunday, May 30

"Lincoln 44 miles!" yells Jesse. It's now 5:45 AM. John woke up at the last gas station and told us the time had changed on the Nebraska-Colorado border. Jesse's funny, he continues to amaze me on this trip. He had bought another 'truckstop delight' at the last gas stop. I woke up to him running back to the van yelling about how he needed 3 quarters ASAP. Two minutes later, our proud hero returns with a "Screamer- Not For The Timid." It turned out to be a pink cock ring and amused us for a few minutes as we watched the sky around us go from darker shades of blue to a hazy smattering of colors.

5 miles later, Jesse announces that his next book will be a photo essay on airbrushings on vans and motorhomes as we pass a life size tiger on a particularly long motorhome.

I begin to notice the glowing orange red ball burning on the horizon. I point it out to Jesse, perhaps touched myself spiritually, only to have him return to me, "why is it so fucking big in Nebraska?" He's been awake for a long time

and I'll take whatever he wants to dribble on about: "People tell me I should wake up earlier and see the morning. But I see the morning, I saw the sun rise this morning didn't I?" In Jack Kerouac's ON THE ROAD, our beatniks get pulled over on their monumental 17-hour drive to Chicago approximately in Nebraska. And so it was only appropriate that Jesse would



'Golf Stop' on Iowa cornfields
500 driving balls, 2 clubs

be clocked going 94 in a 75 in the corn-husking state. \$148 ticket later the officer was reasonably nice but joked that it took him a while to catch up to us. As he processed our out-of-state license we tried to get Jesse to cry while listening to his anal-cavity-search fears. We were all laughing hysterically when the officer was finished and tried to hold in our giggles as Mr. State Patrol approached our window.

As cars zoomed by at over 90 mph, Jesse started to read the traffic citation to better understand what he was signing away in this Seward County infraction. Our trooper friend didn't really appreciate standing on the side of the interstate and told Jesse he could read later, that now was the time for signing. Pissed, Jesse signed his shit paper and still grumbles to us about his rights being violated.

The rest of the ride was pretty uneventful. We traversed all of Nebraska and went up the Iowa border and entered South Dakota with John taking over from Jesse on the last two hours. But we had done it: 11-hour drive, over 700 miles, 4 states and a hefty ticket.

This would be the second longest leg of the tour and we were glad to get it over with. We had pulled over in Iowa and parked on a farming road and shot several handfuls of the over 500 driving range golf balls we had packed along at the birds scowling over the freshly plowed cornfields. It was steaming hot (at 9:00 AM!!) and I crawled into the back and fell asleep on several hundred issues of RITH and my sleeping bag, wearing only my boxers, and exposing even more as I tossed and turned in finding a cool area somewhere, anywhere, in the back of the van.

At exit 73 in South Dakota (where the directions lead us to) we pulled over and visited the Black Cat Fireworks Factory Outlet. It was amazing. An entire warehouse dedicated entirely to things that blow up, things that were all illegal in Colorado, and it made me feel like my ten years living in CO was causing me to miss out on something more than just humidity. We went for quantity and variety: 640 crackers, 432 bottle rockets, and so on for only \$15.35. Jesse made the painful and ironic comment about how our purchase only went to show you how much the \$148 speeding ticket could have bought. We sat in the parking lot and let the "Absolutely No Igniting of Fireworks Within 500 Feet Of Store" sign tempt us. The three of us laughed at the damage that a disgruntled employee could do with one well placed fused, sending the warehouse sky high and putting a crater on the map of South Dakota where Sioux Falls once lay, just like they did in the cartoons.

The venue was the Lakota Events Center, which is a barn-type lodge used mainly for weddings and the like. We were the first van to arrive (10:30 in the morning, hell yes!) and sent Jesse in search of details about the show and directions to a local watering hole where we could bathe ourselves. He accidentally interrupted a church service that was taking place upstairs and quickly and sheepishly retreated back to the safety of the



Shelves and shelves of fireworks

van. We headed for the actual city of Sioux Falls and ended up sleeping for almost two hours in a park there before driving upon a stickered van outside of a house overflowing with kids. It was a house party that had a couple of hardcore emo bands (ORCHID and another I forget) blazing away for a 2 o'clock matinee crowd. The kids were all real cool (let us in for free when I told them we came from Denver just to see Sioux Falls kids) but it was seriously 200

degrees inside the house and I get impatient and unhappy quickly when it becomes a challenge to peel my shirt collar off the back of my neck.

JOHN:

Curtain rise to three guys in a minivan. Torrential rains pour out of the sky, limiting visibility and maximum speed. It is still night, so I go back to sleep.

I wake up somewhere in NB, wishing that so much of this trip would not be taking place in the Midwest. Jesse is now driving, expressing his desire to have single handedly conquered the state of Nebraska. He steps on the gas to accomplish this feat in the minimal amount of time, and after several miles, he finds himself leading the flashing lights of the Seward County sheriff down the highway at over 15 mph above posted limit. After a fair amount of searing, and a titanic struggle to keep from cracking up at the self importance of the sheriff, we manage to escape that run-in with the authorities without having Jesse receive the cavity search that he has anticipated and deserved since reaching his eighteenth birthday...

After many more hours of driving, we find that hitting golf balls into corn fields is a fun relaxing way to relieve stress and get

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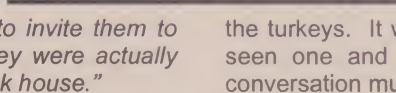
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We then went back to the venue and watched the sound check and tried to begin meeting the people that we would be touring with for the next week. After a fair amount of talk, I ended up trying to show them where the Taco Bell was in a town that I had only been in for a few hours earlier in the day. Though I am almost positive that it was not the most efficient way to get there, we found the TB without too much trouble, and ate. Ryan from Discount got really hassled for ordering a taco without any meat, it was unheard of in this neck of the woods! After rocking out to the show for the evening, we set out on our quest to find somewhere to sleep. Luckily, we were able to get in with Jayson, a local promoter and tenant of the 'punk house'. After enjoying a delicious dinner of Ramen, which we conveniently cooked on the side of the road with a camping stove, we proceeded to hijack a large piece of construction equipment and park it out in the middle of the highway. We then returned to Jayson's house.



The LF / HWM show was in the most rural area that the three of us had ever witnessed a punk concert (Four years ago I saw a cool mod/pub band play at an abandoned train stopover in Germany that me and a friend had to hike along the tracks to get to). There were even chickens and turkeys running around the parking lot from the neighboring farm. The bands had since arrived and the situation was very awkward for me. I finally had the chance to meet Leatherface and was at a loss for words. Jesse and John soon started hanging out with everyone while I kept my distance and was hesitant to make contact.

the turkeys. It was the first time that our UK friend had ever seen one and I began to ease up and settle in to our conversation much more.

The show rocked. Just like they had the magazine, the kids ate up the bands. LE played all right, frustrated with a broken string and a crowd that had never heard of them. After the show, we met Jayson, a 22-year-old Sioux Falls kid wearing an "Even Friends Fight" PIEBALD shirt. It was his house that the 2 o'clock show was at and he invited us to hang out and crash with them. We were game but first wanted some time on our own.

We pulled off the interstate before the Sioux Falls exit and followed the highway to a huge vacant farm field that was being converted into sprawling town homes and condominiums. It was sad to see, especially after my summers working on farms in Switzerland and the raping of my own state's land by hungry developers. We pulled out into the middle of a field and parked the van behind a huge piece of heavy machinery. It was like a yellow combination tractor-steamroller-killing machine gigantic earth crawler and provided us with shelter as we pulled out the camper stove and mixed 3 beef Ramen's with 1 chicken Ramen and batted



The awesome Sioux Falls Punk House

away the starving mosquitoes. While the soup (which we baptized "chicken fried beef Ramen") cooked on the camper stove, we practiced the fine art of lighting bottle rockets in our hands and throwing them off into the dark sky before the fuse reaches its end.

It was fun because, like everything on this trip, it had apparent consequences that we ignored in light of having a good time and making the most of our trip. A second-late false move would surely have killed at least one of us three amigos but we finished the soup with all of our hands in tact and set about putting them to use.

Under a hidden rain cover, Johnny found the keys sitting right in the yellow construction beast's ignition and as I turned the getaway van around, Jesse and John drove the beast through the dark night. At the sign of a lull in the night highway traffic I pulled the van onto the highway and opened the other doors. J & J gave a last kick to the gas pedal and rolled our friend onto the highway, parking it over one direction of traffic. They sprinted for the van and I threw it into drive and flashed approaching cars to make it appear like I too had stumbled upon the handsome monkey-wrenching of some local punk teens.

Invigorated, we headed towards the Sioux Falls Punk House and hung out with Jayson, Gary, Nicole, Anne and Big Andy (whose claim to fame was being on the Jerry Springer show, for what we don't know). They were great kids in a smaller scene that they were all responsible for keeping alive and I found myself somewhat jealous. 7 people lived permanently in the \$600-a-month huge house, but as we found out while crashing on couches with our sleeping bags, almost twice that many slept in the house on a given night.

Jesse was hungry and we headed to a Perkins-look-alike-breakfast-always-served restaurant called The Frying Pan, with some of the SF crew. On the way in we spotted a top notch Billy Idol 17-year-old look-alike with bleached spikes, depressed and sagging but bony face and a hint of mom's make up. Billy Idol's eyes were straight set on Jesse from the moment we opened the door and we all felt our every step being closely watched. To break the tension I pointed it out, in a not-so-quiet-talking-across-the-room voice, to Jesse and my embarrassed friend quickly scolded me. Meanwhile, Johnny stayed back at the punk house and got some sleep. I guess it's just another sign of whose grades are best in the group. I mean, me and Jesse like to think of ourselves as not being too dumb ourselves, but Johnny's grades are exceptional; in retrospect, the 2 + hours of sleep that he got while we were deciding if Billy Idol was a girl or boy might have been wise. The Jew and I got 6 quick hours of sleep in from 3 to 9 and were happy for the comfort of the couch (as opposed to the back of the van). 6 of the SF kids headed out with us to the Minneapolis show and our caravan through



Stenciling in Sioux Falls, SD

Extreme Noise, a legendary record shop. Here we were able to procure numerous items that would be difficult to find in Colorado. I personally found a Gamits 7-inch, for only 25 cents, among other things. This next show was in a huge hall and security was tighter, but thanks to our early arrival, we were able to move around unhampered until the actual show started, at which point we had to 'borrow' stickers indicating that we were in a band.

You can tell you're getting close to the capital of ex-pro-wrestler Jesse Ventura's state when the gas stations start to sell "My governor can kick your governor's ass" T-shirts. I can't emphasize enough how cool the SF kids were. These were mostly just-out-of-high school-aged kids (Jayson being the oldest and the character that we would dub "the leader") whose parents all seemed to be managers in the "we have no buildings over 4 stories tall but were rated America's number 1 city to live in ten years ago" city of Sioux Falls. They were a smart group who had mostly lived in SD all their lives, and while still questioning what lay outside of their state and having a good time on the occasions when they did venture outside, liked "home" right where it was.

4 hours to Minneapolis and our first stop was Chinatown. Jesse headed off to go buy his jew ass some pork from the authentic eastern grocery stores while me and Jayson and John and Erik flipped through the incredible stacks of 25 cent discount 7"s at Minneapolis' great punk store Extreme Noise. I scored 12 and was beaming while talking with the greaser behind the counter. He had Minneapolis written all over him and told us that he boycotted CD's and was thus in severe need of a copy of Leatherface's "Mush" on vinyl!

The show was on the University of Minnesota campus and paired our tour up with the AVAIL/BOY SETS FIRE/ BY ALL MEANS (Italy) tour for a huge 6-hour show. Got rid of tons of magazines and talked to Frankie Stubbs for the first time. Leighton, LF's guitar player, has been extremely nice and we talk a lot about the band and I fill in as many holes of my own knowledge of the LF story as possible.

Allison from Discount hit a deer with the van last night and it was the talk of the tour. She is a very special type of person and doesn't come across as being

South Dakota and Minnesota was thus under way.

Monday, May 31

John:

We woke up bright and early the next day so that we could go to the show in Minneapolis, which was an afternoon show, and would be quite a bit larger than last nights fare. We caravanned with Jayson, because he wanted to see them again also. On the way into Minneapolis, we stopped at



one for small talk but I made a mental note to bring up the deer in the Discount interview.

After the show (a great show by the way, peaking when Avail stopped 1/3 of the way through their closing set and brought up a pissing-in-his-pants nervous wreck of man who proposed to his girlfriend on stage which was greeted by a 'yes' and hugs and tears from everyone present [it was very emotional to see all of the different band members hug each other....]) Anyways, after the show, we said good-bye to Jayson and our old SF friends and filled the van with Jaimee, Cindy, Ellie and Jenny, our new friends who were also from SF, and drove around Minneapolis looking for a good time.

We ended up eating some good pizza at Pizza Lucé's, playing pinball at a Laundromat before we got kicked out at midnight, and finally getting completely lost in the Twin Cities as Jaimee tried to find her way back to the house the girls were staying at.

Jaimee, was nice, but almost too nice and I would have rather spent the evening talking with Ellie, the quiet, but very intriguing to me for some reason, girl in the back of the van. Jaimee will be going to cosmetology school in the fall and I called her on it and asked for a haircut. As I sat on the toilet in their downstairs bathroom at 2:30 AM she gave my top hairs a nice cut that would energize me for the next few days. New looks seem to do that for me (besides, the humidity was starting to get to me and my mop).

She is a nice girl and we talked some more about Sioux Falls. In the last two days we have met so many cool SF kids that I'm sure I would love it

Those crazy guys in AVAIL



in South Dakota. The two of us talked some Rats in the Hallway and she was thrilled to say that #11's cover had inspired her to get a new tattoo: a bad angel on one shoulder and a good on the other. That's rad. I knew that Dave Paco, the cover's creator would love to hear that.

Jesse wanted to spend the night but everyone was starting to crash and hit the wall so we pulled through and left our friends, perhaps never to see them again. This was becoming a re-occurring event but was always replaced with the thrill of meeting new people at the next city.

John:

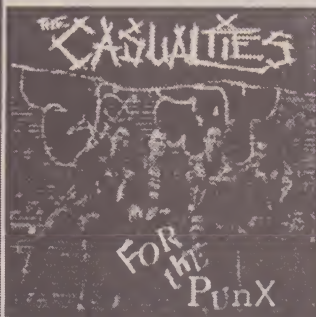
After the show, we were going to go out with the bands, because Erik from Dillinger Four, owned a club, (The Triple Rock) and we wanted to have a good party night with them. Jesse did his bit

and rounded up five girls for us to take around with us, which was cool. When we got to the bar, we were told that we could not get in, and there was no way for us to sneak in. The bouncer was pretty cool about it, so I left with no hard feelings for him at all. We then tried to return the girl that was still with us back to her house, and discovered that Minneapolis is really a confusing city to get around in. She told us that she wanted to be a beautician, which Stefan used as leverage to get her to cut his hair. Since we had not procured a place to sleep (thanks to Stefan), we decided to continue driving.



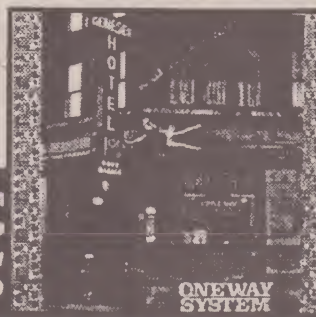
AVAIL tearing apart Minneapolis and sporting a fine LEATHERFACE jersey to boot.

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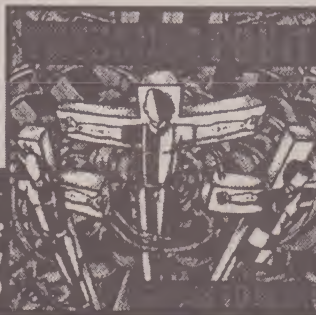
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When driving around St. Paul for over an hour, you'll find this kind of crap.



Tuesday, June 1

Next stop was Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We met up with Dan Butcher, who had just moved to Milwaukee after his parents relocated while he was in college. On our way into the city, we saw a beer truck tipped over onto its side in the middle of the highway, with beer all over the road, reminding us that beer was big business here in Milwaukee. We checked out some record stores in the city, and found an authentic copy of the Guns and Roses pinball game. After playing that for a while and learning ways to rig the video games for free credits from local kids, we headed off to find the show.

The show here was in a bar, which lent it a real cool atmosphere. The bands put on a tight show, and they sounded good. I finally did my interview with Discount, which Stefan had been bugging me to do for a few days now. As we were leaving, some members of Leatherface were creating a scene, and were told that they would never play in Milwaukee again. This was found to be quite amusing, as this was their first time touring the US, and they were already banned from returning here. We then went out and got pizza with the bands. Jesse's friend Liz from art school was there and she took us around to see the different parts of Milwaukee, and eventually we went to go swimming in the Great Lakes. This was definitely cold, but a lot of fun nonetheless. We returned to Dan's house.... And slept

I first met Butcher Dan at school and would go on to see some shows with him, and eventually ask him to show his creative writing skills off in the zine. His parents moved from Colorado Springs to Milwaukee during this last year and now Dan was caught in a city at an age- too old for



"Eager to not let this be a missed opportunity, I was the first one of the Colorado boys to tear my shoes and socks off....."

local high school friends and too young to drink legally — where it was difficult to establish new friends. He lived in the suburb of Brookfield and we invaded his place at 11 in the morning with the warning that we were dirty and smelly.

It was probably one of the best showers that me and John and Jesse had ever taken and we cleansed ourselves of the grime that the six states thus far had imbedded in our pores and watched the brown water slide off of us and down Butcher Dan's shower drain.

Next, the three of us and Butcher Dan hit the record stores of the city. I dropped quite a bit of cash but continued scoring on old Colorado punk classics and was

grateful for the chance to venture out-of-state to buy vinyl. Milwaukee is a nice city that looks clean but appears to be centered around several rotting buildings of industrial plants that almost lend the entire metropolis a glum mood. This is of course home to more national beer breweries than you can point a stick at and we all concluded that the kids must start drinking early. Ironically, on our way into the city, we were delayed by curiosity traffic passing the sight of a huge semi truck with its entire side ripped open. The beer-carrying truck had spun out of control before an exit ramp and lost its entire load onto the inner city interstate. Quite a sight to see indeed.

As I write this, I sit under the protection of the van while the skies let loose the rain that it has sucked up out of Lake Michigan earlier in the day. LF has just finished and HWM is setting up for a pretty good-sized showing at the Rave in Milwaukee. LF played the best I've seen

them play and I am somewhat overwhelmed. I looked to Jesse (John was off setting up the Discount interview) and said to him and his art school Milwaukee friend Liz and Butcher Dan, "this will never get old, I will die still loving this time right now."

It can't be truer. I love completely going off during all three bands' sets while the local kids stare at me and wonder aloud where the hell I have been during all of their local shows. I can't help having a good time to these bands



Butcher Dan showing us his Milwaukee house

"...Jesse was next to follow my lead and was soon stripped down to only his underwear and took off running into the cold water. John and I joined him and we took the ceremonious photograph to immortalize the moment forever."



and to me, I will never see these kids again, this is my only chance to show them that you should never hide how you feel about something if you truly are passionate about it. That's all I really have to say right now. I'm sopping wet- half from sweat, half from rain and perhaps there's even a hint of tears- and out of breath like a lover after sex. I love this life. Goodnight from Milwaukee.

Last night was rad. After the show I finally got to talk with LF front man Frankie for over an hour about things. Everyone was really drunk and it was a good opportunity to get into his head. He is an extremely nice and passionate aging man. When talking about ex- Leatherface/ Snuff bassist Andy Crighton the man had to forcefully swallow back tears, completely changing the way I will listen to the first track on the LF/ HWM split "Andy" forever.

I was paid the biggest compliment when he said that I had only made two small mistakes in #11's article (Snuff and LF did several UK tours but never made it to Europe together like I had said they, etc). We talked until the bar owners kicked us all out and closed the place, but I finally understood why everyone on the tour called old man Stubbs "Pappa." It is great to see HWM Chuck and Chris join me every night on the side of the stage during LF's set and sing along with every one of Pappa's growling words. Last night I was also tempted to interview Chris, the LF roadie and ex-BLOUNT member, who is purely doing this tour for the love. He is a big guy who looks and sounds like he's done this amny times before.

After we got kicked out of the Rave Bar, the LF chaps and the entire tour family began playing English football with the trash barrels outside until a furious venue owner came running out demanding to know what band they played in. A tipsy Englishman cockily replied, "Leather-face" and so it was that LF was told they were never playing here again. First US tour and they've already been banned in Milwaukee!

At 12:30 we went for late night pizza with the bands and then let Jesse's friend Liz (whom we dubbed Liz the Lez even though she didn't deserve the title) take us around on a driving tour of the city she had lived in forever. Liz the Lez livened up a lot more and exceeded the expectations that Jesse had lowered for all of us. We ended up parking the van on the side of a completely abandoned park and the five of us (Butcher Dan included to make a handful), who all had met elsewhere but were in some way or another calling Milwaukee "home" at the present, snuck down the 5 flights of stairs to the mighty banks of Lake Michigan.

It was impressive and roaring almost as much as an ocean does. The low-lying fog lent it a mystifying aura and we felt very small and completely alone on the sandy beach as the waves never ceased their crashing and rolling.

Eager to not let this be a missed



HWM Chris (still sipping a beer) and DISCOUNT Todd roll around the floor, "going off" for THE SWARM.



Chris from THE SWARM screaming up a storm in Madison

opportunity, I was the first one of the Colorado boys to tear my shoes and socks off. Surprisingly, Jesse was next to follow my lead and was soon stripped down to only his underwear and took off running into the cold water. Me and John (John and I) joined him and we took the ceremonious photograph to immortalize the moment forever. I could now add a Great Lake to the ever-growing list of firsts on this trip.

It was getting late (well past 2) and we dropped off Liz the Lez and slept in Butcher Dan's basement. L. was sad to have the evening ended so abruptly, our good-bye while sitting in the parked van on Liz's front-lawn-laced street would perhaps be an eternal one. But Jesse didn't really know what to do with the apparent clash of his two worlds- the homeboys and friends since jr. high from Colorado versus those made after a year at art school in Chicago. I'm no one to question this struggle and let him end the night how he desired.

Wednesday, June 2

John:

We woke and took off for the short drive back to Madison. This seemed to be a real college town, very similar to Colorado's Boulder. Walked around, and Jesse kicked over a Honda Elite scooter because it was not made in Italy. In honor of the Boulder like atmosphere, we went to a park next to a lake and busted out the Frisbee. Since we are not as good as we would like to be, I ended up swimming in the lake to retrieve the Frisbee several times, but the water was quite refreshing. We also pulled out the clubs and had shot about fifty golf balls into the depths of Lake Madison before two local hippies yelled at us about polluting. The usual three bands were joined today by Dillinger Four, who played an interesting set, part of it completely naked standing on a bar. Chris, the roadie for Leatherface has been in a bad mood today, because he was told that Leatherface had to pay for extra security at the Chicago show due to threats of violence, but it ended up being just a prank that the other bands were playing on him. To make up for it, they sat him down with six shots of whiskey and plenty of encouragement, need I say more?

After the show, we went to a house party, given by one of the guys we met at the show, and pretty much everyone from all the bands were there and really drunk. Things got a little crazy, and I went outside to hang out. I was interrupted by the crashing noise of glass breaking... Turns out the dancers got overzealous, and put the bassist halfway thorough the window. Had a good long talk with Chris from HWM about life, punk rock and guitars, and then it was time to retire. I slept in the van due to noise concerns and lack of sleeping space.

Next stop: Chicago, Jesse's second home.

We woke up late, not by choice but out of dead-tiredness and the relative comfort of Butcher Dan's basement floor. Took off like gypsies onto the interstate for Madison, WI.

Madison is like Boulder- college town with hippies- except for the addition of two big lakes in the middle of town and the subtraction of some bordering mountains. Madison Scott is a nice kid here who wore an Elliot shirt, smiled a lot and put on the show here. He invited us to his house party after the show for some hardcore bands and thus totally reminded us of Sioux Falls Jayson. The show was at a

narrow shaped bar called "Okay's Corral." It was an absolutely intense time, the best show by far on our leg of the tour. Dillinger Four played second and were great at warming up the crowd while bassist Patrick got naked and danced on the bar for their closer, making my first live D4 experience a memorable one. They were scheduled to play the next few shows and so we did an interview with those fun guys.

I met a friend, but forgot his name, who was also a big LF fan and actually had the bragging rights of owning every LF song except for those off the SMOKEY JOE ep. That's once again, every song, not every release, but still an impressive feat that not even Frankie Stubbs can claim. Afterwards me and J & J challenged ourselves by seeing how many different bars we could get into. In Minneapolis we had almost shattered our confidence when the doorman who turned out to be Erik from D4, denied us entry to the Triple Rock Bar. He actually recognized us today and apologized profusely for the event saying that his boss had been standing right behind him. So we set out with a fistful of techniques and amazingly were all three successful at every attempt!

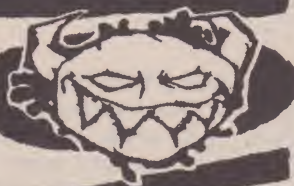
Next we headed for 521 Washington for the house party where 7 Days Samsara (Milwaukee) and The Swarm (Toronto) rocked out in front of an extremely drunk Chris from HWM, Todd from Discount and drummer Lane from D4. A great time was had by all that climaxed when an energetic crowd heaved to one side of the living room, pushing the Swarm guitarist, Christian, through Madison Scott's window.

Glass rained out onto the alley and \$200 (4 panels) worth of it lay there while the band played on. The police showed up and were friendly and left without any problems whatsoever. We hung out with some of the guys from The Swarm and found them to be interesting characters.

Guitarist Christian who had been flung threw the window earlier in the evening and had a nice palette of red spots at the top of his forearm and a glass shard-filled shirt to prove it. He worked for a courier service at the airport and stole electronics by the box from companies shipping mass quantities of such items as 400 MHz laptops and processor chips through Christian's employer. He was also the first person that we ever met who had been anal cavity searched (and actually told us about it). The Swarm Chris (also sang for LEFT FOR DEAD) is the amiable singer who has nothing but nice things to say about people and whose eyes lit up like those of a crazed child on his birthday as he talked about the craziness that had passed when The Swarm played tonight. We went out to get a 2 AM snack with other guitarist Lou who was in need of an ATM. On our way out we noticed the neighbors huddling around their balcony daring one another to jump off it. No Fear Lou ran up there, jumped off it without a care in the world, and took their \$10 like only a Bostonite living in Canada stranger could do.

I ended up laying my sleeping bag down on Madison Scott's porch in the chilly outdoors and let the brisk and refreshing Wisconsin air send me sleeping almost instantaneously. That is until Jesse and No Fear Lou's laughing woke me up at 4 in the morning as they shared a few laughs with and over the 40-year-old drunk man who peddled Green Bay

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... and the lead guitarist.

Packers leather jackets for a living that had stumbled upon our porch in his drunkenness.

Thursday, June 3

We left Scott's house somewhat guilty because of the broken window. Lainey from LF was no longer passed out and somehow found an unopened beer and had his "breakfast." Chuck from HWM was visibly the worst off and pretty much died again right there on the porch steps. LF Roadie Chris was nowhere to be seen as everyone had gotten him really tanked the night before and the last we saw of him was when he got up at 4 AM to find out that we had pissed himself. We left the hungover band mates, broken windows and college-kids of Madison excitedly for the big city lights of Chicago.

I admire the patience of the citizens of Chicago. It is impossible to estimate a travel time from one location to another in the city and good luck trying to park a van (like ours) anywhere close to where you'd like to. Chicago is fun; hectic and fast-paced lifestyles fuel aggressive drivers and make the two seasons of Chicago- winter and construction- even more painful.

We picked up the RITH's that Mike UPS'ed to Jesse's brother Ben and Jesse set up installing the ball bearings he had brought all this way for the Vespa. We hopped on the scooter and took off towards the show as we darted past stopped cars and over sidewalks when necessary. I had on a big smile. To Jesse, this Vespa stood for quite a bit: freedom. With the wind in our hairs and stares from all those on the street, we pulled up to Fireside Bowl in

Driving into Chicago, pre- arrest record



time to see Discount rock n roll in front of an absolutely packed crowd. It was their last city on this tour and good to see the kids lined up. I met some LF fans and we went off for the Brit boys in the most enthusiastic crowd that I think LF had seen in the US.

Before the show Frankie told me there would be no Pandora's Box tonight but I led a crowd in request and the band ended up changing their set list for the first time since we had jumped on. It was great. Afterwards Frankie joked that the crowd knew the words to it better than he did. Our greaser Extreme Noise Minneapolis

store clerk from three days ago even made the trip to see the show!

I spotted other Minneapolis native Patrick from D4 running around with a very nasty bruise on his face and was sad to have missed the action of their set. HWM played great and I ran into the Alkaline Trio's Matt during the set and talked to him 'bout Colorado. He was smoking weed like an animal the entire time and made the HWM set that much more entertaining.

I also had the great chance and luck of meeting Rob "used to work at Rotz" who had been a correspondent of mine for quite some time and put out the new JFA record. His roommate is Christie Barr whom I had called 3 months ago trying to get pictures of LF for Mark BYO Stern and the cover of the split. LF and Christine were delighted to meet each other and I was happy to introduce them and see Chris so happy to have contributed to the

cover of the split release.

We went to Lazo's Tacos in Chi-town afterwards with Sean, Matt, and Evelyn and told jokes and ate great Mexican food. Sean is an old Denver mainstay who went to school with and roadied for Christie Front Drive. Matt is a fun guy who fits in because he pinched my ass while watching LF in the packed crowd. Matt is a schoolmate of Jesse and everyone comments that Matt is basically my equivalent. His sister has her own sense of humor and is a couple of years younger than us but doesn't look it. They have a close and funny relationship and I can't wait to visit them in Indiana.

Afterwards, we met Picture Christine and Rob at Club Foot for their "Mod Night" along with Dillinger Four and Leatherface. Picture Chris took Jesse's scooter around the block a few times and was excited to drive such a big engine (there's a good pick-up line in there somewhere). After last call at 2 she would take it for another trip and lose control, sending her and Jesse sprawling onto the pavement for a few minor scrapes. Us (me, J & J) being underage was quickly no longer becoming an issue and we easily got into the bar and joined the boys in shooting pool and dancing away to The Who classics.

Spent the rest of the night listening to Leighton play Jesse and LF songs on the acoustic guitar while we all ate Picture Chris' pasta at the apartment she split with Rob who was off looking for pot with the Alkaline Trio.

Woke up to none of our hosts being around and took off for our last LF show and the city of Detroit. We were gonna be back in Chicago on Saturday and made a date to see Thee Headcoats with Rob and Picture Chris and so I didn't feel so bad about leaving without having jabbed Rob in the ribs that he broke biking through the city and swerving to



soapbox[zine·distro]

[attention deficit disorder]

[heart-attack]

[muddle]

[nothing left]

[i stand alone]

[hodgepodge]

[skyscraper]

[rats in the hallway]

[law of inertia]

[counter theory]

[many, many more]

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avoid a suddenly opened car door a couple days ago.

Friday, June 4

Detroit really is the motor city. Never seen so many new-car carrying semis before. John drove, I slept and wrote and Jesse caught up on sleep, getting a full ten hours since last night. It was hot and a longer drive than we wanted to make but we caught up on our roadkill spotting and got a chance to witness a huge blood-laden insect hit the windshield full on, sending blood splattering across the glass. The wiper fluid had no chance against this blood of at least 20 different victims and we were trapped face to face with this perfect prop for a good horror movie until the next gas stop.

The Shelter in Detroit is a big, open venue that suffers from an abundance of 90-degree angles. It was our last show and sad.

The crowd was a motionless one who completely ignored Six Going on Seven, the opening band, who was taking the opening slot for the next leg of the tour, even though they played a nice tight set of their guitar laced pop. It appeared the kids had just come for the headlining STRUNGOUT, but I thoroughly enjoyed going off for Leatherface for the last time with 5 other fans that had driven from Canada just to see them. Afterwards, we hung out upstairs and all had a final hour of shooting the shit with FNW Stubbs. We even snuck in an interview with Chris HWM who told us he never did interviews.

It's usually my style for quick good-byes. I'm not fond of prolonging inevitable farewells and we quickly, but sadly nonetheless, hugged everyone on the tour goodbye and wished them the best. Then it was a quick jog (all three of us actually ran, the attraction of being on the road once more reeling us in) to the van and we threw it into Drive and didn't look back.

Detroit:

Jesse:

After we found our way through the Motor City to the venue I found a prize. Strung Out's tour bus had the largest air brushing I'd ever seen. It was a sad show; we spent most of the time talking with the bands upstairs in the theatre's lounge. Frankie and I shared the same opinion that scooters were better than girls. He once had a girl friend who wanted him to throw away his Lambretta LI, and regretted it ever since. Chris from Hot Water Music is one of the most personable men I've ever met. He has a clear view of what music, and the



The Motor City's skyline as blocked by the huge STRUNGOUT tour bus.

music world means to him.

Our leg of the tour had been fun and gave me (Us) a deeper respect for the passion of everyone in all the bands. Eager to not pass up our chance, given the proximity of the border, we drove across the "Ambassador Bridge" into Windsor, Canada.

The legal age for essentially everything in Canada is 19 and so we parked the van in the only open parking space in the huge 3000 space garage for Casino Windsor. The action inside was breathtaking. To see thousands of people throwing their money away at 2:30 (eastern time now, we actually made it this far east!) in the morning was unbelievable to us casino virgins. We each exchanged some dollars into other dollars, ate at one of the places inside and bought my father a Cuban cigar, illegal and not sold in the US because of its origin.

We then threw the rest of our Canadian dollars into the 25 cent slots, mostly coming up short except for John who built up \$20 in winnings at one point. Shortly later he lost it all and then came back to the roulette tables where me and Jesse were watching pudgy, sunglassed gentlemen stack \$50 chips high on the green felt table. At the blackjack tables it was the same thing, where the dealers actually did say, "I'm happy for you sir, congratulations," after our high stakes friends won a thousand dollars on a 21. It was absolute madness that excited us and was effective in getting us caught up in the action, but at the same time, I found myself frustrated and overwhelmed with a headache from the constant singing of the unavoidable slot machines.

Needless to say, it was 4 in the morning and we got the hell out of there, happy to have been in Canada but just as happy to be out of it as well.

Jesse drove us back through Detroit until we pulled over in Climax, Michigan and slept in our sweat in the roasting van.

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Chicago II:

To this day, I kick myself for walking back to the front of that hotel. And rightly so. I know, because I've gone through the dozens of phone calls to the security and managers at the Palmer House. The phone calls to the police department, first the courts, then the bondsmen, then the courts again. The phone calls to Jesse

regarding legal representation in a state far from home. And everything else that went on as a result to the adventures you're about to read of.

We rolled into downtown Chicago at 11:00 in the morning, ready for a day of hanging out with Rob at the Blues Fest and then seeing Thee Headcoats at a bar later that night. We got the van parked and followed Jesse into the Palmer House, to which he had a key card and where we were going to shower before joining Rob. We were up on the seventh floor, at the fitness center and about to slip into the shower when the first security guard knocked at the door.



We never would get to take our shower.

You see, the Palmer House is Chicago's landmark hotel, right there on the

main drag, complete with bellboys and bathrobes and the works. We looked at each other and decided it was time to get out. I was in a bathroom stall when the first guard arrived and was able to calmly walk out of the fitness center, right past the guard, onto the elevator, down to the first floor, and through the bustling hotel lobby where I became a free man. My friends weren't doing so well.

After going through a series of lies and handing over the key card, and giving false names and so on and so on, the security guards informed my friends that they were being taken to the security room. Jesse and John had other plans. As soon as they hit the ground floor, Jesse took off running (apparently, being the local meant he knew what jerks we were going to face in the security room) and didn't look back. The quicker of the security guards chased after him, leaving John with a short, fat female officer whose only response was, "Don't even think about it." What greater temptation could she have provided? John took off as well. Meanwhile, oblivious to all the action, I was sitting outside on a street corner where I could clearly view both entrances to the hotel and hid behind the cover of a newspaper while waiting

for my friends. I saw John first and yelled to him as he rounded the bend. But it was too late, the third security guard had since spotted him and the two took off across three lanes of traffic, in and out of the alleys of Chicago. It was truly a chase straight out of the movies, but sadly the spectators reported that they thought the guard caught him. While this distracted me, Jesse was over at the other entrance. He had led his guard on an even better chase, hurtling a suitcase, clearing a full flight of stairs and running like a madman. That was of course until he hit the revolving door, which as anyone knows, can be as slow as molasses in February. The security guard made a dive and landed in the same revolving compartment as Jesse and the two rolled out onto the sidewalk, at which time our adrenaline-filled guard threw Jesse into the concrete and cuffed him.

Twenty minutes later, I was still at my corner, wondering what had transpired inside to warrant such commotion. I rounded up some change and started calling everyone I knew in Chicago to see if they could act as an outside party and somehow infiltrate the hotel and let me know how my friends were doing. But as time passed, I became increasingly frustrated and decided that since no guard had ever identified me, I could safely do this myself. Wrong.

I approached the fresh security guard outside and innocently inquired as to two friends that I was supposed to meet outside of the hotel whom spectators had told me had been seen running from security. She told me that I could see my friend and took me inside at which time I was quickly cuffed and joined Jesse in the evil lair these people called Security Central. John had made it! He outran his chaser on the foot chase through the streets and I was way too proud of him to ever crumble and admit that there was a third person with us.

But as for me and Jesse, we were screwed. It already looked that Jesse was getting his smart ass self thrown around by the furious security captain whose face and veins were red and threatened to explode with even the slightest hint of further chaos. The cops were called, and that

was perhaps the one action that saved us from getting our asses kicked in the Security Central ghetto room by these big men who had failed their police academy tests.

The officer appeared and began to question us. Filling out a form, he asked for our names. When Stefan replied he requested that he spell it out. "S-t-e-f-a-n." And thus the foreign connection was made. Soon the Policeman began speaking in German to his long-lost son of Swiss heritage. You should have seen the look on the security guards faces. They didn't know if he was really going to take him to jail, or bring him out for a nice fair of sauerkraut and sausage. The suspense was broken and we were hauled off in the

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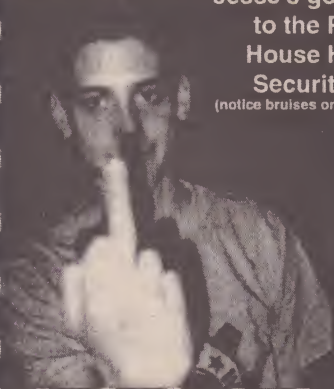


Jesse, out of jail, putting his laces back in



Slowly the conversation moved on to Western films. Talking amongst themselves (since we were too young to have seen any) they enacted a scene or two from a few films. Taken by surprise John Wayne's part was filled in by myself. I asked them what was more romantic: John Wayne's powerful figure of the hero in search of his self-identity, or the daring duo of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid – robbing trains and towns of their money. They replied: "It's always better to be on the side of the law." I think they felt that was the appropriate answer especially given the current circumstance, although I saw a spark of fire in their eyes

Jesse's goodbye to the Palmer House Hotel's Security staff (notice bruises on forehead)



back of a police cruiser while the tourists outside took pictures of us two handcuffed hooligans.

The policemen kept apologizing to us. The German officer leaned way back in his chair, taking a break from his typewriter. He clasped his hands behind his head and stared at the ceiling. He said that he took his

honeymoon in the small town of **Lauterbrunnen**. Stefan's mom happened to have a teaching job there. "Ah, the view of the mountains over the waterfalls." The officer kept repeating. Soon, our second captor joined in. Turning to me he began to speak of the Green River (where I happened to take several summer vacations), "Where the river meets the green," was all he could say as he too had his hands clasped behind his head. It was as if a mirror was placed in the center of the table – the two images were identical.

telling otherwise. That was the last thing we said before the dirty steel gate opened its arms to us, delivering us to the inviting non-smiles of the bookers and the 300 Lb. Filipino man with flowing hair and wearing only swim trunks that awaited us in the holding cell.

Stefan was pretty upset at first. I tried to cheer him up imitating what I could remember from the prison scene in *Raging Bull*. "Why! Why! Why! Why! I'm so stupid! So Stupid! No! No! Not me! I'm not the man! Why me!" but he seemed more interested in the free sandwich consisting of two pieces of bread and an unappetizing piece of baloney, and a river of what appeared to be urine flowing out of nowhere. We both ended up falling asleep on the wooden benches despite the conditions of 97-degree heat counteracted only by a small window opened far down the hall. I began scratching a poem about the Palmer House into the wall with a penny – the only thing left in my pocket. It was my first poem I'd attempted writing in several years. If not for my sake alone I felt that the rat-gray prison walls needed to say something besides '4:20'; I found a small blank space to begin writing. After waking up the second time we both really wanted to go, I couldn't stress that enough. I had shaved that morning, but whiskers had grown back – fully. I suppose it's a rule that you have to feel swank in jail.

Watching the security guards as they led us out of our cells I began to wonder if these freer of men are actually free themselves, being in the holding area everyday. As we left, some cracks were made at the fact that during that day there were more white men in jail than black men, a first. We were instructed to follow a 'regular' con out since he knew the way. Following the line of ex-prisoners I could hear him yelling about the infringement of his personal rights, being set free. At the front desk we received our shoe laces and belts. Having no tips left on my laces I ended up tying my shoes on by wrapping them around my foot several times. Outside Stefan and I took pictures of ourselves with the prison numbers on our hands for our up and coming rap album. During the whole episode I felt guilty only once. The subway was packed with families coming back from the various festivals that were going on downtown. Looking at them with their children I felt that I had lost something, that I had done something wrong, that I wasn't the child, that I didn't have those parents.

After reuniting with John and showering, the three of us went to an independent movie theatre to see a special showing of Troma's 'Tromeo and Juliet.' The founder of Troma was there, Lloyd Kaufman, along with Toxie and Sgt. Kabuki Man N.Y.P.D. to present the theater with a Troma Diploma. It was rad. Stefan slept through most of it.

I was tired and pissed and wanted to get the hell out of Chicago. No matter how many times Jesse told me that it wasn't the city that had done me harm, I needed to move on. So we got in a fight with a bunch of retards at the U-Haul place, packed Jesse's Vespa and hit the road. No good byes to Rob, Christine, or any of our Chicago friends. Just a foot on the accelerator and a bucket of change for the upcoming tollbooths.

Indiana:

We drove on to Noblesville, Indiana. Home to the working man, the Yuppie, the prejudice. Pulling into Matt's driveway we were immediately received with 'home-style' welcomes. After several illegal taped phone calls back to the Palmer House in Chicago (to work the security guards over) and vicious games of 1978 arcade style Pong, Matt's friends began to appear. Driving to the edge of town we came to a traveling amusement park. I informed Stefan and John that people are quite racist and homophobic here. As soon as I finished talking Stefan grabbed my hand and we walked across the street in true love form. Not more than 30 seconds later a car full of teenage kids in wife beaters and Big 10 hats drove by at a 2 mph pace screaming obscenities.

We sure gave them rednecks sometin' to talk about as we smiled and walked our way. Later, playing a pitch-the-ball game in the park, trying to win a stuffed toy for his pregnant girlfriend and child, was a thin man with an elaborate tattoo of a Swastika with scathe blade ends and a heart in the center. Later in the evening we loaded up on meat and fireworks and paraded down into the dense woods to a secret island in the middle of a creek. The locals began to light a fire – unsuccessfully. Stefan had to take over and show the Midwest kids how it was done in the mountains, where survival from the elements (his house with no electric heat) is necessary. After the fire was roaring, and the meat was cooking, the fireworks were sent flying; it was a real man's outing, even though Matt's girlfriend and sister showed us a thing or two about a thing or two. We learned the White Trash (Indiana) way of lighting off the fireworks in your hand, and holding on to them as long as possible.

When we woke up in the morning a huge buffet style breakfast was laid out for us. While watching this heavy meal being crafted in the kitchen we watched the original Toxic Avenger, as Matt and I felt that both John and Stefan needed to catch up on film history and theory according to Troma Studios. The four of us traveled to the town's lake. We walked past the old 'No Trespassing' sign (a common theme) and walked down a steep embankment to the bottom of the Noblesville dam. The dam was at a 35-degree slant and covered in moss. Wielding boogie boards we tried climbing to the top. Almost an hour later, after repeatedly slipping and sliding down, making only ten feet of progress with each new climb, we reached it's summit, and made the naked descent down. One time, Matt and his friends were caught lighting fires and getting into mischief of some sort. The policeman was well over fifty. He told them that when he was their age he did other things for fun, and recommended 'Shad Smacking.' To Shad Smack you would pull a Willow branch off it's tree and hit the surface of the water where the Shad (Indiana) fish were. This would knock them out and cause them to float to the surface. At the bottom of the dam, tons of fish, Shad, were trying to leap up the dam. A new sport was made while trying to catch them with our hands, and if caught, holding on to them. They couldn't make it more than a foot up the dam so I helped my fish. He beat all the others' jumps by sailing more than thirty feet in the air and more than half way up the incline. Stefan even has scars on his back to prove the fun!

Home:

We piled into the car and waved goodbye. We actually lived on the same street, on I-70, just a mere 1500 miles away. Not much was said on the way back. We all took our shifts like robots and watched lit fireflies splatter across the windshield. I woke up in the middle of the night to find myself looking up at the St. Louis Arch. At some time we flew past Kansas City with Stefan raging through an eight hour driving shift, but the next time I woke up, we were

just crossing the border of Colorado. There was a faded sign with only the red tone left in it welcoming us to 'Colorful Colorado'. The 20-hour trip home felt more like a fast three-hour trip – we were hard as nails at this point.

Wrap-up:

We were home. No sooner had we drove into good old Evergreen than Jesse pulled out one of the few remaining golf balls and almost through it through the huge window at the local U-Haul place, pissed at the entire U-Haul company.

I went home and missed a shift at the ice cream store I worked at by sleeping all afternoon. I woke up and called my ex-girlfriend, Hilary, and wished her a happy birthday. It was the first time we had talked in more than a month. I missed her last five birthdays either working in Switzerland or away from home and thought it would be cool to let her know that the one summer that I was finally in town, we weren't together. She was delighted. I don't think she was supposed to take it that way.

I came home and looked at my Leatherface records and realized what an honor it was to hang with some of the greatest people on the face of this planet. Thank you to everyone we met. Here's the update:

- I talked with Chuck from Hot Water Music when they came through town and we shared a tear in reminiscing on the tour. He wrote the intro to the Leatherface interview and I think it serves as a great abstract of the times we had.

- The charges were eventually dropped. They had nothing on me and roughed Jesse up enough to be scared out of charging him. However, two weeks later we were sent notification that we were wanted in the state of Illinois on bail bond violation. It seems that even though the charges were dropped, we violated the terms of our \$1000 I-Bond by failing to appear in court in July. A lawyer friend of Jesse's family went and straightened things out but the whole process has still not been expunged from our records.

- Jesse, myself and John had several more adventures over the rest of the summer and we learned that Jesse had still not gotten past that desire to push the edge. He is back in Chicago with his art school friends and having a good time.

- I ran into Sioux Falls Jayson on the internet. It was actually a coincidence, he outbid on a couple of items at the absolutely stellar Rebound Records auction in October!

- After messing around with Jesse and John all summer, I got back together with my girlfriend and got tied back down here in Colorado so that I could resist the urge to hop back in a van and take of for a few weeks.

- The times we shared were marvelous, the bands we saw amazing, the friends we made life-long. I sit here by the window and watch the freezing fall wind scatter leaves and can only wait for the adventures, loves and dramas that we will get ourselves in next summer.

Until then.

– Stefan Wild



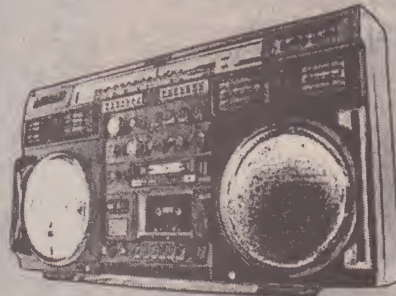
Jesse and John holding hands under billboard sign somewhere along I-70 in Missouri

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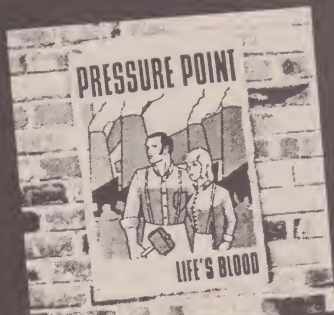


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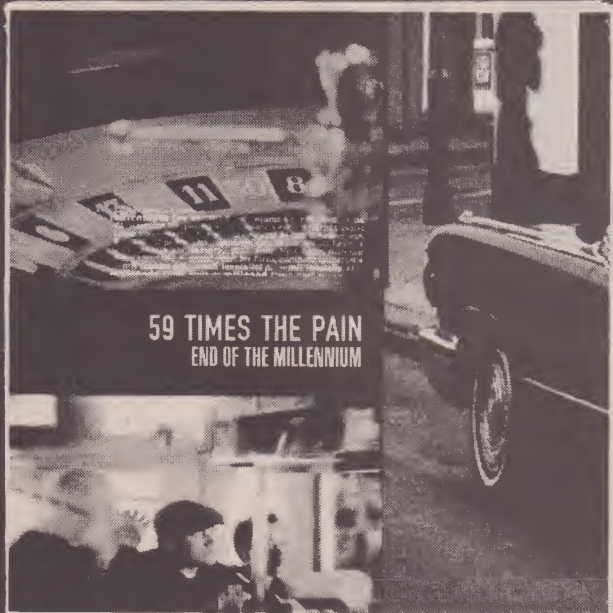
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In through the door, for a shamrock in a pint,
poured proper, and poured straight from the tap.*

*To Live, Play, Drink, Sing and Dance,
or Not to Live, Play, Drink, Sing and Dance,
Governor, 'twas never a question.*

*As strong as the rivets in its hull,
the boat will carry its wake.
Long Live The Boat.
Long Live Leatherface"*

Chuck, Hot Water Music, Summer '99

FS: Yeah, I mean, we had really bad equipment, everything sounds a little bit shitty, but we did everything ourselves.

SW: Why would you choose to go tour in Japan instead of the US with Jesse?

FS: We didn't choose. The label did. It was Sean, Sean Rugger Bugger, who set it up I think. He started communicating with Japan. It's so easy over there you know? We did it four or five gigs and we just played. We didn't go over there looking for other things. Everything was greatly organized. We got up at 8 and were on our feet and ate and dat dat dat, everything was always done right. I mean, we haven't been avoiding the US, it's just never happened.

SW: I've been told that you don't like signing contracts.

FS: We shouldn't have to go through hundreds of pages of shit that could be said in two pages. If it can be said in two pages then what do the other pages say that a handshake couldn't?

SW: Of all the labels that have put out LF stuff, who made the most money?

FS: Oh, Fire Records, without a doubt. They were all sort of a part of Roughneck Records and the different labels would put out different sounding bands, but Fire did whatever they wanted to with Mush. I mean, if you look at Mush, it probably sold more than all of the other ones put together.

LEATHER

SW: Looking back, which one of the records is your favorite?
FS: Minx.

SW: Gonna changes things up a little bit tonight?

FS: Well, these boys are just getting in a rut with their set list, so I'm gonna take over tonight.

SW: You said that Dickie (Hammond, former guitar player) could never play "Baked Potato," have you ever considered trying it with these guys?

FS: Considered it. I mean, we could learn everything that we've ever written, but.... I'll put "Baked Potato" on top of the list.

SW: What song do people ask for most?

FS: Probably "In the Ghetto," or a lot of the MUSH ones.

SW: How did MUSH get released in America?

FS: With Seed.

SW: How did that come about?

FS: The record company that we were on at the time, Seed, they were just really big and we didn't realize it, so they got it over here through some distributorship.

SW: But Minx is still your favorite?

SW: You did a solo, Frankie Stubbs Unplugged single, "Unhinged," in between Leatherface line-ups, what year did was that?

FS: Well that was the same thing that I was telling you about. Sean Rugger Bugger phoned me up and told me, "We're doing a single." And that was that.

SW: Do you prefer playing acoustic?

FS: It's all I do. That and I dance. I sit and play the acoustic guitar; I've never gotten any better playing the electric guitar.

SW: So right now you're living with the girlfriend?

FS: Yep.

SW: No chance of getting married for Frankie?

FS: Nope.

SW: Stubbs is not like that, you can't tie him down?

FS: No. You know, it's difficult for people to live with people who wander around. I don't know, I wouldn't want to live with someone who just fucked off for months and took off around the world.

SW: What's been the most exciting thing so far on this tour?

FS: Exciting?

SW: Getting banned in Milwaukee?

FS: Yes, yes, getting banned in Milwaukee, yeah, that'll do it. That was exciting wasn't it? Ah. It's all exciting. Always exciting.
SW: Hey Lainey! Come over here!
< to Frankie > We should get Lainey to say some things.
FS: Yeah, You should, come back to me after I've had some whiskey.

Enter Lainey, who has been, is and always be the drummer for LEATHERFACE.

SW: Frankie said that you were the man. He honestly told me that without Lainey, there would be no band.
L: I mean, I've acted as the backbone. I've been the drummer since we started playing, and we always said at the beginning: if I left, or Frankie left, that would be the end of Leatherface.
SW: It was understood.
L: It was understood.
SW: You're a very powerful man, you know that? The ability to simply end a great band with a single action on your part. It's in your hands.
L: Oh yeah.
SW: What made the band break up?
L: Well, everyone had their own differences and it was all

SW: Frankie thought Minx was best because it was so easy.
L: That it was.
SW: But I've always loved Mush as well.
L: I would say it was the single most powerful thing that I've ever done.
SW: Have you ever written any of the lyrics?
L: No, Frankie concentrates on the words.
SW: With Leighton changing over from the bass to the guitar, what do you think of what you've seen?
L: I think he's done a great job, I mean a GREAT job.
SW: How old are you now?
L: How old am I? I'm 31, will be 32 in December.
SW: And Leighton's 22, it's good to mix some of the old and some of the new.
L: Yeah. It's new blood basically.
SW: But I'm sure you've seen Leatherface grow tremendously over the years.
L: Oh yeah. I mean, it's really happening now. We're getting along with each other great. There's been no arguments to talk of, it's great.
SW: Frank's not going to go bitter and acoustic on you again...
L: No, I don't think so.
SW: What is the funniest thing that you have seen Sean from Wat Tyler (and Rugger Bugger) do?



L: Do a stage dive off of Killburn National.
SW: Oh yeah?
L: He took about the first five rows out. The whole while, I thought that we weren't going to clear the stage to the crowd, but he made it. I saw a lot of wounds afterwards.
SW: What's been different about this tour so far, besides

colliding, so we thought that we best call it a day. And when we decided to get back together, everything that had caused problems before, we got them all sorted out.

SW: Could you ever play in Leatherface with Dickie again?
L: I don't know. To be honest, I'm happy with the line-up that we have got. I would say, if anything, we're tighter now than we have ever been.

SW: What do you do for money over in the UK?
L: I was an assistant manager in a bar over there but I finished it basically.

SW: Finished it? By coming over here?
L: Yeah.

SW: So what is coming back home gonna bring?

L: I don't know yet.

SW: Punk rock, eh?

L: Yeah.

SW: Looking forward to recording with Leatherface again?

L: Oh yeah. We recorded just before we came over here and it was brilliant, absolutely brilliant.

SW: What's your favorite record that you've done?

L: My favorite record? It'd have to say MUSH.

being banned in Milwaukee?

L: Banned in Milwaukee! I'd say Davey in general, ha! His tongue's so dry that you don't know what he's going to come out with next. He's ridiculous.

SW: What has been the best stop on the tour?

L: Oh, all of it.

SW: All of it?

L: All of it, honestly. I've had my eyes opened several times, and getting to play with Hot Water Music... I've heard them on record, but getting to see them play live is just great.

SW: Do you have all the Leatherface records?

L: Just about. There's one I haven't got. I forget just which one it is right now.

SW: Which one do you think is the worst one?

L: Worst one? All of them are pretty good. Drum-wise it'd probably be "How Lonely."

SW: What kind of bands have you influenced in England?

L: (pauses)

SW: Tons....

L: Too many I think. There's too many bands playing too good.

SW: Who plays the best right now?

L: Oh, I'd say Snuff. Without a doubt.

SW: If Snuff took you to America next year would you do it?

L: Oh, I'd do it no questions asked. No problem with that at all.

SW: A lot of drummers don't like to do back-up vocals, or their bands simply won't let them...

L: I've no problem with it. After Leatherface broke up, I was drumming and singing in another band anyway.

SW: What band was that?

L: Rug Rat and (says something crazy).

SW: What kind of music was that?

L: Just punk rock again.

SW: Did you ever get a chance to see Frankie in Jesse (Stubbs and current guitarist Leighton's band before the LF reunion)?

L: Yeah, good band.

SW: Have you ever played Jesse songs as Leatherface?

L: We've practiced one, just to see what we'd do to it, and that was "Indestructible."

SW: Can you play "Baked Potato"?

L: Yeah, it's just in a weird signature at times. We've never done it because Dickie couldn't play it.

SW: But now, you've got the raging young star Leighton on guitar.

L: Oh yeah, he'll do it eventually. But as I've said, Davey's (bass) only been in the band a short time. He's done a great job as well.

SW: With that cowboy hat on, he's going to be a teen idol before too long.

L: Ah yeah, definitely.

SW: Does he have the most ladies waiting back for him in England?

L: Probably. I'm happily married. I'll emphasize that: I'm happily married. Just in case me wife gets word of this.

SW: We'll have to mail her one to prove that you really are "happily" married.

L: Leighton, now he's the true mod.

SW: Drives to the shows on a scooter with some girls on the back?

L: Ha ha ha!

SW: How old is your son now?

L: He's 13-years-old.

SW: Does he like Leatherface?

L: Oh, he's real into it.

SW: So you've had your son while all of Leatherface was going on. Was that ever hard?



would you most want to do the next English release with?

L: Jesus Christ... I'm really laid back, if it gets released, it gets released, as long as it gets good distribution and the kids are getting hold of it.

SW: With so many songs that built up for Leatherface over the years, have you ever forgotten one on stage?

L: Oh yeah, I've stopped in the middle of a song and asked what we were playing.

SW: Do you feel that the introduction of 'prohibition' on this tour has been effective? Was it a good move?

L: Definitely.

SW: Do you see yourself as continuing the pre-show prohibition in England then?

L: Yes, probably, it just works better.

SW: In the studio was there prohibition or no prohibition?

L: I don't know. We just got on with it.

SW: But it's not something that you dread, being in the studio?

L: When I'm in the studio, I'm happy with being in the studio. We rewrite the new songs on the road and that is really nice, to get to play something a little new and have some new tunes to rehearse.

SW: Were you awake when Roadie Chris got pulled over?

L: I thought I was dreaming. It was definitely an experience to get a van full of sleeping punk rockers pulled over by the American police.

SW: Do you think that America



has too many rules?

L: Yes. Definitely. Jesus, you can't even touch shite without getting in trouble. Even in England, there's certain areas where you can't sit outside and drink. I mean, I would like to have a nice beer here outside, can't even do that. Got to have "designated areas."

SW: Do you ever get worried that with Frankie's money-making scheme, he'll get in trouble and get taken away?

L: No, I've been with him enough to know that he can take care of himself.

SW: Anything else to say for now?

L: Punk fucking rock.

SW: So Leatherface is a punk band?

L: I'd say we were a nice rock band. Definitely punk at heart.



Then I caught up with Frankie again in Detroit

SW: We're recording this time - I just want you to know because I snuck up on you last time. So we will do three quick questions.

FS: Ask us about promiscuity. We are a good band, not good as in good, but good as in decent. Puritanical, in fact.

SW: What are your favorite bands right now?

FS: Snuff and Four Letter Word. I recorded their (FLW) album just before I came out here.

SW: Do you like your nickname, Papa?

FS: Papa's a good name. That's what they've called me on this tour.

SW: They call you Papa! They don't call him anything else. They just yell across the room, "Papa!"

FS: "Papa, buy me a beer!"

SW: When do you know it is time to retire a song?

FS: Retire a song? We can never retire a song. Someone's always yelling for some song.

SW: Where's the name Leatherface from?

FS: From my face. From Papa's face. Someone once said I looked like a leatherface.

SW: Is that a compliment?

FS: It's better than Ladiesface. Better than Shitface.

SW: Why don't you ever introduce yourself on stage?

FS: If people like us, they'll find out. If anyone's interested, they know who to see.

SW: But you are playing several

Denver, live with you.

SW: Fuck, bring it on!

FS: Denver's a pretty good place to live, eh? Papa does Denver.

SW: Earlier you said that your old guitar player Dickie Hammond always cheated at Scrabble. Did he ever get caught?

FS: Yes. Only in the last game. That's why he is not in the band now. He got caught cheating at Scrabble. He can cheat at women, and he can cheat at the bar, but he can't cheat at Scrabble. Never cheat at Scrabble.

SW: Where did you learn to dance your jig?

Warped Tour dates, and when the kiddies come out, and you blow them away, they don't know who to credit.

FS: Fuck 'em.

SW: Good.

FS: In my first few bands, you know when I was a young Papa, when I saw a good band, I'd have to ask around, you know, find out who they were. And I'm very shy you know. You said three questions, and we have had two. I am a very shy guy you know.

SW: You old farts come across the ocean once every decade. I am not going to let you get off that easy.

FS: That's true.

SW: Do you ever see yourself living in the US?

FS: It might happen yet. I might get stuck here, move to



FS: Falling over. I used to turn around a lot on stage. The cable would go around my legs, and I could only take little steps and then I would fall flat on my back. So I'd get up and say next time this happens, I just gotta take smaller steps, and I've never fallen over again. I have still got ridges across my chin from falling over. I used to fall onto the metal of the drum riser, bust open my chin, crack my teeth, and I was just crying. It hurts worse than someone smacking you in the shins.

SW: If you had to write a song about this tour with Hot Water Music, what would you call it?

FS: Shitty Shod Bastard. Look, you've stood in shit, it's on your shoe, and I'm no bastard.

SW: Have you ever sang, or played your guitar, out on the street? Either for money or experience?

FS: Never. I have nothing but

LEATHER

total admiration, right, for people who sit in the street with their guitar. The first time that I ever sat on stage and did it, there were some people up front and so in my mind I told myself that people had come to hear me play. The street is different. It's the hardest thing to play in the street and nine times out of ten I will give them give them some money.

SW: In "Springtime," you talk about "the cruelty and lies that we were guilty of " when we were young.

FS: It's true!

SW: So that's from personal experience?

FS: Personal experience! And you usually do bad things to either people who don't deserve it or people who love you. And I always felt bad. But we were only young.

SW: And really couldn't have known.

FS: Yep. Fuckin' Assholes. Creamy pasta disasters.

SW: Is that the official Leatherface meal?

FS: Oh yeah. Girls would try to find their way into my heart and then I would make that for them and they never came back. They never came back!

SW: Are you ever afraid that you will get to a point where you can no longer dance your jig and go out in a van for a month? I mean thirty years from now or whenever.

FS: I'm not afraid. I'm there now. Papa! (He puts a beer bottle cap over each eye and plays dead)

SW: How did the names Mush and Minx come about?

FS: Oh, you don't want to hear this!

SW: This will be a good story.

FS: Yeah. Mush. The record company that we used to be on, Roughneck, you know. Well, I used to go mushroom picking and I sent them 500 or so.

SW: 500! You sent the record label 500 mushrooms?

FS: Magical ones. When I used to be poor I would sell these mushrooms and I became known as The Mushroom Man. So I sent Roughneck these mushrooms as a joke and they're in the office eating away at the magical mushrooms. So there's Mush.

SW: Papa 'the Mushroom' Man Stubbs.

FS: Minx is just a word that we used to use all of the time. Like, "You're a Minx!" Just biting away, like the animal.

SW: What is the relationship between mods and Leatherface?

FS: Snuff.

SW: Snuff?

FS: I was once in the Snuff house and they convinced me that what Leatherface did musically was mod.. I was basically convinced that Leatherface and Mod were one in the same thing. So we became a mod punk band. Munk

SW: A great word! Minx, Mush and Munk!

FS: Well that was going to be the next LP. That's what The Last was going to be called. At that time we were going to do a full length record. At the time me and this guy who did all the shows in Sunderland were riding around on our scooters.

SW: Really?

FS: Yeah, but I sold it. I stripped it all apart and then didn't have the knowledge to put it back together. In the middle of my living room, there were these pieces to a scooter, sitting for a year! So I sold it the York Scooter Club. It was an antique. A 1945 (1955?) LI Series 1 Lambretta. A beauty with mirrors, badges, everything.

SW: Did the York Scooter Club put it back together?

FS: Yeah, they just came and picked up all the parts in a truck and put it back together.

SW: Probably sold it for thousands.

FS: But it had sat in the middle of my living room floor for a year. Bands would come stay at my house or record and look at old Stubbs' scooter pieces. I actually ended up selling it because I was seeing this girl who refused to come down to my house until I got it out of the living room. I mean, all the badges everything. I got rid of it all for a woman. It was a beautiful thing, could have sold it for 7,000 pounds.

SW: The next album, Munk, should have a photo of that on the cover.

FS: I've still got all the tax discs that date back to 1971.

SW: And is the girl still with you?

FS: (in agony) No! She's gone. She was an awful woman. She was terrible. I should have known right from the start. Any woman who tells you to get rid of the scooter in the house... I should have told her right there to fuck off. But it was a good idea to give it to the scooter club. I felt that it needed to be put back together. That was good.

SW: Is the studio still going well?

FS: Yes, it's in my house. I'm just waiting for the next girl to come along and ask me to get rid of that!

SW: Did you play in bands before Leatherface?

FS: Yes, a lot of bands. No one that you've ever heard of. We never released anything.

SW: What was the motive behind the Frankie Stubbs Unhinged 7", the unplugged Papa ep?

FS: I was unhinged because I just did these songs that didn't fit with other band members over the years. A lot more acoustic songs. The sort of songs that you play by yourself, not with a band. They were just some songs that I still had

FACE

SUNDERLAND'S
OWN IN THE
US FOR THE
FIRST TIME

FS: Well that's his name. We never really called him anything else.

SW: Does he get along well with his son?

FS: His son? Lainey got a phone call the other day from his kid that he had broken his arm. He was really scared.

SW: Have you ever recorded as a guest

after Leatherface broke up. The sort of songs like Pale Moonlight that I was just sitting in my room and wrote. Songs that people would just look at us and ask, "What are you going to do with that?" Like it didn't have a place in Leatherface. So then when I put it on the acoustic, people start asking for it and we end up playing anyway in Leatherface.

SW: Who did the last song on The Last? Who played trumpet?

FS: That was all me. Me on a keyboard. The label wanted one more song and so I came in and used this big synthesizer keyboard in the studio and played everything.

SW: For the last song on The Last.

FS: I was sitting there and was pretty drunk and that's why I did it. I don't think I could ever be a piano player otherwise. I record everything on one hand and then go back and record the second hand. I know a fella in Sunderland who is a Grade 8 piano player, a fucking genius, and Grade 8 is the highest you can go. He might do something on the next LP. If the band agreed.

SW: Could Leatherface survive without Lainey?

FS: No. It's always been me and Lainey. Right from the start. And even with this newest line-up, which I really fucking like, I have all the confidence in the world in Lainey.

SW: Has he always been called Lainey?

musician with another band?

FS: Well, I end up doing some backing vocals with every band I record. Otherwise, I'm just there. Getting the band a cup of tea or something.

SW: And lastly do you have any last reflections or memories that particularly stand out on this tour?

FS: On this tour? No.

SW: Nothing sticks out more than the rest.

FS: I really can't think of it. Every show has its own rhythm and it's the audience who decides it. It's the audience that makes a gig. I mean, we're playing nearly the same songs every night, and the rest of the tour relies on the audience. The guy who just came up before. He's a stockbroker from Canada and he drove all the way down to Detroit to see us, 5 hours. And that's the sort of thing that stands out. Just meeting people, getting on with it. Being in this band I mean. That's the thing. I've got friends all over the world. Friends that I would love to run into. It's the best thing ever. I've got places to stay in nearly every country I've been.

SW: After the Japan tours, do you speak Japanese?

FS: I try. I know how to order rice and red wine and find a toilet. I know how to say that I'm a fat bastard. All of the important things. The things that people appreciate, just trying to speak their language.

SW: Leatherface is just trying to speak their language.



HOT

WATER

MUSIC

Interview with Chris and
Jason

by Stefan Wild & Jayson
Weihs

Pictures by Stefan

Sioux Falls Jayson travelled all the way up to Minneapolis with us to see one of his all-time favorite bands rock for yet another night. It was only appropriate to team up with Hot Water Music's own Jason for a little question and answer about Gainesville, Leatherface, the break-up and emo.

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I'm Jason and I play bass in Hot Water Music.

SW: Is that what you do for a living now?

Yeah.

SW: And what did you do before for a living?

Nothing.

SW: What are your Leatherface ties?

I just like them. I mean, we covered Springtime for an AK Press benefit and ended up doing it on the Hardback CD. Long story short, we ended up getting a hold of Frankie's number and let him know that we were dopping it, to see if they wanted to get royalties, make sure that everything was cool what that. And we just got to talking about the new album on BYO and then the split happened and the tour and everything took off from there.

SW: What has been the best city so far?

Denver. Denver was really good, San Francisco, San Diego, Houston, actually everything has been good except for Boise. But we didn't expect Boise to be that good.

SW: That's where the LF van got pulled over.

Yeah, in between Boise and Salt Lake City. There hasn't really been a horrible show.

SW: Your last statement really implies that in the past there have been horrible shows.

Oh yeah, we used to do horrible on the West Coast and in Texas. I mean, really bad.

SW: On the back of the van you guys carry a "I'm in Scenester Hell" sticker, what does that mean to you?

The whole deal. It's irritating. I don't want to speak for the whole band on that one, but I just get tired of it.

JW: So how is it being from Gainesville then?

It's good and it's bad. For us, we've always just been a band and we don't really get too involved in that whole thing. I mean we've definitely chosen to put out our records with certain people and to play certain kind of shows, but that's really it. I get tired of all the politics that go on. Not necessarily politics, but scene politics. There's no reason for them in my opinion. I think either you like a band or you don't and if you don't agree with something they're doing then fine, you don't like them any more. I've never taken it personally like a lot of people do.

SW: How has the Some Records experience been?

Great, I mean, we haven't put the record out yet, but they're already ten steps ahead of everyone else we've worked with.

SW: But have you seen you a problem going from a Florida operation that you knew to the city boys in New York?

Not at all, they've come down a couple times to meet with us about stuff and to me, they haven't done anything remotely close to wrong. I mean we'll always be working with No Idea, just because we're friends with Var, that's just a real relaxed relationship...

SW: With great packaging, great final product.

Yeah, that's more of a fun kind of thing, and he's really stepped up the last couple of years.



SW: How do you see the national/ international punk scene handling things with all of the emo things up in the spotlight right now, because you see a lot of it first hand in the band?

Yeah, I definitely think that it's changing in getting away from the more metal hardcore stuff.

SW: Do you think it's getting away from that or that that music is actually going off in its own direction?

I think it's going more metal and they're bringing back not Poison metal but actual Heavy Metal metal. But there's a lot of bands that are just playing 'rock' right now. I don't particularly like any type of bands that are all doing the same thing. I don't see any reason for that, but there's a pretty decent revival of punk rock lately, which is kind of nice. I definitely think it's changing, a lot of people are starting to sit down and start a band that sounds exactly like 'this' and I don't really see the point in that.

SW: As you see the more 'artsy' and 'emo' classified stuff getting bigger, do you think that it starts to lose its political, do-it-yourself ethics?

Yeah, with us, I never understood why anyone labeled that type of music emo, because I've played in an orchestra and in jazz ensembles and I've always been 'into' what I was playing. I wouldn't listen to a band that wasn't into playing what they're doing. That's kind of a stupid, pointless category of bands. I don't think that we sound anything like those bands. We've got some songs that can be lumped in that category. I don't hate being associated with that, because we're definitely emotional, but I've never really seen the need for that as a description of music, especially punk. I do think though that now that it's getting bigger, there are definitely a lot of different motives for some bands, as far as ethics and whatnot, but it's kind of the same thing in other genres.

JW: Speaking of No Idea, do you think that being in a band from Gainesville is creatively hampering?

Not so much now, a lot of bands in town have died off... I think that we would have probably ended up the same way no matter where we lived. I think it's good for a lot of people because it gives them the chance to work with Var and to play shows, but I don't think it's really that different from anywhere else as far as how we play our music, for me anyway. I'm pretty sure that some of the other guys would disagree with me on that though. It's definitely made things easier to

get things done in the scene. I'd say it's more nurturing than anything else just because of the ability to get records out.

SW: What's been the most exciting tour story thus far?

Discount hit a deer last night, I think that's been the most exciting. Because I had a dream the night before that Allison was driving our van and got in an accident and killed George. So I told her not to drive for two or three days and then she drove and hit a deer.

JW: And I think I saw about three dead deer on the way over here.

Yeah, there were dead deer everywhere. That's been the most exciting so far. Our tours don't generally get that exciting.

SW: Have you guys been to Europe as a band and how was it?

Yeah, we have. It was horrible.

SW: Why horrible?

Everybody else is going to hate me for saying that. We were on tour for way too long and then we went over there and not surprisingly, that was one of the reasons we broke up, because we were on tour for like a year straight. We had only three days off between the US tour and the one in Europe and then another four days off before we left again for five weeks and I think the prospect of being on the road for that long made us all say, "this is no good." I think that under different circumstances, I really would have liked Europe a lot. I mean, it's kind of a stretch to go over there and expect that your first European tour is going to be great right off the bat. You're definitely isolated from home a lot more over there; it really sinks in when you get over there and realize that there is no way for you to get home, at all. That's one of the things that gets to me. I don't always like coming out West either, being in the middle of nowhere, now that we're back here (Minneapolis) I'm much happier. There's just little idiosyncrasies that bother me, like that they don't have cold drinks, all they eat is bread, that kind of thing. We didn't go with anyone last time, and this time it'll be better, going with Discount. A decent amount of people speak English over there, but we don't speak any of their languages (George speaks some Portuguese and I took Spanish in school...)

SW: What kind of schooling did everyone have?

I majored in English, Chris is still doing college and everyone else just



did high school.

SW: So you're really the smarty in the group?

Yeah.

SW: You talked about how you've played in jazz bands and orchestras, how big of a thing do you think it is for punk rock kids to come out of that kind of a community? I think a lot of them do.

I think it's good because a lot of the bands will be better. I mean I have a bad take on music for most people. I definitely don't think it can hurt anyone to know what they're playing, I mean it can, I suppose you can let those space rockers who only play solos the whole time. But I think it's good for kids to come from that, as far as their different musical influences and you can certainly hope that that kind of thing would breed more interesting bands.

SW: Where do you see the band in a year?

I have no idea.

SW: Do you like it that way?

Yeah, it's definitely more exciting that way. We'll have a new record out soon and we're hoping that that will definitely have some sort of positive influence. The touring this year has been far better than in any other year, but I definitely think we've got our heads on better about taking our time with things and not do crazy touring. I mean Chuck just got married and Chris is engaged and going back to school in fall, and I'm thinking about going back for a little, so we're kind of tied down in that respect. I mean if something amazing came around, we could definitely take time off and do it, but we're just trying not to push our selves for no reason.

SW: As the band gets bigger, who do you go to for advice and help?

Mostly AVAIL, as far as that kind of stuff goes. Because we've been friends with those guys for a long time and they've gone through the exact same things that we're going through. But we try to do as much of it ourselves as we can. That way if we screw something up, we know whose fault it is. I'd rather screw it up ourselves so that we know not to do it next time.

JW: You already said what made you guys break up, the stress of touring and all, but reversely, what made you decide to stick it out?

Well, we had too much touring and it had gotten to the point where we didn't have any kind of personal lives, aside from each other, which is not good in a band. And we took a little while off and decided to play a last show. WE definitely went into that show under the pretense that, if this doesn't work out, we'll say o right away instead of going through it just to keep a band together, but this show went great, we had a blast and we're still doing it.

SW: But don't you feel, as with a relationship, the first break-up always makes subsequent break-ups come easier?

Definitely. But I also put it in the perspective that I know how much we're going to lose if we do it again. We know definitely what to NOT do now, but it could definitely make us break up again.

SW: Right.

< Perfect transition from Jason to Chris >



Our last night and we were upstairs at The Shelter in Detroit. HWM Chris told us he never did interviews. The only way that I have found to beat a passionate individual is to match their passion. Here's Stefan with Chris.

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SW: Introduce yourself with your instrument and what your favorite Leatherface song is.

C: I'm Chris. Chris Wollard and I play guitar and sing. As far as favorite Leatherface song... Well, we covered Springtime so I must like that song. "Little White God" really strikes close to home. "Not Superstitious" is one of the most beautiful songs I've ever heard in my entire life. "Do the Right Thing" is also just incredible. "Animal Day," great song. I think "Andy", when I found out the story behind "Andy" it really made a lot of sense to me and I really related to that a lot. I think that Frankie Stubbs is the best lyricist in punk rock that I've come across in the last five years. And I can only speak for that long because that's how long I've been listening to them. I think as a band, if you go back to when they started, I don't think that anyone has hit so much human truth as they have. I can go back through every one of their records and

just be blown away. Those songs are the ones that really mean a lot to me.

SW: Do like calling Frankie "Papa?" Papa on the road.

C: I call him Fruity Stubbs just because he always tries to wrestle me when we're drunk. He's a fucking great guy.

SW: You have a fiancée waiting in New York, when is that going to go down?

C: Actually, a year from yesterday.

SW: Did you talk to her yesterday?

C: Yep. Actually, Samantha, Chuck's wife, brought me up a package yesterday that she sent with Samantha. There was like an Asshole Parade European tour shirt in there, some pictures that she did that said something from me and she wrote one of the best letters that I've ever read in my life.

SW: What does being married change for you as an individual in a band, in everything, life?

C: What does it mean? I've never been happy in my life. I've always been a really depressed person, I've always had a hard time with people. I mean, since I moved to Florida, I have a three-year-old son, that did a lot for me, for realizing who I am. That's kind of what you have to do. You have to realize who you are, you have to come to terms with who you are and you have to be happy with who you are, in order to find... love. This is the first time in my life that I've actually felt.... real, complete. There's always shit going on that I've had to complain about, but as a person I feel great man. And it's all because of her and my son and my Mom, she's always given me great support. You have got to have something to stand on, some kind of stability, in order to be happy. I've been fucking trying forever to just do that, and now that I've found it, I'm stoked out of my gourd. I could talk for hours about those people. I'd be nothing, I'd still be a miserable bastard. So, Jesus Christ, what can you say about those people that make you complete, that help you find yourself? I mean how awesome is that?

SW: It's the best.

C: It is the best.

SW: What kept the band together?

C: Well, we broke up. Nothing kept the band together. We toured for a long time. A long, long

time and that was part of it. But what really really was the big thing was that we stopped being friends. We were fighting, we were yelling, we hated each other. When you go on tour for eight and a half months and



all of a sudden you wake up and you're not Chris Wollard anymore, you're the guitar player for Hot Water Music. That's a really hard thing to come to terms with. You have no personal life at all, all you have is this band. You all start trying to deal with this, trying to figure it out, and you can't even get along with your band anymore. You're all miserable as people so you're all miserable as a group. We're in Europe when we start realizing this and we're singing the part of our set that is about brotherhood and friends and we don't even get along. So one night, we were in Munster (Germany), and we stayed up all night and we talked. Some of us were like, we can't keep singing these songs. I couldn't get up there and sing

a song where I was like, you're supposed to believe in this but we don't. We're not friends, but all you guys are supposed to be. It's bullshit, it's fucking total bullshit. Once it came out in the open, the next morning we were out for coffee, and we decided that it has got to stop, we were breaking up. We finished our tour, just treated it as a vacation, tried to have some fun with it. We canceled the next American tour, all of our shows except for one, which ended up being recorded for the live album. We got back to America and didn't talk to each other for about



three months, at all. Nobody even called each other. Then we had about three months until the last show and we all went out to shoot pool one night, talked about the show we had coming out. The next day we had practice and talked and we all kind of realized that having the chance to find out again where we were as people, we found our peace again with ourselves. Every single one of us wanted to play with one another. We decided to practice for the show, to not consider the band together, practice for the show and see how it went, deal with it from there. And we actually started writing NEW stuff. That was the other big problem, before we broke up, we were so frustrated that we couldn't write anything, we're still playing the same songs every night for a year! We weren't moving in a new direction or

anything, we were just us, and we started writing things that everyone liked. And we decided that if we can write songs for a new record, then let's do it! So we stayed together. We've earned a lot of happiness playing with each other. We've all been in other bands, and there's just

an energy in this band, where we connect. We just totally connect. It was great working on a new record. We were busting our asses man. We decided that this record has got to be right on, and we've spent the last year perfecting everything for this record. We're friends again on this tour, it feels good.

SW: But I've noticed on this tour that when kids request a certain song, you still can't play it if it doesn't mean anything right at that moment.

C: No, no we don't. I mean that's why we broke up. We broke because we couldn't sing anything without contradicting ourselves. There's probably 15-20 songs that we couldn't play. The most electric feeling, the most intense feeling that we have, we put that in a song. But then four or five years go by and life is different and when I'm up on stage man, I want to go off. I want to fucking go off and I want everybody to see that all of us still believe in this song. And I'm not going to stand up there and bullshit anyone. There's a lot of songs that people want to hear, but I'm not going to bullshit. We've recorded 60 songs, but a lot of them don't mean anything any more. That's what this band is, we work through our problems. And we don't want to work through the problems again. I've got new problems, so I've got new songs. Those are our songs now.

SW: I don't consider you guys 'emo' at all, you're a PUNK band, but what do you attribute the rise of indie rock and emo right now?

C: I'm not really sure. Emo's such a fucked-up word. There's a lot of stuff that is just straight indie rock. If you want to talk emo, there's a lot of stuff that's chugga-chug hardcore that people consider emo. But what is emo? It's emotional music, so what can I say: anybody that believes in their band is emo. I don't know why it's getting big. It seemed to me that it's peaked now. I've been trying to not pay a lot of attention to it. I've been trying to channel my energy, the whole band's energy into what we do. Like I said, I haven't been out on the road for a year, and, like I said, all I've been doing is hanging out with my son and trying to write stuff that means something to me. You actually get kind of out of touch with that stuff when you stay home. I mean, Gainesville is just a small punk town. I go to small shows where everybody is still skanking, everybody is still circle pitting and everybody's having a great time, nobody stands there and looks at a band like they're a bunch of martians. That's why we're punk rock. In a good show, the

band will be freaking out, the crowd will be freaking out and I want to make sure that everybody is on the same trip.

SW: But now that you are back on the road, what is your biggest memory of this tour?

C: Well, we got to play Leatherface's first show in the US. I thought that was a great thing. A band breaks up for five years, that you love, and you can just see them and play with them... You're just like, 'oh fucking Christ, man!' And they're still as good as they used to be. That's a crazy thing to happen. We also got to play with Youth Brigade and I was really excited about that because I listened to them when I was young. It's more personal stuff. Two of my best friends, that I've known my entire life lives in Denver and before the show I asked them to be my groom's men at my wedding. For me tour is going out and hanging out with your friends and meeting new people, experiencing each other. Touring with Discount and Dillinger Four, with Elliot, they have so much energy that's it's like, 'Woa! Goddam!!' Even if there's no one listening. This tour rocks. It's spectacular. I mean, New York will be the best night for me. (his fiancée joins him there)

SW: Are you nervous about playing 'Not Superstitious' with Leatherface for her?

C: Yeah man, really nervous. I told Frankie that I needed to learn the song now so that I have a week to just practice it, I can't wait for that night. Could you imagine? I get to stand up there and play that song with them for her. (laughs hysterically) My head will probably explode. And it couldn't be better because now it's to the point where it's insane how us and Leatherface are getting along. Lainey, the drummer is telling me that this is the best tour they've ever been on, and it's so much more intense now that I know that we are



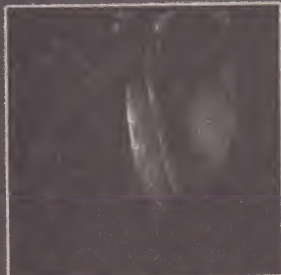
friends and I get to share this thing that I would have never even dreamed about. Sometimes I look at my life during the last year, and I catch myself on the road and I'll just think, 'holy shit man, this is so cool. I get to go on tour with Leatherface, with Discount, with Dillinger Four, Error Type 11, Elliot, Six going on Seven, tour this beautiful land and see all my friends! Christ man, can you believe it!' I bought my first guitar when I was eight years old. Fifteen fucking years! And I still suck! But I've dreaming about this for all of my live. Right now. This moment. This moment right here, I've dreaming about this for fifteen years. I can't complain. I'm getting married, I have a son. A healthy son, a beautiful son. And I'm not rich and I'm not married, but I have a good fucking life.

SW: Perfect words to end on.

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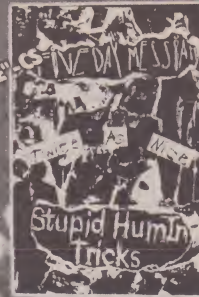


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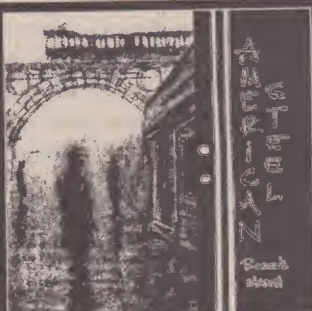
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Discount = Gainesville, Florida = rad pop punk booty shaking earth quaking sing a long be-bop and hit me one more time. Interview with John on the road in Milwaukee.

Discount

RITH: Say your names and what country you would live in if you didn't live here.

Ryan: My name is Ryan and I would probably have to say England. I like England- there's good food in England.

Tim: French fries. I'm in this interview too...

Ryan: You are really interrupting things here you little shit... I like the entire pub culture.

Tim: I am Bill I fucking play drums, I just look different now.

Ryan: Pseudo Bill. You will act out the part of Bill.

Alison: Alison, and I would probably live in England too. Japan would be the close second, but I don't speak that language, which makes it a little difficult. But I really like Japan a lot, Japan is awesome. I haven't been to that many countries, so I don't have very many to pick from, and England is definitely my favorite of the ones I have been to.

Todd: My name is Todd, and I would like to skip that question because I've never been anywhere other than the states.

Ryan: Todd wants to live in the former Yugoslavia.

Tim: My name is Pseudo Bill and I would live in Norway, I like swimming in the cold water.

Ryan: This is Timmy. Timmy and Pseudo Bill, He's our roadie, he's schizophrenic.

Alison: No, narcoleptic, don't get them mixed up.

Ryan: Yeah, he'll fall asleep straightaway.

Alison: Okay, next question.

RITH: I think that this has been a great tour, and it was really cool of Hot Water Music to bring you on tour.

Ryan: Actually they are supporting us.

Todd: Don't let the opening slot fool you.

Ryan: It's actually the most sought after spot. Hot Water does all the shit work because they haven't paid their dues yet.

Alison: They follow us; we know where we are going, so they just follow us.

Ryan: It's nice of us to take the kids out, they deserve a chance...

Alison: I want to talk about how amazing this tour has been. It's one of our favorite ones because Hot Water Music are our best friends from home, and Leatherface are some of the raddest people we have ever met, ever. They are seriously super-wonderful people.

Ryan: It's kind of a strange thing. Gainesville, in a sense, is one huge family, I mean, I live with Chris, we see each other everyday,

Bill and Jason are practically best friends, so it's just an extension of Gainesville more or less.

Alison: When I am skateboarding on the sidewalk, Chuck screams at me from all different parts of town "ALI!"

Ryan: Gainesville is comparable to a summer camp full of a bunch of kids with beards. Pretty much. We see each other every day, we hang out together, honestly, every day. Everything we say on stage is totally sincere, we've had the greatest time ever, and Leatherface has turned out to be some of

the best people we've met in a long time as well.

Alison: Their band is brilliant.

Ryan: And the opportunity to go on tour with a band like Leatherface, their first US tour ever, is insane for a bunch of kids who play music when they are twenty years old.

Todd: We played the first show that Leatherface played in America.

Ryan: Especially since I was eleven when they started playing and released their first record.

RITH: Do you hate girl band questions?

Alison: It depends what the question is.

RITH: What is your least favorite?

Ryan: Our least favorite is "how do you deal with being in a band with a bunch of boys."

Alison: I don't like that one, and I don't like it when they ask, "So, what are the benefits of having a girl singer?" That's just sort of disgusting sounding, it doesn't make any sense to ask that question.

Ryan: It's not really the focus, the sex of the members of band, it's the music and who we are, that's not really an issue, it doesn't

really come up.

Todd: I think that it comes up, because there are really not that many girls in the scene.

Alison: It comes up when girls come up to me and talk to me, and instances where girls are like "yeah, my boyfriend said that only girls could sing in ska bands," and I am just like whoa, and that's just incredible, and I am glad I came to kind of smooth that out.

Ryan: It's not like we are breaking new barriers, but there are a lack of girl fronted bands.

Alison: Yeah, there definitely are, I don't really realize that as much because I don't get to go to many shows other than the ones I play, and true, I'm almost always the only girl.

Ryan: We are usually on tour with like sixteen guys and one girl.

Alison: I listen to lots of bands that have girl singers, and it's just weird to me that there's not that many.

RITH: What did you think about the Sioux Falls (SD) show, there were more girls there than I have seen at any show.

Ryan: I think it's cool.

Alison: It definitely is, I'm really excited when there's young kids there, especially in weird towns in the middle of nowhere.



That's where you find the craziest cases of not really knowing what's happening in other places, and that's totally right and normal.

Ryan: It's the "country bubble" around places like that, it's really strange. But we're from a bubble ourselves so...

RITH: Do you guys do any physical activity on your tour? Who is the most athletic?

Todd: We played football in Sioux Falls. I scored two touchdowns.

Ryan: We had a big football game with members of each of the bands. I threw a touchdown, and ran for one.

Todd: I scored two, so that therefore makes me the most athletic. But when we count Jason the roadie...

Alison: He has a recreation major.

Ryan: He has a degree in relaxation.

Alison: No, recreation.

Ryan: Well, recreation, but he can really kick back.

Todd: He's my brother, and he kicks my ass everyday.

Alison: None of us are really sports kids...

Ryan: I used to be big on sports when I was a kid, but I realized that I wasn't good at them, and I moved out of sports quickly.

Todd: I played basketball in high school. I made all conference team two years in a row in junior high.

Ryan: Really?

Todd: It doesn't mean a lot though because it was a total joke.

Alison: So what is the point of this question?

RITH: We just want to know what kind of things you do on tour?

Ryan: Timmy the 'roadie and myself started jogging the first five days until this bug crawled into us and made us sick for three weeks, but we're better now.

Todd: The last day was that big mountain.

Ryan: Yeah, the top of the mountain, and that was the end of everything; we were finished with exercise for the rest of the tour.

RITH: Does touring actually pay any bills?

Ryan: I have no bills; actually my credit card bill is fifteen dollars a month and it pays that pretty well.

Alison: It pays the band bills, like keeping the van running, and the cost of things we sell at shows like t-shirts and records.

Ryan: We bought a very, very expensive van

Alison: It pays for our gas, and instruments and shit like that.

Ryan: Up until this point there have been tours where we would get home and everybody has gotten some money, which is nice. But last year we had this European fellow named Ferdie, who stole four thousand dollars from us, so last year wasn't any good in those terms.

Alison: But we went to Europe, and we played music.

Ryan: That's what matters.

RITH: How's the road trip, the actual driving?

Ryan: I don't know, ask Jason (roadie)

RITH: You do all the driving?

Jason: No we split it up.

Alison: And every once in a while I drive, and... And hit things.

Todd: Yeah, Alison drives and kills things.

Alison: Actually two days ago I was driving in the middle of the night and I hit a deer.

Todd: You're a legend

Alison: I can't believe it happened. I'm still in awe, it was just cruel.

Ryan: We are thinking about changing our name from Discount to Bloodlust.



RITH: Is anyone in the band vegetarian?

Ryan: We all are.

Alison: All of us are vegetarian, me and Ryan are vegan.

Ryan: On some good days.

Alison: I'm vegan, Ryan is "find stuff in the dumpster, whatever it is it's fine."

Todd: He's vague'n.

Ryan: Yeah, I'm very vague.

RITH: When you were in Denver, Ryan mentioned that you had bronchitis?

Alison: I got bronchitis about six, seven,... no, about nine days ago. I got food poisoning in Hollywood, and I just got really like.....

Ryan: Not clinically.

Alison: I didn't go to the doctor or anything, I just ate something that put me in misery, and I was weak for the whole next day, so I am convinced that because my immune system was shitty I got bronchitis, and after I got it I was really upset because I kept having this fever for four days, Todd took me to the hospital in Salt Lake City and got me checked out.

Ryan: It's been a very sick tour.

RITH: When you get sick does it tend to spread throughout everyone on tour?

Alison: Yeah, especially in the van, we sleep on top of each other.

RITH: Do you usually get sick on tour?
Ryan: Not usually, this is the worst one in those terms.

Alison: But we're all happiest, this has been such a great tour, except for the fact that I keep having... I'm just having bad luck.

Ryan: I am entirely jinxed, everything I own is broken.

Todd: Bad Mojo Tour '99

Ryan: We were in New Orleans, and next to our van was a dead crawfish and some chicken bones.

Alison: And it was set up.

Ryan: So we think that someone put a voodoo curse on us, and it's been following me everywhere.

Alison: It's been spread out very evenly.

Ryan: My amp has been broken twice, my brand new guitar broke, my case for my other guitar broke, my tuner broke....

Todd: His tuner works ...for me, but not for him.

Ryan: We killed a deer. and...

Alison: ... there's fur on our front bumper.

RITH: Maybe it sacrificed itself to get rid of the curse.

Ryan: Yeah! Animal sacrifice

Todd: Nothing has broken since the animal died

Ryan: Nothing has broken since we killed that fucking deer.

RITH: Have you ever had any major van problems?

Ryan: That's fucked up of you to ask.

Alison: No, we haven't.

Ryan: Well, now we will. We have our problems in between tours, which is really convenient. That's how it always has happened, we come home and everything is broken. But when we're on tour everything seems to work.

RITH: If your van broke down in any of the cities you've been in on any tour, which one would you pick?

Alison: Minneapolis, please.

Ryan: Minneapolis, or the San Francisco/ Berkeley area.

Alison: Those are places where we have tons of friends and always wish we had time to stay anyways.



Ryan: Not Arizona.

Alison: Or Texas, I like the kids in Texas. But it's too hot there. There's lots of places we would not want to be broken down for long periods of time with no money, no food and no friends.

RITH: Touring with Leatherface, do you have any good bar stories about Frankie Stubbs?

Alison: We have tons of stories, and we've had some amazing conversations with Frankie Stubbs, but...

Todd: We're not going to get into one.

Alison: They're not going to be retold.

Todd: None of your goddamn business.

RITH: I've heard 8am thrown about a bit...

Ryan: It was insanity in Minneapolis, our friend Eric owns a bar there, and we... uh... we drank there.

Todd: A lot.

Alison: I drove. I drove a herd of screaming drunk people all over town.

Ryan: Alison and Jason are the non-drinkers and effectively become the Designated Drivers when everybody gets sloshed. It's been a good time, and there have been stories, Lainey has shown us the scars on his body, and so has everyone else.

Todd: Lainey doesn't have any elbows. Because he hits people so much.

Ryan: He's a bouncer.

Alison: He has no elbows?

Todd: Well there's no bone sticking out there.

Alison: Lainey's fucking tough as shit. His upper body is just this like (accompanying sound effect and gesture here ... big)

RITH: What is the weirdest venue you've ever played at?

Alison: We played a bridge in Rapid City one time. That was amazing. It was just this bridge, with lots of bugs. The place we were going to play was locked because the owner had sold it like the day of the show and just not told anyone, so everyone was just sitting around outside in pickup trucks, because it was Rapid City, so everyone just hopped in the backs and there was the biggest circus of people.

Ryan: Driving through a public park.



Alison: Totally driving through the grass over hills and stuff getting to this place. It was totally illegal, but it was so cool. And we had these green lights and we plugged those in and we couldn't see a fucking thing. Amazing.

Ryan: It was awesome. We also played a WWII bomb shelter in Germany, it had ovens that you could walk into, and that was really scary. They had like submarine doors on them with the big airlock doors and everything, it was pretty insane.

Alison: You just wanted to crawl in there and have someone shut you in there. It's actually a community center now; it's a really cool place.

RITH: You are one of the few bands I have seen that makes merchandise in the small and medium sizes...

Ryan: Well, a couple of us are small and medium.

Alison: Cause it's stupid, I hate bands that only have extra-large. I don't have any band shirts because of that. Not that I am complaining, because I really don't want to wear band shirts all the time, but... I mean that whole skater big clothes thing totally passed.

Ryan: We are not encouraging that.

Alison: I don't know, there are little people. Everybody is pretty little.

Ryan: We recognize that we have all shapes and sizes of fans, and we want to make it so that everyone can have a t-shirt.

Alison: It totally makes sense to have sizes for everyone.

Ryan: We were even going to go crazy and have Youth Larges.

Todd: I thought we actually had those.

Alison: We did.

Ryan: Oh, we did have those for the especially small. At one point, it was ridiculous, we were in Japan and we only had fucking X-Large shirts left, and there is nobody in Japan that is an X-Large. They were nightshirts, and these people are walking around, they bought them and they are hanging down at their knees. I don't want to make people wear shirts that are too big for them.

Alison: In Japan, they all wore like five t-shirts at once to make up for the fact that the band shirt that they really wanted to wear doesn't fit.

Ryan: I wear medium shirts, and I hate the fact that I can't get certain shirts because they don't have them in my size. It's a big issue with us.

RITH: You guys did an album solely covering the British folk singer Billy Bragg, how has he influenced?

Alison: We were asked to do it, and we really wanted to because we had never done cover songs really before, and we just wanted someone who said important things.

Ryan: We all respect Billy Bragg.

Todd: Billy Bragg is my hero.

Ryan: He's a lover and a fighter.

Todd: He's seriously my hero.

Alison: He's an amazing guy.

Ryan: The strangest thing is, we were in England, and there's a lot of debate over our record at the Billy Bragg-fan club. Really weird stuff going on. By some strange turn of events, Billy Bragg's manager ended up coming to our show in London because he heard about us through the melee. He liked it a lot, and he got the record, and now he's releasing the record in England on his label.



Billy Bragg has the record, he likes it a lot and he wants to play shows with us in the future... and we want to play shows with him very badly, so there's a possibility that we would be playing a few shows with him next time he comes to the states. And he's proved himself, at least in our eyes, because we did that entire thing completely illegally, and printed the lyrics and everything. We put a disclaimer in telling everyone why we did it, and there were no problems with lawsuits or anything.

RITH: What is your favorite type of weather?

Alison: Mine is overcast, forty or fifty, kind of how Minneapolis was...

Ryan: Whenever it's cold I like it hot, and whenever it's hot I like it really cold.

Todd: I like to be able to wear shorts, flip-flops, and a sweater, at the same time.

Alison: You do, everyday.

Ryan: I like an eclectic mix of different weathers.

Todd: Cold enough to put on a sweater over.

Alison: Like high school, high school was that temperature.

Ryan: High school isn't a weather system.

Alison: I know, but it was so cold.

RITH: If you could sum up your band in a single quote, what would it be?

Todd: I don't think you should sum up a band in a single quote, you can't say a lot in a single quote.

Ryan: Taking care of business, TCOB, We're stealing that one from Elvis, because even if the heart attack did not kill him, he was getting big in his old age, and all that fat would have done it by now.



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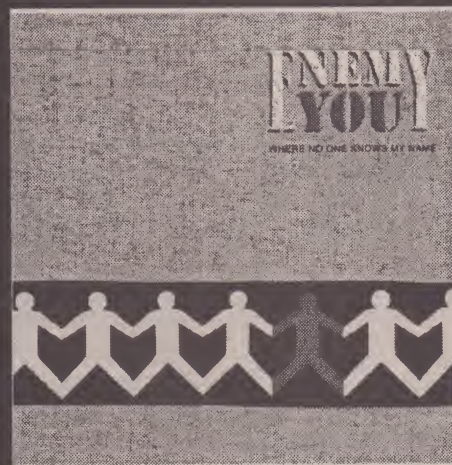


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PANIC BUTTON

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Aaaah, Minneapolis. The Twin Cities. The Mississippi River. Governor Jesse Ventura. And... Dillinger Four? That's what it seemed like. We rolled into Minnesota with great anticipation of meeting this powerful melodic hardcore band whose catchy vocals and subtle harmonies have sunk more than one barge on the Mississippi. Interview done after an amazing set in Madison, Wisconsin, climaxing with an encore sung by a completely nude Patrick running along the top of the bar to the shocked expression of an unprepared bartender.

Introduce yourselves and give us your instruments and what not.

E: I'm Erik and I play guitar.

P: I'm Patrick and I fuck up.

And what's your favorite Leatherface song?

P: MUSH- "Not Superstitious." Other than that or "Shipyards" of THE LAST.

E: Yeah, I was about to say "Shipyards" but right now, it's their cover of "Can't Help Falling In Love." Right now, that's my favorite song to listen to, but I've had so many favorite songs that it's tough.

Minneapolis. What is the best part about Minneapolis?

P: Like part of town? (rim shot) There isn't one.

E: My favorite part about Minneapolis is that, honestly, and this still holds true for right now, but has maybe been truer in other times.

Ultimately, I assume we're talking about Minneapolis punk. One of my favorite things about the punk scene, and like I said, it's been ebb and flow, is that at the end of the day, none of the different sub-genres have ever been able to dominate. For as long as we've been

around, there's never been the sort of thing where say straightedge kids and crust kids were not able to get along, or like pop-punk and kids that like emo and hardcore don't get along. Individuals don't get along, but overall, the punk scene has always been able to stay pretty balanced. There's enough good ands in every sub-genre, there's places to play for an given genre at any given time. Minneapolis has been considered a crust town, but the people that got it that reputation...

Felix.

E: People like Felix (Havoc Records), people like Profane Existence, have always been beyond that, that other things have been able to go on.

P: There's always been a sense of community.

E: What I could have said in three words would've been: sense of community. And a pretty genuine one too, at least compared to other cities that I've been in.

P: I've always liked it because it's been pretty removed from a lot of things. Generally, whatever the trend is nationally, it doesn't necessarily mean that it's the trend in Minneapolis, cause there's enough people doing their own thing. Taking weird inspirations, regardless of whatever the next big band from DC or Chicago is doing.

What is the best heckle that you guys have heard? Either one said to you, or one you've heard or even said....

P: Depends what you mean by best.... 'Cuz if you mean 'best show stopping' heckle, then it was when _____ put a cigarette out in my eye. That stopped the show real quick. The best 'somebody yelling something' is actually one that I've lifted a lot. I



Depends what you mean by best.... 'Cuz if you mean 'best show stopping' heckle, then it was when _____ put a cigarette out in my eye. That stopped the show real quick.

think it was St Louis, where a guy yelled, "Play another shitty song!" And we literally had to stop and quit laughing, it was so good. I've ripped it off like a million times. On other bands. People were heckling us and we were talking shit back and right when we were about to start the next song, he yelled it and we all started cracking up and couldn't even get into it.

What goes into the naming of a Dillinger Four song? A D4 song is named differently than your typical three minute crap song.

E: He goes into naming the song.

P: Like, knowing really what the song is about, and then finding a phrase that is either from the song, or just something that we just made up. Finding something that matches the song but isn't too predictable, so that if someone wants to, they can just think about it.

E: I think 9 times out 10, our song title may seem like it has nothing to do with the lyrics, but if you knew us, and you knew maybe why Patrick would have thought of that. Most of the time, they're more inside jokes than titles. Sometimes they give an angle to the song, that if you know where it's coming from, it'll add to the song a lot. And sometimes... they're just funny things. We can always tie them into 'why he chose that funny thing instead of this funny thing,' but sometimes, they are just funny things. If you write a serious song, it's sometimes nice to break it up and give it a title that will add some humor. We did a song for a compilation that Patrick called, "Farting is Jazz for Assholes." It's a great thing to think about, and it's a funny thing to say. Does it tie into the lyrics? Yeah, kind of.

P: Actually, it's funny because the song is more or less about being tapped out; we could say something here if we wanted to but right now we don't have something important to say so why force it? Kind of like farting is jazz for assholes. Anything is jazz. I could take a shit on your face and record it and if I played it for everyone in the world, one person would think it was the most genius thing they ever heard in their life.

E: Yeah.

P: Although we don't like to endorse jazz, we're much more of a soul group, just so you know.

E: We don't expect anyone else to figure that out, but obviously, right there, he can clearly identify with the song. We never make the assumption that people can see those kinds of connections.

If you play another music genre, what would it be? Soul?

E: Assuming we could play any other thing...

P: I'll tell you the truth. I would love to do Soul, but I would also, and this is something that I've had going on forever and at this point in punk rock it's almost a predictable and clique thing to say ... But I would love to be able to be a bunch of people and do a band kind of like what the Pogues had going when they did "Rum, Sodomy and the Lash." Just beautiful music, with totally fucked up lyrics about a fucked up part of life that people would relate to.

E: Something that I cannot play by any circumstances but really wish I could is that I'd like to be able to make it sound good with just me and a guitar. I'd really to be on eof these people to be able sit in a room with whatever kind of people and just be able to play, like old Billy Bragg. It could be called folk, in the sense that there's one person playing a guitar, but it's not really. I wish I could do that.

Why do you feel the need to get naked on stage?

P: I don't feel the need to do anything and that's actually why I end up usually naked on stage. I don't know, there's a lot of weird things we do live. This is gonna sound really stupid, but when I was younger, there were like shows and there were concerts. Concerts were like when there was a professional band it was very important that they be the best they could be for you. And then a show was when it was bands you wanted to see and half the point was freaking out. Half the point was that it was a spectacle. For me, this is funny, I love hardcore music, just as a genre, because the thing I always loved about hardcore bands was that hardcore bands would fucking wig the fuck out. When they started you knew it. And a hardcore band that was worth half of its shit would just go the fuck off and you could tell that they didn't give a fuck if they were playing to 300 people or 2. They were just freaking out on their own. To tell you the truth, with the naked thing, to a lesser degree, we're all kind of tired of it. Unless it seems like a funny thing to do. If it's to the point where your haggling me to take my clothes off, then it's the last thing I'm



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going to do. Instead, what I'm going to do is reach behind my cabinet and pull a puppet. I just want to do something so that, even if you hate it, you saw something that you could talk about.

E: It's almost like, are you playing at the crowd, or with the crowd? And people in the band getting naked, that's just one of the ways that we can play with the crowd, regardless of how many people are there or what the setting is like. It's just one of the ways that we prefer to play with the crowd rather than at the crowd.

P: We played around locally for over a year without getting any sort of attention and that was when we started coming up with rules. Like, when you go see a band and they say, "Come and stand up here in front!" We hate that. I hate that when bands do that, or when bands say, "why aren't you going off?" Fuck you, I don't need to be going off. So we just came up with ways to make it fun for us, regardless of whether people like it or not.

Now it's been a couple of years where it's gotten to the point where we play songs and people just jump up and rip the mike from us or they'll get naked with us and total freak out. We've had people make announcements for protests and rallies, and that's kind of what we're trying to get going. We like our songs, it's not like it's a novelty to us, we like our own songs, but it's also like, it should be a show. Whether it's a Saturday night in Minneapolis or a Tuesday night in a trailer in Biloxi, Mississippi. A show should be fun, it should be eventful. When you leave you should be like, "yeah I just SAW something" And sometimes getting naked is pretty fucking funny.

Have you ever as a band sabotaged another band?

E: One time Patrick unplugged the Dwarves, but I think we were like 15.

P: Yeah, I don't know if we should mention this, because I think Aaron actually wrote about this in Cometbus. But we were on tour with Scooby Don't and we were playing these shows and wanted to do something that would be weird, just have some fun. So we decided one show, ironically enough, at the trailer in Biloxi, Mississippi, we were playing this show with this great band called the Cleavers from Olympia. Me and Jeff, the bassist from Scooby Don't had a contest where we measured our dicks before the show and then took a ton of affradren (sp??) and the point was to see who would suffer from the most shrinkage by the end of the show. Um, Erik, and Mike, the two singer-guitarists of the bands, had to play with their legs duck-taped together and stuff over their eyes so they couldn't see. And Sloan, who was drumming in our band, and Billy, who in Scooby Don't, those two got duck-taped together, so while Bill was playing, Sloan, could do anything that they wanted. It was great, Billy weighs like 400 pounds and Sloan weighs like 7 pounds wet. Sloan was trying to do everything while Scooby Don't was playing, and it didn't do anything to Billy, he didn't miss a beat. But when we played, Jesus, Billy was throwing that mother-fucker all over the place and Sloan ended up passing out. So I guess, that's kind of a prank. We haven't done a lot of like pranks because pranks insinuate that you're afraid to do something to someone's face. If I want to run up and tackle you while you're playing, I'll probably just do that. It's a lot easier than hiring somebody from the crowd to go do it or something screwy like that.

Has anyone ever done something stupid and then blamed their actions on your songs?

P: Yeah, actually, it's funny, that's a really good question and no one's ever asked us that before. It's really funny 'cuz that's why we've had to change up some of the things that we've said once we signed to Hopeless. I mean, nothing against Hopeless, they're good guys. But for a long time, we were just playing really small shows across the country in people's basements and we'd get up there and tell 'em to do whatever you want to, freak the fuck out. But the next thing you know, your shows are kind of bigger and there are a lot of stupid examples of people in the crowd just yelling things at each other, like, "I'm here to MOSH!!!" and "You don't need to mosh, get out of here faggot!" and stuff like that. Then you have to stop and say, 'yeah, do whatever you want, but if you hurt someone, we're gonna single YOU out and send you on your way.' Last year, we played a show in Chicago and there was this guy who was having real issues with some people in the crowd, and I didn't know what was going on, I thought it was the crowd's fault. So I got him and asked him if he wanted to say something in the mike, and got all



You also make the assumption that people are really influenced by you, that happens sometimes even when you're a real small band, but you feel like a jackass making that assumption.

happy, because, 'great, this guy is gonna get up here and make a point.' He ended up giving this big speech about the quote, un-quote, "suburban bitches that come to punk shows now." So we had to take to take the mike from him and say, "Number One, most of US are suburban bitches. Number Two, why don't you just leave." It was totally depressing. You know, "You bought a shirt, or a record, why don't you just give 'em back and we'll give you your money back, god, you suck. You're like one of the guys we right songs about rather than to."

So, you do have to take in consideration, being on a bigger label, the influence you might have.

P: Yeah, just taking responsibility for people doing things and saying it was the band who influenced it. We haven't really thought of it as actually taking more responsibility. The idea of taking more responsibility is that we keep a keen eye on the crowd, but we've always done that.

E: You also make the assumption that people are really influenced by you, that happens sometimes even when you're a real small band, but you feel like a jackass making that assumption.

P: We've always told people, 'don't buy into an opinion just because we wrote a song about it.' We're telling you because that's what we think. The idea would be that you would come back with a better idea and tell us that you don't agree with that song because this, you know. Of everything that was on the new LP, we've only got one letter from an articulate man who was talking about "Shut Your Little Trap, inc." This one guy, said that he didn't really have that big of a complaint about the prison system, and he wrote a great two page letter. I wrote him back and said, "you know, I don't agree with you, but kudos to you, you know what you're talking about."

E: If you're going to throw ideas out in songs, especially because songs eventually become mass-marketed and mass-produced, you have to be every bit as willing to listen to new ideas. That's how it has to be. You have to be ever little bit as willing to believe that maybe your ideas are formed too quickly, and possibly formed poorly and it's better the way other people do it. I think that's the best way to look at it. It doesn't mean that you can't be an egotistical prick sometimes, because sometimes you can be.

Erik, working at the Triple Rock (Bar in Minneapolis), I'm sure you've seen quite a few bands come through and do some stupid things, but who's done the stupidest?

E: It's funny, because there's only been one band who has been really stupid, GBH. GBH came through with Against All Authority and we have known AAA through Hopeless and they're great guys. The bar had only been open for a couple of months and I was really excited to bring them back and GBH came and some more people came. It's funny because, it wasn't GBH as a band, it was more the people that came with them. The story is almost boring to tell, but at the end of the night, to jump over why it happened which was totally stupid, this guy Terry Bones, who was in Broken Bones and Discharge, was trying to punch our doorman Pignose who was in the legendary Assrash and now of the great Dreadknot. Terry's out there fucking jacking him and starts punching him but Pignose is just sitting there laughing at him. Just chuckling. He's getting punched in the head and he's chuckling at this big tough guy, and saying things about how his mom hits harder that and eventually Terry just quit. It was stupid.

P: But also, sometimes you'll just be sitting in the bar and some indie rock band will come by that means something to someone in New York City or LA, but nothing to the rest of us in the real world. They'll be like the first guys they say, "Maybe, you've never heard of me, but I'm so and so from so and so." And I'll just say whatever and go throw Battalion of Saints on the jukebox and grab another Budweiser. You came into the wrong place fellow.

E: If we redo this interview in a year, I imagine, we'll have a lot more stories to tell. Summer is just beginning.



INTERVIEW WITH SEAN FROM

Ross Haenfler caught up with Sean, the lead singer for the extremely energetic and sincere hardcore band CLEAR, from Salt Lake City. Here's what went on:

Salt Lake has acquired this sort of reputation or aura of violence or gangs, straight edge gangs, what are your thoughts on this in general, how has it changed?

S: Well, my thoughts about the gangs are pretty simple, like, I don't consider myself to be a member of a gang. However, for me to try to candy-coat it and say that there hasn't ever been a gang mentality in the past would be a lie to the hardcore community in general and the straight edge community as well. There has been violence in the past, but it's never been like, you know it's never been so bad like the media tends to glorify it to be. There's been a few secluded, isolated incidents where they totally blow these incidents up and then make them look to be bad all the time. For instance, everybody's probably heard the little story about when the person had the X carved into their back. Well, OK, yes that happened at a show like five, six years ago and I was there, I saw it happen. I'm not saying what happened was right. There definitely was a fight, the kid did not try to carve an X into the kid's back, he didn't have a knife, he hit him with a chain wallet which whipped him in sort of a diagonal angle, which made it look like it could be an X. If you looked at it one way, it looked like it could be an X if there was another one. But it was only one little mark that happened to be diagonal and they made it sound like somebody was trying to carve an X in the kid's back. And they talk about it every time. You see that, in the media: "Oh, there was this X carved in some dude's back." And they always hype that up, and it's like they keep bringing up these incidents from the past because they just don't keep happening. So they need something to make their story seem to have some validity to it, but the thing they never mention is that these things occurred so many years ago. The thing is, too, that the kids who did that haven't had anything to do with the Salt Lake City hardcore community for the last, probably, two years, those kids have been gone. Kids come and go all the time. There's a constant rotation of people coming and going, and all that we can do about it is try to talk to kids, you know, let them know that violence isn't accepted and over time kids come around. There haven't been any problems at shows for a while in Salt Lake. A few minor things, here or there, that are typical of any hardcore show, meaning sometimes people get hurt or this and that. But for the most part, the violence has been really low. Because Salt Lake has gotten so much attention in the past, it seems to be the hot spot, the media hot spot, you know, so they're gonna be hyping it up and glorifying it. They're not gonna go, "Oh, man, Des Moines straight edge!" and focus a 20/20 show on Des Moines straight edge, because nobody's gonna give a shit. Of course they're gonna go to Utah because that's where the hype has been.

R: What does being straight edge mean to you?

S: Well ... [long pause] ... It's actually ... [another long pause] ... John knows this, because I've had a long conversation with him about it, it's a very hard question to field. Um, straight edge to me is not a label. Straight edge to me is not something I place on myself so I can go, "Hey buddy. I'm straight edge, you know that? I'm fuckin' bad." It's not like that at all. It's to the point I'm almost 24, next month I'll be 24 years old, and I've been doing this for a long time. Honestly, to tell you the truth, I don't need a label. I'm not discrediting straight edge, I'm not discrediting the kids and the younger kids. I'll always respect it, I'll always think there's a place for the younger kids. But for me, I'm still drug free, I'm still alcohol free, and I'm still straight edge, but I don't like to generalize. It's nothing that I would go up to people and say, "Man, I'm straight edge! Man, I'm nailed to

the X." I very rarely wear X's anymore, but I have them tattooed on my body and that's always gonna be there, you know what I mean? My convictions for straight edge, for the philosophies behind straight edge are true. In a sense, and this might sound stupid to some kids, but I'm kind of, in a way, outgrowing the label itself. I think it's important for younger kids, especially younger kids like Jake, who I met earlier. An awesome kid. He's 14 years old and I truly hope that he sticks with it, because he's the next generation of hardcore. And that's what's important. Straight edge gets young kids through a very crucial point in their life. Kids, no matter what, no matter what they think at 14, are very susceptible to their surroundings and peer pressure. I would much rather see a 14 year old kid have peer pressure to do something positive like draw X's on his hands and be screaming for something that's so, that I've seen is so positive growing up, than have some kid be addicted to like drugs or alcohol or whatever at a young age, know what I'm sayin'? At that point, I don't necessarily think kids are mature enough to make choices about alcohol and about drugs that would, you know, that are going to be a mature choice. Their lives are so easily judged; they can do this or they can do that, and I would much rather see the younger kids take on the straight edge label and hold that true, and say, "Fuck yeah, I'm straight edge" and to say, to scream it in the face of anybody that fuckin' opposes it because it's gonna give them something strong and something tangible that they go, "Yes. I fuckin' am straight edge and this is why I don't do drugs, and this is why I don't drink, and this is why I don't smoke cigarettes." Because that's gonna give them something strong, you know what I mean? If they don't have the label when they're that young, they're more likely to just go, "Yeah, I'm drug free, and I'm alcohol free, but I don't really know why." It's better to have them say, "I'm drug and alcohol free and this is why." You know what I'm sayin'? So

R: Do you consider it a movement?

S: Definitely it's a movement. I mean, you have kids it wasn't to discredit the Des Moines straight edge kids [laughs], but there are kids in Des Moines. There are kids in every little town in this country. And not just this country, but it's global. And the networking is amazing. I mean, I meet kids all the time, from everywhere across the country, all across the world, you know what I'm sayin'? Kids, you know, we're talking to kids, writing, whatever. Like e-mail is probably the most awesome tool for the hardcore community. And the internet,

CLEAR

now, and instant messages, and chat rooms, that's like probably the most evil thing that's happened [laughs] to hardcore.

R: What do you mean [laughing]?

S: Because there's so much shit-talking. There's so much shit-talking in those chat rooms. It's like, "Oh, fuck yeah, man ..." I mean you could go on and be like, "Yeah, dude, I'm fuckin' Jaime Hatebreed, man, and I fuckin', like, I hate black people" or something and everyone would think Jaime Hatebreed hates black people because on this instant message someone said that he was racist. And it's bullshit, man! There's like so many fucking rumors all over the internet. It's ridiculous. But anyways, that's not really like ... the point of my little conversation here, I sort of got off, where was I going ... but anyways ... oh yeah, a movement, of course it is. It's everywhere, it's all over. California, Salt Lake City. You got Oregon, you have Washington, you have Arizona, New Mexico, and this is just the West



Coast I'm talkin'. I mean it's everywhere. Midwest, East Coast. And there's so many bands, and so many kids, and the networking is just amazing. It's like yesterday, in Salt Lake City, we had Disembodied from Pennsylvania, uh from Minnesota. We had Brother's Keeper from Pennsylvania. We had Dust to Dust from Pennsylvania. We had Countervail from California and Stretch Armstrong from South Carolina and Ensign from New Jersey. And there's all these bands from different states playing in a state none of them are from, coming from all over the United States playing in one city, you know? And it's just amazing that that kind of thing can happen. And the thing that's also cool about it, is all these bands from other states come in and they play in Salt Lake City and they all know each other from past experiences, whether it be touring or like the singer for this band toured, or roadied for this other band. That band, this singer from this other band ... this is sounding really stupid [laughs] ... like one singer from one band and another singer from another band may have roadied for two other bands who were on tour together and that's how they knew each other. That's how Mike Ski and Tim Shaw knew each other. Mike roadied for Snapcase and Tim roadied for someone else ... I don't remember, like Sick of it All. It's just amazing how all these people network and connect through hardcore, and through, not necessarily through straight edge ... you know, there's a lot of people who *aren't* straight edge, but the hardcore community itself, the networking is just amazing.

R: What do you hope to accomplish with Clear?

S: I wanna see Clear go as far as I can take it. We work really hard for this band. Right now we have a full length, called Deeper Than Blood, out on Stillborn Records from Connecticut and it's been going awesome. We just did a tour in May, an East Coast tour, and we've done two other tours before that. And we wanna just keep touring and just keep playing shows and hopefully, you know, I mean we'll take it as far as we can take it. You know, hardcore is expanding every day, every year new bands are getting more exposure, more and more exposure. I just heard something like, Hatebreed sold something like, ridiculous, something like 80 thousand copies of their CD. And that's just like the fact that a hardcore band can sell that many units is amazing to me. That shows how many people are out there listening to this music, and how many ears you're gonna touch with your music. That's crazy. Like, I don't ever expect Clear to sell 80 thousand units, but I'm just saying that hardcore bands are doing it.

R: That's amazing.

SEAN

FROM

CLEAR

S: So as far as Clear is concerned, I want to keep touring, keep playing shows, keep putting out releases and take it as far as we can take it. And if the day comes when we have to say goodbye to it, you know, we'll pick up and move on from there. And hopefully that day doesn't come, but you never know.

R: We've talked about your kind of transitions, you know, different, not phases, but growth through hardcore and how it means something different for you now than it did back then. What do you see it meaning to you, I guess, I mean you're almost 24, say in a few years?

S: Well you know what, I wanna make this music my life, I wanna do this as long as I can possibly do it. Honestly, it sounds really stupid, and I don't mean to make it sound rock star, but you need to pay your bills sometime in life, you know what I mean? You get to a point where, I'm almost 24 years old and I have no health insurance. I'm like trying to pay back a doctor's bill from May when I got hurt on tour. I mean, I work in a record store. And who's gonna think *that's* credible? Nobody gives a shit, nobody that doesn't understand this music, nobody that understands how much of my heart I put into this music is gonna know or is gonna give a shit that I work at a record store. They don't care, you know. And yeah, I'm a college student, I'm gonna graduate next semester. People go, "Ooo, that's great, you're going to graduate from college, now what are you going to do with yourself?" And I go, "Well, I'm going to tour in a band and I'm probably gonna be ghetto." And I really don't care. But I need to make something. There's money out there to be made and I need to pay my bills and I want to have a family and I want to do all that stuff. But if I can figure out a way to intertwine the life I want to have and still remain in this community, you know what I'm saying, that'll be done. I will accomplish that. People do it. I'm not talking about being rich, I'm just saying if I can do this and pay my bills, you better believe I'll be here 10, fuckin' 20 years from now.

"... you know in my generation we may see a president that has like a straight edge tattoo. It could happen, you never

R: How do you think women's experience of the hardcore scene is different? I know it's weird asking a guy this. Is it a guy thing?

S: It's definitely "not just boys' fun." There's this girl in Salt Lake, I don't know her name but I'd like to meet her someday, but she comes to every show and she's right up front and she's got a crutch. She rocks out with her crutch and she's in the front all the time. She's so tough! You see the pit, it gets pretty crazy at times and it's normally male dominated but you see some girls that can hang. And the other girls seeing these girls that can hang with that are following that trend. It's like 7 Seconds said, it's not just boys' fun, it's for everybody. Hardcore is not a sexist entity. It's for everybody. And it's not a racist entity either. Everybody who wants to experience what we all experience, meaning the people who contribute to the hardcore community, have the right to experience that if they want. The unfortunate thing is that a lot of people really don't see it that way. That's a shame. I see alienation, where people try to come in and they may look different, they might look funny or they might have long hair. Or have a shirt that has a pot leaf on it. And some intolerant straight edge kid is like "fuck that" and they

single them out. That's bullshit. Those are the walls that need to be broken down. That's separatism; that's *not* what we need.

R: With all the different experiences of hardcore, do you think there are a few dominate themes or messages that the hardcore scene tries to project?

S: I don't think there's any real dominant theme as a whole that clouds over the entire hardcore community. I don't think there's one thing that any certain sect of the hardcore community is really trying to accomplish, per se. There's people who stand against things. You have straight edge kids, who ... well, we all know what straight edge kids stand against. You're seeing an uprising with the Oi! movement, like the skinhead movement. A lot of non-racist skins coming around and also supporting punk rock and hardcore. There are small groups that oppose similar things, but for the most part I don't think there's this overhanging cloud of something the hardcore community is standing against. The reason I say that is because hardcore is becoming so mainstream these days. I don't see that as a problem, let me clear that up at the beginning. But you see Sick of It All on MTV. You see Earth Crisis on Roadrunner records. You've got Hatebreed on tour with Soulfly. These are only a few bands, but they're hardcore bands. These bands are coming from *my* community, our community. These bands aren't coming from where Motley Crue came from. These are bands growing up, doing the same shit we're all doing, that happened to get big and are sort of catapulted into the public's eye. The hardcore community can't really stand and say, "Oh, we're so against the mainstream," because so many hardcore bands and so many hardcore kids are becoming mainstream. This is a good thing, but, you know in my generation we may see a president that has like a straight edge tattoo. It could happen, you never know.

R: Every once in a while you'll have someone in the crowd shout, if a band member is talking about a concern, shout like, "More rock, less talk!" The idea is it's the music that's more important than the message. How do you feel about that?

S: It depends. It depends on the band's political agenda. Clear really has no political agenda. We wanna rock. We play music for the kids and we play it for ourselves so we can have a good time. We don't really write our songs around any specific theme. Then again, you have bands like Boy Sets Fire who between every song

they're going to give you an essay on what this song is about. It's just fucking awesome. I saw Boy Sets Fire for the first time on Wednesday and they were fucking amazing. I was so stoked that every song dealt with something that was a real public concern. So I think they're very credible for doing what they're doing. But I don't necessarily think that every band needs to do that. I don't necessarily think that every band needs to stand up and preach about this or that. But when bands do it, I don't think it's wrong either. I'll be totally respectful of what they're saying and listen and think. Even if it's something I disagree with maybe I'll look at it in a different light. That's the nature of debate. The beauty of hardcore is that there's so many different ideas, so many beautiful ideas floating around. A lot happen to be in opposition to each other. But that's the good thing, because that encourages and stimulates intelligent conversation. It encourages a debate where people aren't just getting into movements. Use straight edge as an example. A person who is not straight edge because of this conversation they had with somebody who is, might not just get into it blindly, going like, "Oh, this looks cool." They really think about it and say, "Is this for me?" Who knows, maybe it is and maybe it's not, but the way they're going to find out is by having a conversation with people. A lot of times, they're respectful of somebody's opposite view; when you have respect on both ends, you'll get stimulation that way, too.

R: What are the best and worst things about hardcore?

S: It's cool because we meet so many people. We've met so many people. My friend from SF, who I'm gonna see next weekend, he's such an awesome kid. We were on tour on the East Coast and we ran into him in NY! The networking is great. You have all these bands with different styles playing together. The music styles might be different but the ideas are so similar. All these kids can come together, and that's what's awesome. The bad things ... I hate shit talking. If there's going to be a death to hardcore it will be bullshit rumors and shit talking and backstabbing. I'm praising the connectedness, the togetherness, all the intertwining of ideas and everything, and on the surface it seems like that's so fuckin' rad ... we're going to get all these cool ideas and everything. We could have this conversation and this conversation is awesome, but you could walk away going like "That guy was a fucking dick." And I don't think you will, and I know I won't do that about you, but it could happen. It happens all the time. Somebody you think is your friend is going, "Fuck that guy, man. Dude, like his show costs too much. I'm not gonna support him cause he had all these bills to pay and I don't want to pay 8 bucks to go to a show. Fuck him. He's trying to make all this money!" But in person it's like, "Hey, what's up, dude! You're my boy!" It happens all the time. If there's going to be a destruction of the hardcore community it will be the shit talking. Otherwise, I really don't see much bad in it. To stick with it this long and be this energetic about it ... I don't see a lot of bad. But the bad I do see is the shit talking and backstabbing. That needs to stop.

*"If there's going to be a destruction of the
hardcore community it will be the shit
talking."*

R: What does animal rights have to do with straight edge?

S: I'm gonna be very bold. It's not meant to offend anybody, but this is my position on it. Animal rights has absolutely nothing to do with straight edge. Other than the fact that a lot of straight edge kids *hear* about animal rights through that community because there's so many people involved with animal rights alongside straight edge. The two combined go hand in hand, but they don't mix. You can be straight edge and not have anything to do with animal rights. I eat meat. I'll say it to anybody. I eat meat. I was vegetarian for 5 years and I was vegan for part of that time. I decided it's not for me and I have nothing to do with animal rights. Personally, I don't

think animal rights has anything to do with straight edge. I do think it has a place in hardcore community because that's another voice. That's another opinion. That's more people stimulating intelligent conversation and bringing things into it that are major concerns. Like I said before, respect plays into it. Just because someone's major concern means so much to them, other people may not give a shit about it. That doesn't necessarily mean that they're bad or wrong. And it doesn't mean that the people who don't care about it are bad or wrong either. To me, animal rights plays a very big part in the hardcore community. There are many people who are active with it, that have the energy to do it, that are listening. Hardcore is a great place for it to start. But with straight edge? Nothing at all. Nothing about straight edge corresponds with anything with animal rights. And the same goes the other way. There are vegan people who have never even heard what straight edge is. In these days, you can't really get a straight edge kid who's never heard of veganism, but there are plenty of vegan people who don't know what the hell straight edge is. And never will and don't even care. And that's what sucks about the media: every time the mention straight edge they have to mention, "The ALF [Animal Liberation Front] did *this* today!" That's great, but don't talk about straight edge kids and then say all these ALF dudes bombed this fuckin' McDonalds. That's painting a picture to the public that's naive. If I read some of that stuff, I'd be going, "Man, this is fucked!" Because I'm part of this community, I can say that they should not put these two together. Maybe they can run two different articles in the same paper. People aren't liberating minks because they're straight edge. "Yeah, I'm drug free and alcohol free, so I'm gonna go and let minks out of a cage!" It doesn't work that way.

R: Any last words?

S: My only advice to people is don't be so quick to believe everything you read. We have a lot of bands coming into Salt Lake saying, "Man, you guys get a bad rap. That's fucked up. You guys are cool and we're going to tell people you are." There really haven't been as many problems in Salt Lake as people like to say. The media has a very powerful voice and they use that voice to their advantage. What it comes down to is the almighty dollar. They're gonna print what sells. 20/20 is gonna put on the air what sells. Books are going to be published because they're gonna make money from it. If they find something that stirs up this much emotion and this much stress with the world, they're gonna use it and milk it until it's gone. You've heard it a thousand times: don't believe everything you read, try to experience it for yourself. Form your own opinions. Use the media as a tool, not as your only outlet.

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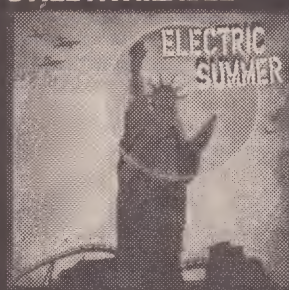


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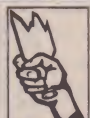


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Team of excellent record reviewers that battled through over 200 reviews:

AW- Andy Wild, **BL-** Brad Lewis, **Br-** Brooke, **CB-** Christian Beansprout, **CD-** Chris Douglas, **EM-** Ed Mitchell, **HP-** Hilary Petrock, **HRV-** Aaron Harvey, **JF-** John Fisher, **JS-** Jesse Shogun, **MeB-** Megan Briggs, **MiB-** Mike Becker, **MF-** Michelle Fester, **MM-** Mike McCabe, **NB-** Nik Buening, **SW-** Stefan Wild

Two Important reminders on review policies:

1. Send tray card and insert with CD, the reviewer wants to see what kids'll be able to find in stores.
2. Vinyl rules and usually gets cover

22 JACKS- "Going North" CD

I can't really make a connection with bands like this. Depending on what kind of a tour they got on, 22 Jacks are the kind of band that would get some serious projectiles flung up on stage. They're a typical rock band that might play in a park to a whole bunch of drunk people just having a great time. The songs are all well written with a kind of a slowed down new FACE TO FACE feel not unlike the great English band CHINADROM. A great "first show" type of band for the kids but nothing for the veterans. SW

(Side 1, 6201 Sunset Blvd, St 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

30 FOOT FALL- "Ever Revolving, Never Evolving" CD

Catches my ear from the opening line, it's kind of poppy but the vocals don't really irritate me like those of many pop-punk bands. It's tight and the recording is very clean which I'm not always a great fan of, but yet again it fits. This little group sings and plays songs about growing up, the state of Texas, apathy and more. Yes I definitely think it's worth buying but if you liked everything I did then I'd be scared that you were me or I was you or something like that. AW

(Nitro, 7071 Warner Ave, Ste F-736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

59 TIMES THE PAIN- "End of the Millenium" CD

I fell in love with the opening track, "Working Man Hero" only to be disappointed by the rest of the album, partially due to the annoying vocal chants. If Agnostic Front started in the 90's, they'd sound like 59 Times the Pain- mid to fast tempo hardcore punk rock with excellent breaks and the aforementioned annoying vocal chants backing up good, tough guy singing/ shouting. SW

(Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd, LA, CA 90026)

7 SECONDS- "Good To Go" CD

Let me say this first, one of the first CDs I ever bought was 'Old School,' and I was greatly pleased when I popped this disc into my stereo. We all know that 7 Seconds has not had a consistent style, but if you yearn for the hard fast punk ass rock of their earlier days, and weren't avid fans of some of their releases from the late 80's (e.g. Ourselves), you will probably dig this latest CD. JF

(Side 1, 6201 Sunset Blvd., St 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

800 OCTANE- "The Kelvis" CD

Some thing that amazed me throughout this CD and its packaging is the lack of any youthful (we're talking high school age or younger) faces. 800 Octane are 3 late college aged guys who seem to draw a successful crowd among the older, drinking males that surround them. The music is energetic punk with Youth Brigade vocals, a more rock n roll than punk background sound track and a tone that obviously exposes the lack of a second guitar player. SW

(We Got, 623 NE 21st, Portland, OR 97232)

88 FINGERS LOUIE/ KID DYNAMITE split CD

This is a split by 2 fucking awesome bands. 88 Fingers is just a plain good hard punk rock band, they never seem to let you down. The songs on here are classic 88. The Kid Dynamite half is fucking awesome too, I think this band is really great-and with ex-members of Lifetime I should think they would be. 4 Stars. EM

(Sub City, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

AGNOSTIC FRONT- "Riot Riot Upstart" CD

I suppose we should consider AF active again and come to expect albums on a regular basis again. 'm glad to see some more of the old-school style writing that they are known for instead of some of their other albums that later came to introduce more metal into the scheme of things. That said, this album is a let down after their Epitaph debut, Something's Gotta Give. Highlights include the duet with Toby from H2O on "It's Time" and the later songs, "Nothing's Free" and "Jailbreak." SW

(Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd, LA, CA 90026)

ALKALINE TRIO- "I Lied My Face Off" CD

4 new songs in 16 minutes from Chicago's Alkaline Trio. Their debut full length, "Godammit," was amazing with the weak point being that the songs (and what great songs they were) got old too fast. What I see with "I lied my face off" is a progression towards writing songs that will be able to survive more than a dozen listens. That said, this is a great rock 'n roll band that will get even the most immobile butt shaking. SW

(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

ALLISTER- "Dead Ends and Girlfriends" CD

Decent pop punk whining, "It's not you, it's just me," which could be a good thing except THE ATARIS currently do it a notch better. In a similar vein as the Ataris, a vein known as the "at-least-one-member-in-the-band-has-bleached-hair" vein also known as the "pop-bands-from-high-school-that-were-better-than-most-and-still-get-a-great-showing-at-a-Saturday-nigt-house-party" vein. SW

(Drive-Thru, PO Box 55234, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413)

ALL SYSTEMS GO- s/t CD

This is great. When anyone would ever ask me about the DOUGHBOYS, I'd always refer them to BIG DRILL CAR; and here they are, mixing two

members from each great driving melodic punk band to form ALL SYSTEMS GO. Picture Big Drill Car putting out another album and making it rock ass in the gentler Hagfish way with excellent guitar leads and a perfect tempo that'll get your ass wiggling even when you're not drunk. A great band, expect more from them in the future. SW

(Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

ANCIENT CHINESE SECRET- "Caveat Emptor" CD

This came across completely different than expected. One never knows what's next with Chris Dodge. He plays bass here while his wife sings and trades off the vocal responsibilities with him. The wide assortment of medleys and sound produced within range from pleasing harmonies to headache inducing chords of terror. Chris goes all out on the bass, producing full fledged funk lines double time while the drummer offers up his own more Slap-a-Ham sixteenth note driving power violence hits. This here is crazy, only appreciated by a distinct few. SW



(Slap-a-Ham, PO Box 420843, San Fran, CA 94142)

ANIMAL CHIN- "20 Minutes From Right Now" CD

Animal Chin combines the best element of ska (the ank!) with

tight, driving power chords and bass lines that don't just follow the chord changes. It's such a crazy melding of all kinds of different styles, some emo-ish melodic guitar lines find their way into the mix towards the end of songs (big points from me). I like this band more and more as I listen to them, they carry a consistent sound without being rote and predictable, and they have a more polished sound. MeB

(Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12583, Gainesville, FL 32604)

ANTI-HEROES- "Underneath the Underground" CD

You know that growly, screaming voice that came to define American rock n'oi as we know it today? You know the band whose live show rumors followed them from coast to coast, in Vegas they went off stage and beat up a bonehead, and so on ... ? Well the ANTI-HEROES are back with thirteen more songs and it hurts just as much as it did the first time. SW

(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)

ANTI-PRODUCT- "Big Business and Governments Are Both The Fucking same" 7"

Male and female vocals, reminiscent of NAUSEA, though toned down on the metalish edge. Competent sounds, with above average content, lyrically. Lotsa good information is included in the packaging, which is very much like something you'd expect from the folks at CRASS records, way back when. A bit cliché, but quite noteworthy amongst the milieu of bands that go this route. CB

(Tribal War, 1951 W. Burnside #1936, Portland, OR 97209)

APOCALYPSE HOBOKEN- "Inverse... Reverse... Perversel" CD

I agree that, at times, APOCALYPSE HOBOKEN's distinct sound can be hairy. But this collection of songs will open your eyes (and ears) up to the diverse band that these Chicago rockers really are. The vocals range from those of NAKED RAYGUN's Jeff Pezzati (especially on the songs with addition of the horn section), to the screechy VINDICTIVES, to BA from Sloppy Seconds. Meanwhile, the music underneath shifts from punk, to Chicago style indie rock and even incorporates some jazz influenced rhythms. This is an excellent introduction to a band you might not have appreciated before. SW (Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE- "Making Love" CD

Most of songs on this CD were produced by Atom alone on his keyboard. The often cheesy music works well with his funny lyrics. He sings about such things as how all Jews get together on Christmas to create conspiracies, about how all metal dudes are gay, and the reasons we should convert to the metric system (that any high school science teacher should know). Punk, but not in the traditional sense, a tab bit less poppy than previous Atom and His Package releases, but a great conversation piece! MM (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

AT THE DRIVE-IN- "Vaya" CD

The question remains: can the band with all this hype behind it back up their now legendary word of mouth reputation? Rock n roll is back with the opening track, "Rascuache" (probably the best on the disc) as At The Drive In jump into what they do best, guitars roaming around with rock fillers and abstract lines while the rhythm section attempts to hold everything together. The singer has a great voice to the point where you don't know or care how the lyrics read. 7 good songs, check out the word of mouth. SW (Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92803)

THE AUTHORITY- "On Glory's Side" CD

These guys have some melody hidden underneath all of the rough tough bouncing-o-i beats going on that you couldn't guess from looking at their picture. Less is more on this album, the boys in The Authority make you yearn for the guitar all by itself style leads and only offer full band chorus chants when absolutely necessary. Some good variety here for the more reason Oi scene. "Guns of Navarone" has got to be one of the most covered songs out there. SW (PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809)

BAD LUCK 13 RIOT EXTRAVAGANZA/ BLOWFLY 7"

I'm such a retard. It took me until half through BLOWFLY's "Who Did I Eat Last Night" until I realized that they weren't singing about being vampires, but instead about the possibly regrettable oral sex they performed the night before. The BLOWFLY's play some good soul that sounds awesome because of the singer's soothing voice and comic side observations while his band

provides a good lounge backdrop. Meanwhile, BL 13 RE play slow to mid-tempo hardcore in the semi-trashy vein and sound somewhat like a band they give props to, NO REDDEMING SOCIAL VALUE. An entertaining pairing of bands that works. SW

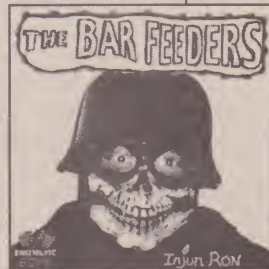
(Chord, PO Box 15793, Philadelphia, PA 19103)

BADTOWN BOYS- "Another Fine Day" CD

Wow, I expected something else completely different. This is what UNWRITTEN LAW and MAGNIFIED PLAID (AKA MXPX now) sounded like before they got big. Super catchy pop punk that still maintains a certain hardness and rawness. SW (NRA, PO Box 210501, San Fran, CA 94121)

THE BAR FEEDERS- "Injun Ron" 7"

The A-side "Injun Ron" definitely shows off a more pissed side of the Barfeeders that I was previously not familiar with. The Barfeeders and their fast-worded, no hesitation speed punk have become a stable in the bay music scene and this single doesn't disappoint. No insert, but white vinyl. SW (Fast Mus, 368 Broadway #511, New York, NY 10013)



COLORED VINYL OF THE ISSUE!!

THE YOUNG HASSELHOFS- swirly blue

POISON IDEA- clear
BARFEEDERS- white

CAVITY- white

SPAZM 151- red

THE SWARM -grey

USV- red

CHARLIE BROWN GETS A VALENTINE- red

BATTERED FISH- "Modern" CD

This Australian band has a very solid lineup of songs here, but to me it doesn't go much beyond solid. There is nothing all that original about them, but the songs can definitely get to the rockin' stage. "Chaos of Youth" is one that really has the buildup down pat. The characteristic wavy, kinda trippy guitar with the moan that is singing (I mean that in a good way, he is, well, moaning though). This entire album would be perfect for a scene in a movie, where someone was looking out of a rain soaked window, just pondering possibly sulking over the sorrows of the world. For this purpose the album is perfect, really good "mood" music. You don't listen to it that often, but when it hits you right, it is perfect. The song writing is above average, but it

reminds me of so many other bands/songs. While listening, images of myself watching some video on MTV (back in the day of course when it was at least decent) came to me over and over, like a Duran Duran or U2 or...something flashback. But different. I actually had to turn the music off a couple times to try and figure out where the riff Battered Fish was playing came from. The few bands that I thought of were Jets to Brazil and Burning Airlines with heavy Radiohead influences. BL

(VBM, Pmb #237, 9121 Atlanta Ave, H B, CA 92646)

BEEFCAKE- "Rejected" CD

Lookout Guttermouth and makers of silly, offensive punk rock, Beefcake wants to give you a run for your money. Yeah, the music is nothing new and alternates between sounding like Blink before the 182 and other So. Cal bands, but the idea is that they put on a great live show, write amusing lyrics and put some more punk into punk rock. SW

(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92803)

BIGWIG- "Stay Asleep" CD

Somebody hit me, it's the fourth song and I'm having super flashbacks to the silliness and poppiness that was Weston!!!! Bring Weston back to life Bigwig. This band hasn't definitely diversified their sound. "Friends" sounds like a jazzed up Smashing Pumpkins cover, "Freegan" is a satirical Propagandhi rip-off and every other guitar solo is as tight and bad ass NOFX. I'd easily compare this latest album to Propagandhi in that it has a catchy ballad or two to get caught making out to, a jaded and pissed off hardcore clip or two as well as straight forward silly pop punk that makes you want to pay attention to the lyrics. SW

(Kung Fu, PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90720)

BIRD OF ILL OMEN- "When Love Would Have Shown Interest In Us Both" CD

I don't care what anybody says, this is metal, no matter how you cut it- and I love it! This album comes complete with guttural vocals, some funny time signatures for the technical kids, and lots of dissonant sounding guitar progressions. I love it, I think it's absolutely great! But I'm also a metal head, so you should check it out for yourself. Four and a Half stars. EM

(Eulogy, PO Box 590833, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33359)

BITCHY- "Black Socks and Happiness" CD

This was 80 times better than the last CD I listened to and for that I am grateful to the gods at Thick Records. 12 tracks of high-octane fueled hardcore punk rock that won't slow down for late arrivals. There's even an instrumental thrown in to show off some musical talent and

give the vocalist a chance to regain energy to scream his remaining lung out. SW

(Thick, 409 N Wolcott, Chicago, IL 60622)



BLANKS 77- "C.B.H." CD

So, it would appear that search for two punk rock lesbians willing to make out on the cover of the next Blanks 77 record is over. I can honestly say that I expected more and still haven't decided if this is degrading or not. 18 songs of puke rock n roll in the shitty sounding wall of guitar (sic) sound that the punks simply cannot get enough of. The booklet was extremely well done and I enjoyed this one more than previous Blanks 77 releases, with more rock and less talk. SW

(Radical, 77 Bleeker St #C2-21, NYC, NY 10012)

BLOOD FOR BLOOD- "Livin' In Exile" CD

If you look passed the "violence is the answer to all of the problems in the world today" attitude, Blood For Blood proves they can write a good song. On the third track, "Eulogy for a Dream," some of the negative tough guy feelings disappear and B4B offer up some subtle melody mixed with their bad boy hardcore and it sounds amazing. The rest of the CD contains plenty of good kickbacks emphasizing a 'wall of vocals' rather than a wall of music and some furious decent hardcore. CD version contains a bonus song. SW

(Victory, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

BLUE MEANIES- "Kiss Your Ass Goodbye!" CD

In the past, I've always sort of overlooked the BLUE MEANIES. I think I saw them play an incredibly psycho live show and felt that it couldn't be matched in the studio. This new album truly catches the craziness that is the Blue Meanies- their mutant ska-core with funky breaks and an unbelievable catchiness that no one would ever expect from this adrenaline-overdosed group. SW

(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

THE BOILS- "World Poison" CD

From the opening chants of "There's no Sanctuary!", The Boils had me gripped by the balls and refused to let go. 15 fast-paced, supercharged anthemic songs that are played in such lightning bolt fashion that I lump them all together as one song and pass out from lack of breath after the first dozen. Perhaps some of the big appeal of the Boils to me is the resemblance at times that they share with my favorite UK Oi band, Hard Skin. Long live the Boils. SW

(Cyclone, 24 Pheasant Run, Merrimack, NH 03054)

BOMBSHELL ROCKS- "Street Art Gallery" CD

Sure, they'll make the comparisons of Sweden's Bombshell Rocks with Rancid (in the pre "Out Come the Wolves," post "Let's Go" era), but I think most people will overlook the obvious Social Distortion, Mike Ness vocals on Bombshell's ballads like "Bad Feeling." The disc progresses into newer Rancid areas with polished organs and a tight but free sound. A good disc for anyone who has already memorized Rancid's albums. SW

(Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd, LA, CA 90026)

BRASS TACKS- "Just the Facts" CD

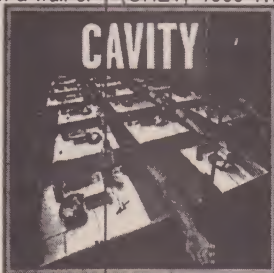
Don't let the big time Oi boys on scattered throughout the cover and booklet scare you away, Brass Tacks are a hard-hitting ROCK and ROLL band. The tenth track, a cover of "Nice Boys (don't play rock n roll)" proves it right from the first listen. Sure there's the typical oi-phrasing, but the band behind the singer won't let him get off that easy as they gruel it out over 14 tracks of garage-ish rocking songs while he belts out his short verses and take son the crowd. SW

(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)

BRETHEN- "To Live Again" CD

This is straight up tough-core thug rock. If you like Hatebreed or Another Victim, you will like these guys. It's pretty cool, but it doesn't make me tingle inside, maybe if I listen to it more it will sound better to me, once the songs have really set in. I definitely like it, and I would probably tape it, but I don't think I would buy it for myself. Check it out and see what you think of it. Three Stars. EM

(OHEV, 1500 NW 15th Ave #4, Boca Raton, FL 33486)

**BY A THREAD- "The Last of The Daydreams" CD**

This recording is done in a style that Revelation, with maybe the exception of the first Farside full length, is not used to. Everything's pushed in the back so that the bass can beam over

everything and leaving the snare to hit distantly and softly in the behind everything else. 11 songs of great combination FARFIDE (with less of a sounds in waves feel) combination SMALL DOG FRENZY post-punk played in a much less melodramatic and much less conceited way than other bands that are doing this today. Almost reminiscent to some great indie driving pop and post punk found in the UK in the early 90's. SW

(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

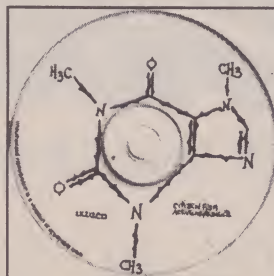
CAVITY- "Wounded" 7"

Two songs from 1997 and two more from 1995, all four with Rene Barge screaming away. CAVITY can teach a lot to the new school hardcore bands attempting to create a brutal and grueling sound whose energy is evident. Two of these songs were supposed to appear on a No Records! Compilation that was never completed and it's a real treat to be able to hear them (on white vinyl nonetheless)! SW

(No, PO Box 14088, Berkeley, CA 94712)

CD TRUTH- "Seedy" CD

This is pretty crazy. Music to do drugs to. Alternating between male and female (at least, I thought it was a female) vocals, CD Truth sings about blimps and hank the spider while you try to pick up the pieces. This is funny garage-punk style and



makes you want to round the neighborhood kids up and start your own joke band. MiB

(540 Portage, Trail E #507, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44221)

CHARLIE BROWN GETS A VALENTINE- "Alert Your Captain" 7"

As if you couldn't tell from the band's name, CBGV is a pop punk band that sings about girls and names their songs, "Rock Anthem For The Kids." However, they show some real maturity on their excellent cover of THE CURE's "Just Like Heaven" and follow it up with a very well-written original that shows some passion and heart. Makes you real proud, like the hometown heroes making a great come from behind victory at the homecoming game. Can't wait to hear more. SW

(Spoiled, PO Box 199, Kulpville, PA 19443)

THE CHINKEES- "Peace Through Music" CD

By this time, Asian Man Mike Park has put out enough releases to insure a consistently good product with each new album. The Chinkees is the band that replaced Skankin' Pickle and do a good job at playing third wave ska (yes there is distortion involved) sans a horn section. "Peace Through Music" is a great idea for an album and something that we could easily all agree to. SW

(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

CITIZEN FISH- "Active Ingredients" CD

This is the first Citizen Fish I have ever heard but I'm really glad this came my way. I have real soft spot for English punk, this kind of reminds me of some old 999 and I love it. The lyrics range from political to playful and there is some good variety on this release. The booklet gives some political web site addresses and information. If you're a fan of old English punk rock like me then give this little disk a chance you will like it. AW

(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE - CD

FUCK!!! Is that all you can say, Beanie Baby?! Uh... just about. I picked up the THD 7" by Aaron C-bus, Spitball, and company, and was taken away to old times I never had, places I'd never been, places I had been, the supposed "good ol' days", and future possibilities. Even though I hate the word, "Bliss" comes to mind as an adequate adjective. Though I don't hear any real connection, more than a few people have asked me, "Hey! Is that some really old RANCID?" NO!!! YOU IDIOT! THIS IS THE ONLY THING YOU EVER FUCKING NEED!!! Quite possibly the best record of the decade ... or generation. This disc includes the THD 7", plus more, and old studios Aaron even has footnotes to some of the lyrical content. Just too perfect for a critic's words to do any justice. Absolutely CRUCIAL!!! CB

(Lookout!, P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

CLETUS- "Horseplay Leads to Tragedy" CD

This immediately brought back memories of SQUIRTGUN, of silly but aggressive pop punk with an up front guitar, a driving bass and clever and amusing vocals. Low and behold, I find out that this was produced by Mass Giorgani of Squirtgun

twenty third chapter



Twenty Third Chapter "An Eden For The Machines" CD/LP

"I recently saw these guys at 924 Gilman and they destroyed everything in their path, and I mean everything (my jaw was on the floor)!!! This LP has the exact same effect. Imagine a 300 mph tornado ripping through your neighborhood and leaving nothing but complete destruction in its wake! A brutal mixture of EYE HATE GOD/CAVITY sludge style heaviness mixed with the speed of BRUTAL TRUTH and DISCORDANCE AXIS. An unholy union forged in the fires down below! This LP has killer packaging too, with a multi-colored sleeve and a comic book style booklet with rad graphics. I highly recommend this LP, it's a keeper!!"

- MRR, issue 194

Coming Soon

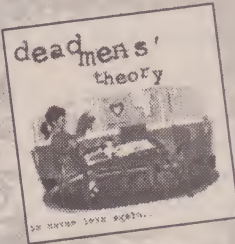
Index for Potential Suicide CD (ex-Prevail)

Prevail CD

Twenty Third Chapter/Phobia split MCD

Prices

CD - \$8 US, \$12 World • LP - \$7 US, \$12 World • 7" - \$3.50 US, \$6 World

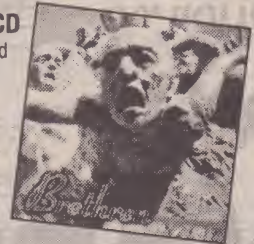


Dead Mens Theory 7"

Fast, very fast.

Brethren "To Live Again" CD

Miami's answer to Hatebreed



Also:

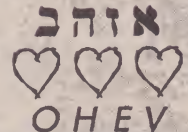
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Twenty Third Chapter - \$8 - L, XL



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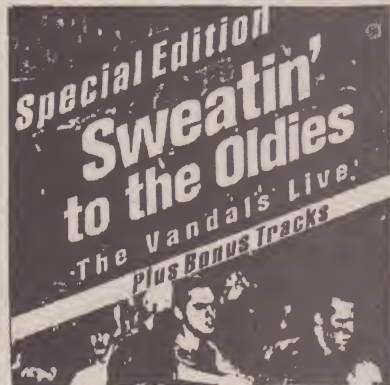
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himself. A nice pop punk album with catchiness needed to demand you play its 11 songs straight through twice. SW

(Johanns Face, PO Box 479164, Chicago, IL 60647)

COMMON RIDER- "Last Wave Rockers" CD

Jesse Michaels, (formerly of Operation Ivy) and his new band deliver about an hour of really good music. The first song is the best, but the album does not get progressively worse as you listen like most long CDs. Sometimes slow, but usually fast-paced, Operation Ivy-ish songs with a twang and some cute lyrics ("The sun is shining down on a cloudy day") and catchy choruses don't seem like they will get boring anytime soon. HP

(Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 60614-8010)

CONNIE DUNGS- "Earthbound for the Holiday" CD

Wow! This is by far the best Connie Dungs full length that I have heard to date. Excellent pop punk with soothing vocals and a nice beat. It's like if Screeching Weasel were singing you lullabies and tucking you in on a rock n roll Saturday night. I've always thought of the Connie Dungs as the Mutant Pop, more underground version of SW and this CD is a big step in a great direction! SW

(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

COOTER- "Looking Up" CD

Think MXPX and FACE TO FACE combined with the better sounding layered rock sound bands and you'll get Cooter. They're smack in the middle where they could open up for UNWRITTEN LAW and A NEW FOUND GLORY on back to back nights. The recording quality and overall production is excellently clean and crisp and helps the band out. SW

(Fast Mus, 368 Broadway #511, New York, NY 10013)

COWARD/ SAP 12"

(Little Deputy, PO Box 7066, Austin, TX 78713)

CREEPS ON CANDY- "Wonders of Giarda" CD

I liked this CD the more that I listened to it. They use electronic guitars and drums and sing in loud voices. It sounds like rock n roll to me. Fairly hard and powerful, in some ways they even remind me of FUGAZI. Towards the end of the album I started to fall in love with songs because they really have an original flair to them! MM

(Alternative Ten, PO Box 419092, San Fran 94141)

CRIPPLE KID-s/t 7"

This one has a title, I'm sure, just not on the record. Just look for a picture of Fairuza Balk (ahhhh yeah!). Four songs of emo-ish rockin' tunes, with a pop sensibility. Move over WESTON! Beat it, MY PAL TRIGGER! SUNNY DAY ... who?!! AT THE DRIVE IN are out to lunch! CRIPPLE KID kicks yer fat ass with beautiful music, fresh, rich, and real. That's the bottom fuckin' line. CB

(c/o Microcosm, 7741 Ohio St., Mentor, OH 44060)

CRIPPLE KID/THE LITTLE DIPPER-Split CD

One of the most stimulating freebies to find its way into my post orifice box. Both bands display real talent and innovation, breaching the gap between emo and pop punk, and somehow surpassing those labels with fresh and unique twists. Very complimentary to one another; they put out a well-balanced split. If you enjoy latter-day JAWBREAKER, you will find this most gratifying. Hell, if you have ears you will be stoked and impressed. Five thumbs up. CB

(Microcosm, 7741 Ohio St., Mentor, OH 44060)

DAMA- "2000 AD" CD

Don't be intimidated by the deathly looking cover here. This is hard rocking hardcore in an almost old QUICKSAND feel, with loops of melody followed by technical and driving rhythms locked in at a perfect beat. If your scared of anything that could end up next to Tool in a radio rotation then stay away. SW

(Eterniti, 11684 Ventura, St 341, Studio City, CA 91604)

DAYGLO ABORTIONS- "Death Race 2000" CD

The Dayglo Abortions are back. The kind of band that plays last just because it's funnier to see what a drunk crowd can will do than to settle for the early arrivals. Death Race 2000 contains more punk tracks than you can shake a stick at it. They're loud, fast and lewd and don't care what you think. SW

(GOD, PO Box 44132-3170, Victoria, BC, Canada, V9A 7H7)

DEADEND CRUISERS/ THROWAWAY GENERATION 7"

The DEADEND CRUISERS offer up two new rocking and rolling songs of their bitter street punk ("Courting and Contracts" and "Got Let Down"). But you come to expect a lot from returning veterans such as the 'Cruisers. The real surprise is THROWAWAY GENERATION's two tracks ("All My Life" and "Lives of the Open Minded") which prove to be the best I've heard of them so far. The vocals are almost reminiscent of the BRUISERS' Al Barr with a little more melody and with plenty of help in the back-up vocal department from the rest of the band. SW

(USR, 354 W 100 N, Logan, UT 84321)

DEAD MOON- "Destination X" CD

Thanks but no thanks, DEAD MOON just doesn't do it for me. They try to play their 70's rock n roll garage style but it's real easy to tell a good garage from everything else, as is the case here. The vocals get annoying after the first few tracks and you'd rather run out in your own damn garage and record a quick 11 songs with the rockers down the street then listen to the rest of this. SW

(Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

DEE STROY & THE D-FEX- "When the D-Fex..." 7"

The back cover art is absolutely hilarious. Meanwhile, back to the music. On the 2nd track, "I Like," Dee Stroy's voice sounds way to close to that of SLOPPY Seconds' BA!! It's amazing, I had to listen to it twice just to prove it to myself. It comes back at the end of the B-Side with the closing number, a rocking piece with simplistic progressions that still make you want to get up and wiggle about. SW

(Lawless, Eric, PO Box 689, Hingham, MA 02043)

DEHUMANIZED- "Problems First" CD

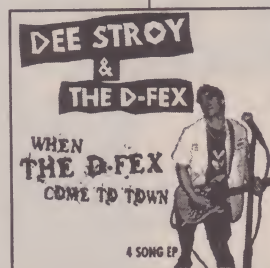
Well I give up, I really can't figure this band out. Just when I think that this album is a disappointment after the release of their killer debut single on NRA, Dehumanized change the pace. They start out as a tight, new Falling Sickness type band but by the fourth track have shifted into an old half pipe-actioned Aggression or even a rough and less snotty Anti-Flag. SW

(NRA, PO Box 210501, San Fran, CA 94121)

THE DEMONICS- "Say... Ten!" 7"

Imagine if Sesame Street were taken over by demon dragsters. You bet yer sweet ass I'd be watching! "Say-Ten!" has references to my favorite number (13, of course!), and praises my good ol' drinkin' buddy, Satan, in the catchiest way, that only these hell-bent, Bay Area psychos can pull it off. Backed with "Drag Race In The Cemetery", this is a record that will scare your momma, while she just can't stop shakin' that tight, little groove-tushy of her's, that you just wanna grab so bad, but DUUUUUUDE!! SHE'S YER MOM, FOR CHRISSAKES!!! This is the stuff that rockin' parties, good sex, and big smiles are made of. Not to mention the killer art by Alan Forbes that adorns the cover. Get it or get bent! CB

(JAW, P.O. Box 420661, San Francisco, CA 94044)



DENISON WITMER- "River Bends" CD

A soothing 5 song acoustic album guaranteed to sit you down and get you to think deep thoughts about moments lost and happy times yet to happen. Not a drum beat on the entire EP, it is definitely soothing. Well either soothing or tiring.

Denison Witmer is still a youngster,

a mere 21 years old. The songs ring out true despite his young age. Listen to this if you want to show girls your sensitive side, it works awesome. I was listening to it, and a fine young lady whom was visiting me was overcome with delight in hearing it. So get it. Witmer describes his own music in "Steven," a song about a friend, Steven Yutzy who helps out with the record, "our songs together/ simple chords are lovely and simple words are heartfelt." Denison Witmer plays a folky, non-chalet style, much like Pedro the Lion and Damien Jurado, this is good, calming, rainy day music. BL

(VBM, Pmb #237, 9121 Atlanta Ave, H B, CA 92646)

The Get Up Kids

"Something To Write Home About"
new record in stores Sept. 28th



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DANCE HALL CRASHERS



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DIRT BIKE ANNIE- "Hit The Rock!" CD

My first thought when listening to the first song on this record was: How did they ever get all the extras from Rocky Horror to do backup vocals? That really was my first thought, I'm not trying to be cute. The song, "Are You Ready to Dance," bears a striking resemblance to that Time Warp song from the movie, what with hands on your hips and shake it to the left or right. This band is just weird. It's very 50's bubble-gummy, but gets better as it goes on. I don't know, it didn't do much for me, but the kids seem to be having fun and that's what matters, right?! MeB (Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

DISCOUNT- "Love, Billy" CD

Take one part British folk singer, and one part punk rock band, and you will get this very CD. Discount goes political with this musical remake of the five songs by Billy Bragg. With a good translation to the faster pace, Discount has proven itself capable in the cover song field, though I would have liked to have a bit more of the musical creativity that was evident in their other albums. JF (Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12583, Gainesville, FL 32604)

THE DISTILLERS s/t 7"

This is not pop punk. The have a raspy singer (female), that hits all the right emotions with her voice, taking singing right to the edge of screaming without pushing it over the edge. By no means one of those ordinary 'chick bands'. The second song on the first side has a bit of the good ol' down home rock and roll rhythm that gets me going. JF (Hellcat, 2798 Sunset Blvd, LA, CA 90026)

DIVIT- "Low Speed Chase" CD

Although most people probably won't give DIVIT the listen they deserve because of their politics (nothing bad like an -ism, just an -ion), it doesn't bother me. This means that I have the chance to tell you that DIVIT sounds like a rad cross between older, energetic UNWRITTEN LAW and SLICK SHOES and a drop of BAD RELIGION on speed. The bass guitar player is all over the place and has got some mad riffs!! Tell you what though, with tempos like these, I'd say that this CD was anything but a 'low speed chase.' SW (Coldfront, PO Box 8345, Berkeley, CA 94707)

THE DONNAS- "...get skintight" CD

These teenage sex kittens might come across as bitchy high schoolers to some people, no names- Eddie-but they are an achievement of all sorts. Their style is uncommonly unique for such young girls, taking on the likes of possibly a younger and more punkier Deborah Harry. The title track will most likely be a lovely single soon enough, but my personal favorite is the racy (but hey, this is a liberal world, isn't it?) "Party Action." Meanwhile, "Didn't Like you Anyway" is the perfect song to get over any loser on the block, whatever your liking, but is a basic 'I'm moving on' ballad. A great dish, I can't wait to get another helping. Corny, but it fits. Br (Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

DOOM-"Rush Hour of The Gods" CD

We all (should) know that if it wasn't for AMEBIX, there wouldn't be a genre commonly referred to as "Crust" (No Philly Vanilli, they didn't ever sound like LYNARD SKYWARDI). But, to most kids in the scene, DOOM was, and still is remembered and revered as one of the original mainstays in that genre (this is aside the ideals, or lack thereof, of "crusties"). "Rush Hour Of The Gods" shows forth that DOOM neither petered out, or lost their claim to "royalty" in the ranks, so to speak. There's a good combination of the two distinct edges DOOM had, over the years, crammed into one amazing disc (also available on vinyl, so don't you cry, vinyl nerd!). Powerful onslaught with suprizingly coherent, political lyrics ... something that seems to be lacking in a genre full of posturing, sloganeering, incoherently babbling drunks (and little religious kids who've recently started to imitate them, to the best of their ability). Another recommended listen. CB (Flat Earth, "Bradford Music", P.O. Box 169, Bradford, BD7 1YS, UK)

THE DRAGS- "45 x 3" CD

I could not possibly think of a better label to release th3 three-piece known as THE DRAGS' collection of songs off of singles and compilations. The recording quality of these 23 songs varies but averages out at creating a great garage feel. Musically and energetically, think DAMNED in 1980 with a rock and roll garage twist. Any true fan of rock n roll is familiar with The Drags and will not pass this opportunity to own all of the hard to find songs on one disc! SW (Empty, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102)

E-TOWN CONCRETE- "F\$CK THE WORLD" CD

Hardcore represent! I'm really not into this kind of music, but if you like the new style of rap + hardcore, go for it. Bringing the underground scenes of hardcore and hip hop together in an urban backdrop. MF (Resurrection AD, PO Box 763, Red Bank, NJ 07701)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN 2000 7"

As noted on the sleeve, ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN are clearly "continuing the fight against the anti-rock conspiracy." Whether you believe in aid conspiracy or not, it will be clear after listening to the two tracks here ("Taking You Down" and "I Just Can't Kick") that the Frankenstein is definitely doing their part and doing it well. SW (TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Fran, CA 94114)



EVERREADY-"Festavus For The Restavus" CD

I'm surprised how these boys can continue to put out consistently great releases, when I didn't think the first two, "Reinheitsgebot", and "Fairplay" could be topped. They still have that JAWBREAKER-with-

testosterone sound that I loved before, with progression and variation, of course, and Brian still sounds like a pissed-off, drunken Billy Joe Armstrong. "Signals" and "Diane" really stand out for me, especially "Diane"; the emotion and absolute distress of that song is too immense for you not to have a listen yourself. This kicks serious ass! CB

(Cool Guy, 10140 Gard Ave, Sante Fe Springs, CA 90670)

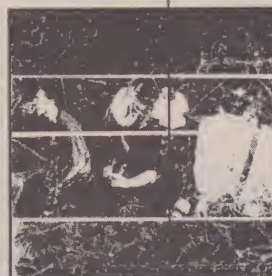
EX-FORK-"What's Next, Tomorrow?" CD

After all the mediocrity of "bad-promo-days" at the post orifice, here's a lump of sheer beauty! Powerful, harsh stuff that I can't quite classify, but imagine a hybrid of HEROIN and JARA and say ... DEAD AND GONE. Oh yeah, baby!!! This is some heavy shit! I gotta go change my underwear. You gotta go grab a copy of this. Hop to it. Macht schnell!!! CB

(Cool Guy, 10140 Gard Ave, Sante Fe Springs, CA 90670)

THE FACET- Established Watchers 7"

The FACET rock harder and harder with each line-up change. With a wailing guitar that is screaming chords all over the place, and intense vocals sung in a tone not all that far away from HOT WATER MUSIC, the FACET punch a good match. AW (7 Lucky, PO Box 9546, Denver, CO 80209)



FALLING SICKNESS/ DYSENTERY split CD

First of all the cover of this split CD says that a portion of the proceeds will be donated to "Schools for Chiapas," an organization raising money to set up a school for the indigenous people of Chiapas, Mexico. Politically based lyrics are delivered fast and hard by both bands, but there's nothing that I

find very original here. I couldn't figure out where the cd went from Falling Sickness to Dysentery until I looked at the case. Similar bands on an album that although it will probably appeal to the fans of these bands contains nothing that really catches my ear. AW

(Sub City, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

FARSIDE- "The Monroe Doctrine" CD

Farside is another one of those bands that I am just being introduced to, so although I can't compare this to previous releases, I like it. It took me a while to really begin to appreciate this album, but now I'm hooked. The lyrics really appeal to me because they contain the emotion that many bands lack in their songwriting and try to make up for by screaming. No screaming here, just the singer's rough voice yearning for life, love and happiness. AW

(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

FASTBREAK- "Whenever You're Ready" CD

When a band (A Revelation band nonetheless!?) titles one of their songs "music is my girlfriend", you are bound to make a few assumptions about them right off the bat. However, my original assumption that Fastbreak's newest would probably be pretty

lame has proven itself to be completely unfounded. They have some intense drumming, keeping strong even during the slower parts, overlaid with dual guitar lines that complement each other well. Great album overall. JF
(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

FISHSTICKS/ HOSTILE TAKEOVER 7"

A good pairing of bands just because they're different, but I almost think that one song on the humorous HOSTILE TAKEOVER side betas out 5 on the FISHTICKS side. HOSTILE TAKEOVER covers BLACK FLAG's "Nervous Breakdown" in a slower rendition with crazy synthesizers going on underneath and a multitude of different tempos looped into the song. Meanwhile, the FISHSTICKS play some average sloppy punk that doesn't stick out. (Hand-stamped / 300) SW
(PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

FORCED REALITY- s/t CD

Originally released ten years ago. I have a thing for old east coast bands but this one doesn't really appeal to me. I like the lyrics but this CD just sounds lifeless to me. I'm the sort of person who likes it when a band catches my attention at the beginning of a song and that just isn't happening here. Sitting here through six songs was a bit tedious for me. AW
(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

FOREVER + A DAY- "Where has the Passion Gone?" CD

A good 5 song EP from these Florida rockers with "Distance," the third track, bringing the highlight piece of this disc. Good vocals (sung not spoken or shouted) back by a sharp guitar that has respect for dynamic changes and a good beat to back them up. SW
(Eulogy, PO Box 590833, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33359)

FOUR LETTER WORD- "Zero Visibility" CD

I've never denied that I am not a sucker for UK accents. You won't find any of these accents on the latest album by these UK punks but you will quickly discover its main selling point: the singer can SING!! This huge compliment can't be paid to many and I'm proud to say that the singing here helps makes this a great album. Produced by none other than Leatherface's "Papa" Stubbs this is filled to the brim with insightful lyrics and politics left and right. I never really realized what an intelligent and well spoken band that Four Letter Word is until the good music on this album caught my attention. SW
(BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067)

FRENZAL RHOMB- "A Man's Not A Camel" CD

This Australian group has put out an album that I have a hard time taking seriously. Perhaps you would have a hard time taking them seriously with songs such as "I Miss my Lung" and "I know why the Dinosaurs Became Extinct". Lighthearted good-natured fun, presented in a musical fashion that, although definitely enjoyable, not overly unique. JF
(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

FYP/ CHANIWA split CD

I love FYP's trashy, short-songed skate punk. This recording does them justice and pairs them up with Japan's answer to FYP, CHANIWA. A good package, although short in length. MiB
(Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

GADJITS- "Wish We Never Met" CD

Here comes the new Gadjits..... (this is the point at which you run around the house all happy like) Pretty good CD, it starts with a great little instrumental overlaid with a message from one of the Abercrombie and Fitch, "big time ska fans" that thinks the first ska band was "Reel Big Fish". Then the second track comes on, strange how that works, and the Gadjits bust it up with an up-beat organ driven sound. The methodic lyrics mixed with on the beat music mixed and seemingly random organ mini-solos add a lot to the album. In addition to the excellent music, the lyrics are straightforward ranging on topics from misinterpretation of the skinhead culture to pressure to use drugs. However, the vocals are too planned, too predictable because he doesn't change the rhythm (or tone) nearly enough during the songs. The vocals don't produce the energy that made 'Beautiful Girl' (and the rest of 'Ease Up') so great, it's almost monotone at some parts. If you don't pay attention to the songs you can miss the end of one and the beginning of another. HRV
(Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd, LA, CA 90026)



GANG GREEN- Another Case of Brewtality" CD

For me, GANG GREEN always brought back memories of MURPHYS LAW. Both bands have the whole beer and herb puns thing down to a science. Then again, Gang Green have a feel entirely of their own and



can truly bust out a nice variety of tunes and even pull off a Stiff Little Fingers cover. 23 songs ranging from slower ballad punk tunes to singalongs, to rock n roll and back again. SW
(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

GARRISON- "The Bend Before The Break" CD

Yeah, East Coast! This is the debut release on Revelation from this incredible Boston four piece, and it contains five of the most intense songs I've heard recently. Beautifully melodic, driving emo/hardcore in the vein of classics like Texas is the Reason and the untouchable Christie Front Drive from at-one-time members of Stricken for Catherine and Isis, this is whiny white-boy emo at its best. Drawn-out, preening vocals blend into hammered screams layered over pounding chords, then back into more complex melodies. If you're a fan of bands of this nature, at least give this album a listen. MeB
(Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

GET UP KIDS- "Something to Write Home About" CD

Well to start off The Get Up Kids (GUK) have been one of my favorite bands for a while now, and I am from Kansas City, they are too, so I have got to have my hometown pride. So saying that, anything bad said about this album means nothing in the scheme of things because GUK are incredible, I don't care what anyone else says. I am sure you have all heard stuff about GUK leading the rock revolution (some may use that bad, dirty, three-letter word that starts with an "e") and, well they are, so get all of their albums and get with the times! GUK have recently added James Dewees, of Coalesce fame (he's the drummer), at the keyboards. So on "Something To Write Home About" there is that little extra push that is missing from a lot of records these days. They have all the holes filled with the 5-piece status. After about two listens I didn't like this one nearly as much as the other albums, but I couldn't stop listening to it. I would tell people it isn't that great and go home and listen to it over all the other albums. I don't know what it is about it, the smooth poppiness of "10 Minutes" or the anthem-chorus of "I'm a Loner, Dottie..." Maybe that is what I ended up liking about this album, I can go to it and just hear good music for 45 minutes. BL
(Vagrant, PMB #361, 2118 Wilshire Blvd, Santa Monica, CA 90403)

GINA GO FASTER- "Wagon Mound" CD

Mikey likes it. Mikey REALLY likes it. A little on the shorter side, but a definite for anybody close to Colorado. My two favorite songs are "Had a Nap" and "Ripped off" in that order. The later is a tad bit too poppy, but I'll look the other way. Usually there is at least one song per album that on my second time around, I won't listen to because I know that I'll never like. . . but not here, everyone is a winner. Gina Go Faster is harder, deeper, tighter, longer, better . . . and well, just plain faster than their prior release. Sounds like time has taken its toll on these guys in the form of an experienced sound. Buy it. Listen to it. Claim you heard 'em before anybody else. MiB
(King Bee, PO Box 1164, Denver, CO 80201)

GLUECIFER- "Head to Head Boredom" CD

Perhaps it's unfair for GLUECIFER to be sent out in the same package as the absolute new album by GUY SMILEY, but..... GLUECIFER plays rock n roll, you know, the kind with hot rods and busty girls and monsters drawn colorfully on the front cover? Apparently, they're huge in Europe and I can easily believe that. This is the kind of band that makes labels like Estrus and Man's Ruin cash to put out shittier garage punk. SW
(Devil Doll, PO Box 30727, Long Beach, CA 90853)

GRADE- "Under the Radar" CD

Grade is back with their much anticipated full length for Victory Records. Just when you get tired of the hardcore screaming vocals the singer delivers the goods in the form of an overly melodic sung chorus. Meanwhile, the guitars are flaming away at the back ground, offering subtle leads and unconventional timing to hook even the biggest

naysayer. An absolute amazing album by one of the forerunners in emotional hardcore today. SW (Victory, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

THE GRANDPRIX- "33 mph" 7"

The singer goes a mile a minute and the rest of us try to keep up. The Grandprix play pretty standard rock n roll punk at a great tempo and do their best at distinguishing themselves above the rest. A good band that will only get better. SW (E Cohen, 1103 S Branch Pkwy, Springfield, MA 01118)

the GR'UPS- "Buildings are the Purtiest Tress I've Seen" 7" / "Almond Tree" 7"

This is punk rock from 1992 and 93, recorded by Kevin 'The Man' Army himself. The Gru'ups meanwhile, deserve the credit for their excellent song-writing. The lyrics are all printed right there in front of you and are well thought out and well phrased. For the trivia buffs: Matt Freeman played guitar on the "Almond Tree" single. The "Buildings" single seems to be a couple beats faster on the metronome and bear a little more of the Operation Ivy influence that shines through every once in a while. The dual vocals are performed perfectly, with the female almost sounding like Gwen from NO DOUBT before the radio days, and the male voice leaning to more of the Op Ivy, old Rancid vocal spectrum. SW

(No, PO Box 14088, Berkeley, CA 94712)

GUTTERMOUTH- "Gorgeous" CD

Well, those annoying brats in Guttermouth are back with yet another album of snotty two and a half minute songs. This time we're graced with a nice cross-dresser on the cover and songs about how it's funny that "You got HIV (Not me)." Guttermouth fans won't be disappointed. SW (Nitro, 7071 Warner Ave., Suite F-736, Huntington Beach, CA 92647)

GUY SMILEY- "Alkaline" CD

Hey America, it's time to step back and learn a little bit from those Canadians up north. GUY SMILEY was the biggest surprise in my batch this time around as their latest, "Alkaline," blew me away from start to finish. I was already shouting and singing along the second time through the disc. GS plays excellent hardcore (hardcore punk that is) in the old SNFU, Naked Raygun/ Pegboy and harder ALL vein and is recorded much like most of those records were for a sound that is truly worthy of the band. I feel like I'm finally hearing the music of the 80's when I had look up to the kids whose parents let them run off to hardcore shows. As long as bands like Guy Smiley keep playing this brand of guitar-driven passionate rock n roll as just the right tempo, I wouldn't ever have to be jealous again. SW

(Devil Doll, PO Box 30727, Long Beach, CA 90853)

THE HELLBOYS- s/t 7"

Yes! I love what I hear here from the HELLBOYS. It's mid- to fast-tempo punk with influences of good older UK punk shining through. They're from France and it's evident that they have been

relatively uninfluenced by US punk. It's rock n roll punk, but not with crappy garage recordings or breakdowns. The A-side "Bloodshot Eyes" is sure to be a hit with skinheads who like to lean to the melodic side sometimes. I can't wait to hear a full length. SW

(Hellcat, 2798 Sunset Blvd, LA, CA 90026)

HIMS- s/t CD

Almost an industrial sounding hardcore style. I enjoyed this album especially while it was playing in my car on the way to work. Helps get the aggression out, an impressive feat for a band I'd never heard of before! 3 of 5 stars. MF (Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

HOT WATER MUSIC- "Moonpies for Misfits" CD

I found this release to be good, but very short. If you haven't heard Hot Water Music yet, I highly recommend you check out one of the many offerings from these boys from Florida. In this release, they are back with their amazing rhythm and two-person vocal styling that made me fall in love with them in the first place. These guys show us what punk is all about in this four-song shorty of some recent 7" tracks. JF

(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

the ICARUS LINE- "Red and Black Attack" CD

First impressions of the Icarus Line would lead you to believe that they are most likely a dirty group of characters. But hang in and you'll be blown away by the constant attack of vocals screamed so loud that they're constantly peaking on the mix while the guitars produce excellent counter attacks and the rhythm section holds everything beautifully together. They'd put the kind of show on where everyone in the front row would leave with a black eye or a chipped tooth. Fantastic hardcore emotional rock n roll with a garage recording and an addictive flair. SW (New American, PO Box 265, Balboa Island, CA 92662)

THE IMPOSSIBLES- "Anthology" CD

Songs which indicate a large Weezer influence along with some Skankin' Pickle type ska thrown in. I must say that I'm really not impressed. AW (Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12583, Gainesville, FL 32604)

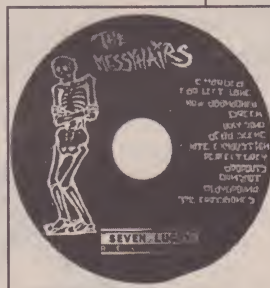
INTEGRITY 2000/ FEAR TOMORROW split CD

Dwid and the boys are back with two new furious songs of their brand of new school hardcore with classic guitar solos abundantly dispersed throughout each song. FEAR TOMORROW keep right up with INTEGRITY and play hardcore with WARZONE style guitars but a deep voiced vocalist and some great back-ups that give it an excellent duel-vocal feel. A great package of two great bands. SW

(ECE, PO Box 7295, Prospect, CT 06712)

(INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY- "The First Conspiracy" CD

For those of that only read the "ex-REFUSED" label, you might be in for a surprise. Yes, the Noise Conspiracy's music is just as revolutionary as that of Sweden's REFUSED, it's just carried out in a different way. You'll still get a classic REFUSED-style scream every now and then, but for the most part, you'll get an earful of unique garage mixed with rock n roll and some keyboards for an all around rock n roll party. Most easily compared to the HATE FUCK TRIO. MM (G-7, Box 3-905 Corydon, Winnipeg, MB, R3M 3S3, Canada)



THE JACKIE PAPERS- "I'm In Love" CD

This would be the second time I've heard stuff from the Jackie Papers, a four piece fronted by a big-smile, throaty-voiced Chris Barrows who is in turn backed by 3 women who lock the beat down and roll with it. Recorded at the Blasting Room by ALL but you won't hear any influence there. Ben Weasel did the sequencing and I can hear more weasel in this release than the last. Either way, 6 songs here of temperamental rock n roll punk chugging down the tracks. SW (Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 60614-8010)

JON COUGAR CONCENTRATION CAMP- "Hot Shit" CD

Some people probably ask why Leatherface's album Cherry Knowle would be re-released by BYO in their Out-of-Print series. I would ask why would JCCC's. I guess I'm not really that big of a fan. JCCC plays rocking and rolling punk rock with a primary emphasis on a wall of guitars supporting the rougher pop vocals. The CD definitely starts to take off somewhere in the middle with songs like "Rece's Feces" and later with the two covers (I'll leave them a surprise). A must for JCCC fans, but otherwise not essential. SW

(BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067)

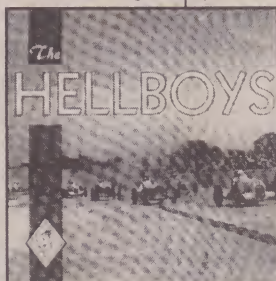
KISS IT GOODBYE- "Choke" CD

Ouch. Kiss it Goodbye hits harder than I ever expected. You'd think that a band couldn't really establish themselves in only a five song ep. You thought wrong. By the end of the first track, "choke," it becomes painfully obvious that you're in over your head. Hardcore screamed out over a series of out of tune and non-standard progressions that blend together in a melting pot of violent emotional hardcore. Ouch again. SW (Revelation, PO Box 5232, HB, CA 92615)

KNOWITAL- "Detach" CD

A good album right down to the picture of the train on the cover. Passionate played and sung hardcore, as in sincere, well thought out, non-metal hardcore. I can see the Jawbreaker comparisons but won't make them. Through it all, Knowital seems to come across as a true example of honesty. No lying, cheating, stealing going on here, just honest hardcore by 4 honest guys from the desert. SW

(Paco Garden, 569 E Colfax, # 123, Denver, CO 80203)



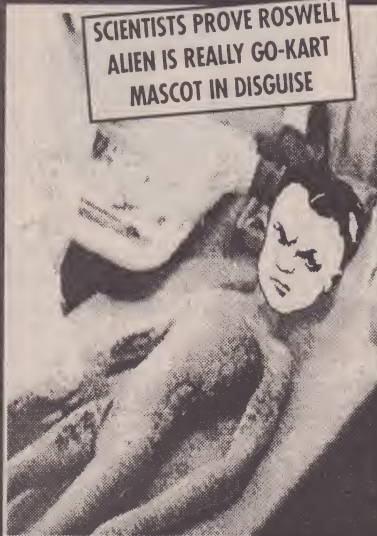
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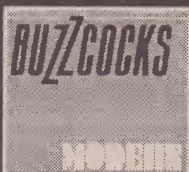
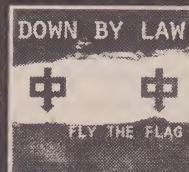
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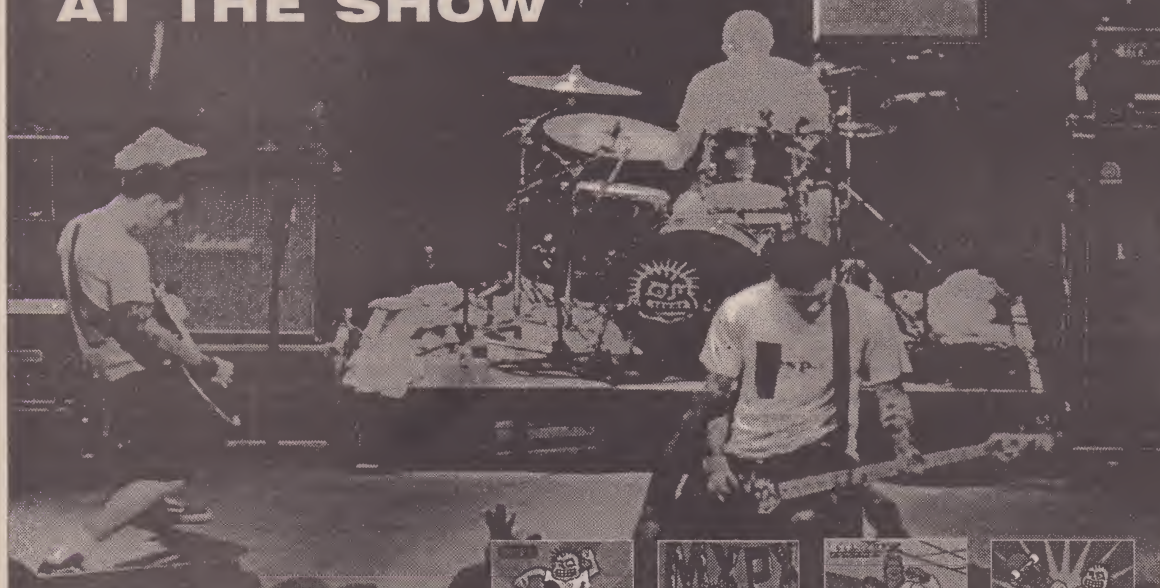


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LEATHERFACE- "Cherry Knowle" CD

LEATHERFACE is an amazing punk/ pop group from England that tore through the US on their first US tour this past summer. "Cherry Knowle" is their debut album, long of print, released in the US for the first time. However, even as a LEATHERFACE fan, I can tell you that this is should not be your first LF album. It's a little bit rougher and tougher than their later discs and might scare away the LF virgin. SW
(BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067)

LICKITY SPLIT- s/t CD

Medium paced punk with some organ thrown into the rhythm section. This CD is definitely worth checking out, There's just not much else to say. AW
(Torque, PO Box 229, Arlington, VA 22201)

LIMP- "Fine Girl" CDEP

Five sappy love songs in the super tight pop with some upbeat accents by the band containing a bit of ex-SCREW 32. Super poppy is the adjective off the day and I can even picture your grandmother dancing her pajamas off to this. SW
(Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12583, Gainesville, FL 32604)

LONELY KINGS- "What if?" CD

Put newer Face to Face and newer Blink 182 together in a mixing bowl and add a dash of the layered/ polished indie rock feel that everyone is flipping for and you'll get the Lonely Kings. A good band coming right of nowhere that will probably soon score an opening slot one either of the aforementioned bands' next tour. SW
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St #545, Westminster, CA 92803)

LOOSE LIPS s/t 7"

I dig that TKO is bringing style back to the world of singles with their full color picture sleeves. The featured "Two Time Loser" is a typical rock n roll song complete with jangly guitars and everything, they just sang the word "two time loser" one too many time for my ears. The flipside brings more of the same with the highlight being when the snare hits sound almost like clapping hands. That's a great effect. SW
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Fran, CA 94114)

LOWER CLASS BRATS- "Glam Bastard" 7"

I was so immensely intimidated by the glam rock picture sleeve that I was already preparing my ears for a fabulous trip back to the eighties and rockers buried in make-up. Instead, the LOWER CLASS BRATS offer two songs of TKO-style rock n roll with vocals almost recalling those of Johnny Rotten and a good rhythm section. The A-side "Glam Bastard" even shows off hints of a well-placed piano track. SW
(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Fran, CA 94114)

MAN WITHOUT PLAN/ SUPER HI-5 split CD

This is an absolutely amazing split, my favorite split (CD or vinyl) of this issue. MAN WITHOUT PLAN plays catchy melodic hardcore with fun breaks and a definite edge that will grab you and hold on.

These fellas will go places with their unique blend of genres. SUPER HI-FIVE play their own blend of passionate hardcore with a little gruffer vocals and sound like a melodic SMALL BROWN BIKE or a light hearted TILTWHEEL. In fact, you'd expect a band like this to come from the indie rock/emo blended with hardcore punk state of Florida than Pennsylvania, but it will blow you away nonetheless. I must make myself clear and repeat myself for emphasize: this is an absolutely amazing split. SW
(Fast Mus, 368 Broadway #511, New York, NY 10013)

MEPHISKAPHELES- "Might-Ay White-Ay" CD

Welcome back to the nice side of evil...ska. Who ever knew that another installment of the Mephiskapheles' unique sound would be upon us after they were dropped in the ever-changing world of labels. When I saw this I was speechless. When I heard this, I wanted to jump out of my chair and run around like a little kid who just got just what they wanted for Christmas. "Might-Ay White-Ay" is an energetic, 14-track frenzy of lovable satanic ska! This album has to be the best one to date. The flowing of the jazzed-up horn lines (as well as their solos) mixed with the metal rhythms of the powerful guitars is incredible. Topped off with an icing of a powerhouse of vocals, the album still retains the upbeat ska tone. This ensemble is due to go far, who knew evil could be, in a sense, "happy." Although with the metal influences being the strongest on this album, the horns are still fully represented in each song. The album as a whole will pertain to just about anyone, even some hardcore metal fans I let listen to it said they liked it, and when they come through touring, I know I will be there. CD
(Koch, 740 Broadway, New York, NY 10003)

THE MESSYHAIRS- "Dead Scene" CD

I could be wrong but I think this is the first cd release from these local boys. What I like about this

is it sounds almost like a recording of a live show with an 80's Adolescents style California punk (yes there is a cover) flair. What the band lacks in polish on this release is made up by the energy that they keep up as they move from one song to the next. It's definitely the kind of music that I grew to love while stuffed between a bunch of sweaty kids in the basement of whoever had the balls to throw a party and have a band play. AW
(7 Lucky, PO Box 9546, Denver, CO 80209)

MESSYHAIRS/ SICK OF BEING HUMAN 7"

Really slow intro on the Messyhairst side, followed by a lot of good deep-lunged hollerin' punk rock, followed by a long slow part again. This reminds me of the all the good things about not being that bad. They give it a personal feel without sacrificing quality. Sick of Being Human puts out some hardcore. Much like other hardcore, I liked the change up of pace, but the singing was a little much for me. JF
(Paco Garden, 569 E Colfax, Box 123, Denver, CO 80203)

MIDTOWN- "The Sacrifice of Life" CD

These five new songs from Midtown peak with the arrival of the fifth track, "Come On" where everything deteriorates into a wave of choruses colliding into one another and everyone in the band jumps on a mic to sing their part-in the grand finale. This is a band that would be better placed in the Midwest than in the eastern state of New Jersey. 5 songs of poppy indie rock punk style action peaking right where it should. SW
(Drive-Thru, PO Box 55234, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413)

THE MISFIRES- "Dead End Expressway" CD

The Misfires are a cool genre wall breaking band from Minneapolis. At times, the melodies closely follow the typical recipe for indie rock, yet the punk rock subtleties and even Oi accents speak too loud to be ignored. "Dead End Expressway" is a good, rocking introduction to 4-piece and yet, the CD seems to lag towards its end, leaving more good songs to be desired. SW
(Modern Radio, PO Box 8886, Mpls, MN 55408)

MODEL AMERICAN- s/t CD

This is good clean, spirited hardcore punk in its purest form. Insightful lyrics shouted out in the air of better 80's classic bands. Model American are definitely a punk band that could open up a hardcore show and still get the kids excited and moving. At times the underlying framework is reminiscent of an AFI type band but all of the jazz that rests on top of this foundation- the shouts of the lead vocalist followed by the singing of the back-ups and the driving guitars- separate MA from this category of copy cats. SW
(Sessions, 15 Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA 95066)

THE MOPES- "Accident Waiting to Happen" CD

Someone warned me that the new MOPES record would suck, but I don't see it. There's still the same hints of THE QUEERS, PINHEAD GUNPOWDER, SCREECHING WEASEL, and the rest of the Lookout line-up of pop bands. They even go as far as throwing in a pop surf instrumental for the garage kids. SW
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

MOTHERLOAD- "from Hillyard" CD

There is a rad bullet-hole ridden touring van on the cover of this CD that makes me want to listen to the music even more. Conversely, the three trashy guys in MOTHERLOAD provide an equally accurate portrait of their music. It's balls-out rock n roll with that ever present trashiness but carries with it an energy that can only be experienced watching some guitar player smash a Bud Light can on his forehead. This is a hell a long (29 songs) CD and makes it well worth your money if you're into Beer City, East Bay Menace type fast punk. SW
(We Got, 623 NE 21st, Portland, OR 97232)

MR. T EXPERIENCE- "Alcatraz" CD

It's funny, the solo projects that MTX and Sicko both produced would end up with sharp criticisms (in song form) of the magazine music reviewers that cover their music. The opening track here, "I Wrote a Book About Rock n Roll," is a witty, sarcastic tribute to stuck up reviewers complete



with the classic Dr. Frank-toned vocals that most of us love MTX for. That said, it's hard to tell the future direction of the boys. This album turns to take a step back from the almost rockabilly direction they were headed and mixes more straight-up poppy ballads to feel sorry for yourself to with older 70's rock n roll. SW
(Lookout, PO Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712)

MUMIA ABU-JAMAL- "All Things Censored" CD

Nobody really knows whether Mumia is guilty or not, but one thing is for sure, the charismatic Philadelphia journalist with the flowing dread locks and Black Panther past has become a political and social force to be reckoned with. This CD is a great recap of some prominent events in The Mumia Story that includes 16 essays read live from Death Row by Mumia himself with comments by several people considered in the know. Mumia brings up several good points, many made with good conviction simply because of his present situation. A must for someone looking to develop some thoughts on this man as an individual. SW
(Alternative Ten, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

MUTINY- "Rum Rebellion" CD

This is the first release of a label obviously named after one of the great Irish folk punk band, The Pogues' songs. Mutiny is most easily described as The Pogues of Australia, with catchy tunes that come across serious while still maintaining a light-hearted edge. At times, the CD shifts to an upbeat tempo and the sound that CITIZEN FISH did perfectly. Meanwhile, the female vocals that kick in at times, blending perfectly with the deeper masculine lead, bring back memories of Chumbawamba's music and message in the mid 80's. An excellent debut release from a label that will hopefully feed the people the POGUES fix that we're all craving for. SW
(Hell's Ditch, 2817 Newport Blvd, Newport Beach, CA 92661)

MXPX- "At the Show" CD

When I found the A+M logo underneath all the fine print, I knew that I couldn't review this. Oh well. If anybody remembers MxPx when they were called Magnified Plaid, then this is a record for you. Energetic, raw and honest to the point where even their hit song doesn't suck so bad. Almost. The best thing they've put out in the last two years. All 23 songs were produced by the ALL guys and sound great. SW
(Tooth & Nail, PO Box 12698, Seattle, WA 98111)

NERVES- "New Animal" CD

If I fell into the "judge a book by its cover" crowd then I would have never listened to this CD. Buy it for yourself and you'll see what I mean. The Nerves play indie rock that is a half step too far into the garage punk mode to be thrown into the college radio loop. This threesome plays with heart, soul and energy and hit the spot 6 times out of 12. SW
(Thrill Jockey, PO Box 476794, Chicago, IL 60647)

NOAM CHOMSKY- "Propaganda + Control of the Public Mind" 2CD

This is a 2 disc recording of a lecture that Chomsky gave in 1997 at the Harvard Trade Union Program. It is an extremely well researched political lecture full of facts and going into great depth on a variety of topics. It's carried out in a way that only the articulate Chomsky can pull off. He discusses the US government, society, trade, the media and many other topics as they have happened in history to affect us today. Listen attentively, it is very interesting and informative but requires some patience on your part. MM
(Alternative Ten, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

NOBODY- "s/t" CD

Before the 7 inch started dying, this would have been a great single. Instead of 15 songs done in less than CD quality, Nobody could have done six of the best songs and it would have sounded amazing on vinyl. The idea behind Nobody is to give a skateboarder a band and see what he makes of it. They pass in some respects while failing in others (nobody will reach the US Bombs) with their rocking punk pushed to the back of the mix and tiresome vocals. SW
(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)

NUCLEAR STAURDAY- "I am Jon Stone" CD

The guitar lines follow those of a good ALL song so much that it's amazing! Great tight guitar fills and hits that don't allow for much breathing room. The music points in the ALL direction and then veers off to GOOD RIDDANCE and NO USE FOR A NAME style tight and fast pop punk. Fans of ALL guitar lines and some good 206 Records style vocal harmonies will dig this. SW
(206, 218 Chicago Ave., Unit 6, Huntington Beach, CA 92648)

OBLIVION- "Sweatpants USA" CD

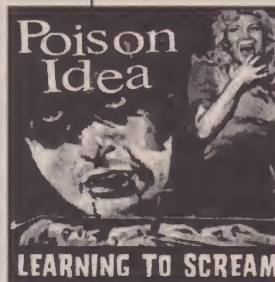
Yes! From the opening couple of tracks, Chicago's Oblivion already has us singing, "I've been thinking about it all the time" and it doesn't end until the very last "She likes Saturdays" (and there are quite a few of these as the last song fades on to infinity). Yes, you'll be singing along to Oblivion's catchy pop melodies so much that the choir will be recruiting you next fall. Even better than the Oblivion / Mandingo split! SW
(Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

OMEGA MAN- "s/t" CD

Oh wow. I've already been introduced to OMEGA MAN with their previous CD but their newest eight song self titled release takes off right where the last one left off. Plenty of disturbing sound effects lead into the harsh hardcore metal that will give you bloodshot eyes each and every time you hit that play button. Driving, high-energy, mad (as in crazy, duh) as hell hardcore that hits you with lightning speed and doesn't back down until the last track has finished. Holy crap. Design by John Yates to boot! SW
(No, PO Box 14088, Berkeley, CA 94712)

ONE WAY SYSTEM- "Waiting For Zero" CD

Working our way back, the hidden track is one hell of a song. Reminds me of fabulous 80's hint of surf, skate punk! ONE WAY SYSTEM plays clean punk rock with rolling drumbeats and emphasis on great up-front vocals backed by a guitar that hits the chord and backs down in time for the rest of the band to move the song along. Buy it for the sing-alongs and great singing. SW
(GMM, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333)



OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN- "Last Words" CD

This is the recorded work (April 18th) of a band who broke up shortly after (April 28th). Makes you think that it must be good stuff that someone wanted to put it out even after the band was no longer together to play in support of it. 6 new songs and two covers ("Blowing in the Wind" and a Liz Phair song) with the vocal duties given primarily to the male singer with catchiness added by the female backups. A good, not too fast, not-too slow poppy punk album that passes by in no time at all. SW
(Bad Monkey, 473 North St, Oakland, CA 94609)

OPHIL- "live" CD

This is a GREAT idea for this band. Anyone who has ever witnessed OPHIL live knows that their blend of satanic mutant skapunk provides for a fantastic show. I don't even know why I used satanic as an adjective if only because the lead vocalist is a large black man who throws up the Satan hand signal and flutters his long tongue in and out while his talented band and horn section back him up in whipping the crowd into a frenzy. Ska core with funky bass lines, good horns and Blue Meanies-esque song-writing. SW
(Not Bad, PO Box 7455, Boulder, CO 80302)

PALE CREATION- "Twilight Haunt" CD

A new style of industrialized hardcore-metal. These guys have their shit together, but it's just not my type of music. The entire first track reminds me of those huge fans you see in movies. I'd still like to hear their next album. 2-1/2 stars of 5. MF
(East Coast Empire, PO Box 7295, Prospect, CT 06712)

PANTHRO UK UNITED 13- "Goleta Dead Asshole Rat Patrol" 7"

With a title like that, you know this is going to be soccer-fueled, English drunk influenced madness. And it is. Panthro UK, ever since their debut full length, have been entertaining crowds in a way strangely reminiscent of Chicago's classic NAKED RAYGUN and their modern-day offshoot PEGBOY. 3 songs here with lots of energy and the same boomy, wall of guitars with vocals shouted and sung somewhere there in the mix all on a nice slab of green vinyl. Excellent follow-up single! SW
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)



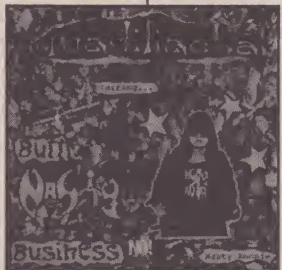
THE PAWNS- "and they thought anarchy was bad" CD

This is the second recording from Bad Monkey that I have had the privilege to review. [Please send all further ones directly to Mike Becker— but don't tell Stefan.] This recording, as well as all of their other releases, should contain a warning for the politically shy. This recording has a definite political/ social/ economic message, no girlfriend songs or heartbreak songs here. Their messages are delivered extremely effectively by the unique and powerful vocal abilities of Saint Ann, the brightest highlight of the band. The guitar playing of Ray Dehated is also very talented and won't leave you wanting a back up guitarist like some other three instrument bands do. The genres of underground music covered on this album are definitely more diverse than the average recording. Best two on this album goes to "United We Fall" and "Conformity Jane." But "Ukranian Kazoo Dance" has to get mentioned because it is one of the most original instrumentals I've ever heard. It's also nice to see their huge folding insert containing not only their great lyrics, but beautiful art-work as well. Can you tell I love this one yet? I'm gonna shut up and listen to it again. MiB

(Bad Monkey, 473 North St, Oakland, CA 94609)

PENNYWISE- "Straight Ahead" CD

If you like Pennywise's previous albums, characterized by cliché lyrics and raw, sort of undefined choruses, you will probably like this one too, with the notable exception of track no. 10, the song that is constantly played on the radio. Conversely, if you like that song, you probably won't like the rest of this album. Although it is not quite as driven or innovative as previous Pennywise releases, Straight Ahead decent CD, and it is unreasonable to expect a band that has been around as long as Pennywise to change their style dramatically with each album. HP



(Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd, LA, CA 90026)

PEZZ- "Warmth and Sincerity" CD

I really love this Memphis band. I found the first song to have a bit of a slow intro, but it picks up as the album progresses. Good singing that at times reminds me of Social D's Mike Ness, but at others makes me think that they have nothing in common at all. Pezz makes great use of their vocalists, adding depth to their songs and keeping you alert the entire way through. JF

(BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067)

PHAEDO- "Landscapes" CD

PHAEDO play noisy indie rock with a flair. The four songs on LANDSCAPES have names that are almost too cliché for the art rock scene and the lyrics follow the same path. They're best at creating lots of musical havoc and increasing your blood pressure before they jump back down to a mellow, but still dark, verse. Good transitions to say the least, but the rock has to be tested on another album before it can be acclaimed. SW

(VBM, Pmb #237, 9121 Atlanta Ave, Huntington Beach, CA 92646)

THE PIETASTERS- "Awesome Mix Tape #6" CD

I love the Pietasters but their recorded material is just not reliable. For every good record release they put out there is always another one that is not so hot. I'm not saying this is a terrible release but after seeing them live and hearing their last album I just can't help but wish that they would put as much balls into their recordings as they do in their live shows. AW

PINHEAD CIRCUS- "Everything Else Is Just a Far Gone Conclusion" CD

Another Pinhead Circus album brings some great tunes again that top their BYO debut. The sound seems to have matured over the years and it shines through on such heart-clenchers as the cover of CRESTFALLEN's "Three Feet Down." Even though there's less songs than previous PC releases, each song seems to have a rock all of its own and it's hard not to listen to the disc several times back to back. This album definitely makes PINHEAD CIRCUS one of the best 'melodic punk with balls' overlooked bands in the US today. SW

(BYO, PO Box 67A64, LA, CA 90067)

POISON IDEA- "Learning to Scream" 7"

Hey everyone, prepare to get re-introduced to the legendary POISON IDEA. With great lyrics ("but I know how it ends/ I looked in the back"), excellent guitar phrasing, and a rhythm section that stops for no one, POISON IDEA have been pleasing crowds for ages and its odd that the A-Side would be titled "Learning to Scream." The distinct vocal tone and hook-laden lead guitar lines have put PI on top. Clear Vinyl. SW

(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

DAN POTTHAST- "Eyeballs" CD

Dan Potthast's voice is easily recognizable because of its appearance on MU330 albums and while I don't always understand the need for solo projects, his is warranted just in that the music is completely different than the horn laced rock of MU330. From the start, I think that Potthast has a great voice and it brings back fond memories of sneaking out to see MU330 play. The backing music is lighter, almost in the indie rock vein, very similar to many of the intros on MU330 songs. SW

(Asian Man, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030)

PRESSURE POINT- "Life's Blood" CD

Pressure Point is back! This is one of the band's that I am truly expecting big things from following their debut full length, "Kids on the Street." 5 new songs here followed by a remake in a different language of an old song. The music is amazingly catchy, amazingly honest American oi with great guitar leads, rough and up front vocals and a backbeat that can't be ignored.. The lyrics



seem to be centralized about empowering kids to realize their worth and power and to use it to their advantage. An excellent band, can't wait for the full length. SW

(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Fran, CA 94114)

THE PROLETARIAT- "Voodoo Economics..." CD

Older punks that I always looked up to would have killed to own this. Even if you took off your socks, you couldn't count all the tracks on one of these CD's, let alone the set. This is the complete recording of this early 80's hardcore legend. The English band that would use this sound (with the addition of another female vocalist) to tell their own strong political tales was Chumbawamba (pre-techno radio song). This is a great record of mid tempo hardcore packed with politics and intense old style energy. SW

(Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

THE PROMS- "Helpless Romantic" CD

Very poppy punk, clean, fun, really short songs about love and such with bad harmonization. I think I am sensing almost a little Beach Boys influence but I could be wrong. What more can I say other than the lyrics are so mushy that I am stuck between laughter and nausea. AW

(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

QUADILIACHA/ TRES KIDS 7"

As soon as I found out what speed this was to be played at, the TRES KIDS side took off with furious, drum driven and screamed like the burly and trashy fans do at an NWO wrestling match. They knock out 7 songs before you can say, "uncle." I have fallen in love with some of QUADILIACHA's passionate hardcore screamed out over a maddening guitar. I just love how he screams away and still maintains some sense of melody. His lyric lines always whip my heart into a frenzy and this single doesn't fall short. Hand numbered out of 900!!!! SW

(No, PO Box 14088, Berkeley, CA 94712)

THE RANDUMBS- "In Search of the Abominable Sonoman" CD

In a strictly hit or miss review, this is a miss. 10 songs of sweat-soaked rock with the backdrop of an American flag. The spirit is there but the rest just simply isn't. Songs about drinking that you can find on a hundred other albums, songs you'd rather hear live in the presence of this animated band, just don't give me a full length. SW

(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Fran, CA 94114)

RAT BASTARDS- "Perpetual Disorder"

When the number of pubs thanked in the booklet almost outnumbers the number of bands thanked, you know you're in for a treat. Surprisingly though, I'd rather compare this to the early 80's fast AGNOSTIC FRONT, WARZONE type straightedge hardcore punk than a beer-



guzzling drunk punk band. The energy and overall adrenaline-fueled ferociousness exhibited in the songs here are a definite highlight and give them the great honor of being the best Beer City release in this mailing. Fans of hard driving hardcore punk screamed out over lightning chord progressions will instantly fall in love with this. SW (Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)

RATOS DE PORAO- "Carniceria Tropical" CD

Unlike most hardcore of this nature, the reason that I don't understand a single word that RATOS DE PORAO's singer J Gordo screams is because they're from Brazil. They play intense hardcore in the mid to fast-tempo range that offers a sinister outlook on things for our South American friends. At times, I'm also thinking SEPULTURA because of the various small effects that RP mix into their anthems. SW

(Alternative Ten, PO Box 419092, San Fran, CA 94141)

REACH THE SKY- "So Far From Home" CD

Last I remember, REACH THE SKY was going more post punk hardcore than the hardcore represented on this disk. My favorite parts are the drum roll transitions and the stop on a dime breaks. The vocalist here reminds me a lot of a cross between an emotional Toby from H2O or an emotional Russ from Good Riddance and the singer from KNOWITAL. 15 songs of good hardcore. SW

(Victory, PO Box 146546, Chicago, IL 60614)

RECESS THEORY- "they would walk into the picture" CD

Although many may brush this aside saying, 'hey it's the same guy who sings in EVERY emo/ indie rock band!' there's more to this release. I love the closure that they present with the re-occurring piano line that appears in the opening minutes as well as in the excellent closer that the disc is named after. I have yet to tire of RECESS THEORY's gentle but still hard rocking indie sounds that are catchy as well as intricate. The harmonization on songs like "To Be An Anchor" is extraordinary and catches the listener rather by surprise. Even the packaging is excellent I can't wait to hear more. SW

(Take Hold, 225 Oxmoor Circle 804, Birmingham, AL 35209)

THE RED STARS- "Welcome to the Party" 7"

The Red Stars play fast and snotty garage punk n roll. Even though the vocals become annoying, their screechy and almost effects-ed tone is the best part of the single. SW (Far Out, PO Box 14361, Ft Lauderdale, FL 33312)

REDUCERS- "Backing the Longshot" CD

On vocals we have the remembering days past in the UK style up front but still in the back singing which can also be found a little bit closer to home in today's Sloppy Seconds (to some extent). The lead

guitar mocks that of the Swingin' Utters (check out "Lowdown" if you doubt me at all). Meanwhile, the rhythm section does a tremendous job at keeping everything locked down at practically metronome precision. SW

(TKO, 4104 24th St. #103, San Fran, CA 94114)

REFLECTOR- "blue skies on the table" 7"

Well another great release by this promising young label. Reflector plays a striped down, explosive bit of rock 'n roll. With vocals that range from almost a whisper to full-out yelling the energy definitely runs high throughout this recording. "Blue Skies" got me hooked right away, starting with 27 seconds (that's right, I timed it- I am a nerd, I confess it) of vocals and guitar, to a driving chorus, filled with crazy loud drumming (if you ever see them live you will understand even more what I am saying, that boy

hits the drums), feedback filled pauses, and finger pointing fun for the whole family! Get it, your life isn't complete yet without it. BL

(Paper Brigade, POB 27053, Shawnee Mission, KS 66225)

REFORM - CONTROL/DRATSAB-Split 7"

RC plays fast hardcore (mincecore?!)

that crusties everywhere will gobble up. Sorta DOOMish, very typical of this style, though that's not a bad thing. DRATSAB (now that's one fucked up name! What the hell is a "dratsab"?!! play angry "Cookie Monster Rock" with a vocal style ala Jake Sayles (FILTH/FIELDS OF SHIT). Loose string basslines knockin' yer head silly, yet most all of the songs sound almost the same. Variation could put DRATSAB well above their contemporaries, in the gravel-throat arena. CB

(Menace Sobriety, 3260 W. 2nd St., Greeley, CO 80631)

ROYAL CROWN REVUE- "Walk on Fire" CD

I've been a RCR fan for years now. I notice that they have shifted a bit more towards the roots of their music. Though the horns on this album shine through the vocals just aren't as smooth as they were on previous albums and tend to give it an older, more underground aura. Still a must for RCR fans but it doesn't match the fun of Mugsy's Move or the energy of Caught in the Act. AW

(Side 1, 6201 Sunset Blvd, St 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

SCARED OF CHAKA- "Tired of You" CD

Good and fast, with a singer that sounds a bit like J. B. from the Dead Kennedies if you hooked him up with a voice box and turned on the garage effects. I liked the slower songs more than the others, they really did it for me, melted my heart. They

have a more polished feel to them than the fast songs, which seemed to benefit less from the mastering, like most punk bands drifting into the garage vein seem to experience. Excellent catchiness, you know these guys by now. JF (Sub City, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409)

SCREECHING WEASEL- "Emo" CD

I have never been the biggest Screeching Weasel fan. Ben Weasel's voice sometimes annoys me. On this record, more than past SW titles, I'm hearing more from the rest of the band and a little less of the signature Weasel vocals. And with an all-star line-up like this (Jughead on guitar and they even got SQUIRTGUN's Mass Giorgini to play bass!) and a package made by John "Steelworks" Yates, you wouldn't expect anything less. AW (Panic Button, PO Box 148010, Chicago, IL 60614-8010)

SHOGUN- "Everything I Love Kills Me In The End" CD

Music directors always told me that you have to play your best at the very first song and at the very last song, that's what the audience remembers. And Shogun does just that; with six songs on this their debut, the weaker four (mostly made up of some intense metal hardcore with screaming left and right) sit in the middle while the better two form a sandwich and clinch you as the newest Shogun fan. Good new school hardcore with a melodic break down or two and some excellent rhythm section breakdowns and technical bridges. SW (Not Bad, PO Box 7455, Boulder, CO 80302)

SHYSTER- "Cold Weather" 7"

Firmament has put out some fantastic single(s) (AKA TILTWHEEL) and Orlando's SHYSTER do not let us down. Extremely original because of the edge they create with trading off the lead instrument's role from drums to bass to guitar. Each instrument is allotted their time to step out of the song's mold and add a unique flair that creates some amazing highlights. This single passed quickly if only because of my extreme desire to hear a full length from this great band. SW (Firmament, PO Box 420484, San Fran, CA 94142)

SIDECAR- "All Those Opposed" CD

My CD player hated the third and fourth tracks so unfortunately I can't tell you anything about them (unless they're supposed to sound like a CD player skipping) but the rest of "All Those Opposed" is a great tribute to the dozens of hard working pop punk bands across the US today. Often, it's assumed that either a pop punk band sucks or will sell it to the big time, but the great bands that tour year in and year out and name their vans "Dark Meat" and play for 10 kids in basement in Idaho for payment in Taco Bell burritos are overlooked. SIDECAR is one of those and show it in their catchy, humorous punk with plenty of lead guitar. One of the greatest moments in the CD is at the closing of the last track where the tight poppiness of SIDECAR fades into the screaming of hardcore king Dwid of INTEGRITY. That's rad. SW (Fast Mus, 368 Broadway 511, NY, NY 10013)

SLAPSHOT- "Old Tyme Hardcore" CD

Oh yeah, this is fucking cool! Old school hardcore: Straight forward, shouted vocals with sing-along choruses- god I love it! This is tough-core the way it used to be, and did I mention that I'm slightly partial to this band anyway? Check it out. Four Stars. EM (Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)



SMALL BROWN BIKE- "Our Own Wars" CD

This band is fucking great. I put this CD in and the first song made me want to jizz on myself, and that was just the first song! So basically what I'm trying to say is, this band is definitely worth checking out. Find a friend who owns it, or get someone to buy it, or just buy your damn self, but get your hands on it somehow! They remind me a little of a harder, more furious Hot Water Music, but don't sound like a carbon copy of HWM. Anyway, Five stars for a great band that I can't wait to hear more from. EM (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

SMALL BROWN BIKE- "Collection" CD

These are the 13 songs that SMALL BROWN BIKE recorded before "Our Own Wars" (reviewed above) and what can I say, it rules. The rest of rock n roll had better watch out for SMB and get their asses in gear because once the kids get word of this, it's all over. Excellent driven-emotional-hardcore-punk with screamed vocals and a wall of guitars that will flatten you to the pavement. SW (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

SPAZM 151- "Power Songs for the Kidz" 7"

Spazm thanks the usual bands you'd expect to see thanked on a Havoc release: SPAZZ, QUINCY PUNX, CODE 13, BRISTLE, etc. The music itself lends itself to that side of things but the bass player has got it going on and adds life and an edge that might separate the guys in SPAZM 151 above the rest of their genre. Driving, dynamic, dirty and dangerous = Spazm 151 (on red vinyl!) EM (Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN)

STARING BACK- "the mean streets of goleta" CD

Staring Back play decent paced, emotional hardcore punk that brings to mind several other bands that are always on the tip of my tongue. In performance and song-writing they show strong potential but are outdone by another band on Lobster Records by the name of MOCK ORANGE. Still, at times, I'm compelled to sing along and have a good time to the tight guitars and catchy vocals, but I'm just not feeling the spirit that they attempted to pack in this album. EM (Lobster, PO Box 1473, Santa Barbara, CA 93102)

STARS & STRIPES- "Shaved For Battle" CD

Complete SLAPSHOT sounding band here. Consisting of Slapshot members left and right (the bitter and classic vocals are a dead giveaway), Stars and Stripes sing their Skinhead skinhead skinhead anthems in true form. 16 songs of Slapshot "Step On It/ Back on the Map" era hardcore (labeled Oi this time around) which truly is my favorite period of Slapshot's work. A great album for anyone looking to re-experience that very first listen to Back on the Map! SW (Taang, 706 Pismo Ct, San Diego, CA 92109)

**THE STATUE FACTOR- "A Mission of Five" CD**

The STATUTE FACTOR mix anything from surf beats, to organ rock, to garage sounds, to 60's rock n roll to, early punk rock rhythms ala the first DAMNED singles on their "Mission of Five." It provides a god blend on the tones and the addition of female backup vocals to the male lead further stresses their diversity. It just doesn't do it for me though. SW (Nebulon, 3 Glen Rd #2, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130)

THE STEREO- "Three Hundred" CD

This is what would happen if N'Sync put out a punk rock record. Lyrically, this band is pretty ridiculous. Some of the most memorable lines include "if you have a stain I'll shout it out," and "if you have the time, I got the perfect crime." Musically, though, these two guys aren't all that bad. They put out tight, very poppy, punk with strong (if weird) vocals. One of them does the majority of the instrumental work, being on guitar, vocals, bass and drums on one track. So they win points for being talented. About the fifth song, the Ben Folds Five similarities begin to surface, with a couple Mr. Bojangles kind of piano pieces. Take that for what it's worth to you. This is a favorite of several friends of mine. MeB (Fueled By Ramen, PO Box 12583, Gainesville, FL 32604)

SUCKA PUNCH - "Bustin' Roids" CD

SUCKA PUNCH is a 6-piece ska band from Southern California. When listening to the new album of Sucka Punch, I didn't feel as if anything actually stood out. To me they sounded a lot like the PHARMACEUTICAL BANDITS. It didn't feel as if they had their own sound. I am not saying that they don't have potential to become good but a little more work on their sound wouldn't hurt. Unless you are a hard-core fan of theirs I wouldn't totally recommend this album due to the fact that after listening through it once I would put it on the shelf and let it collect dust. CD (Fishbowl, 4869 S. Bradley #18B #233, Santa Maria, CA 93455)

SUICIDAL TENDANCIES- "Freedumb" CD

God I love these guys. ST is one band that I have always been into, and they've been making Rock 'n Roll since back in the day, so check it out! This album has a bit of a hard core feel, but they have this crazy bass playing that busts out some crazy funk bass shit that is pretty cool. Some straightforward fast songs, some slow songs, it's all around pretty good, especially for some aging farts like these! Three and a half stars. EM (Side 1, 6201 Sunset S 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

**THE SWARM- "AKA Knee Deep In The Dead" 10"**

Opening track sound pretty weak? Well, hey dipshit, turn the rpm up to 45 and prepare to be attacked by THE SWARM's obliterating chaos. Yes, Chris from Canada's LEFT FROM DEAD is back with a band that

promises to be more brutal than the previous. I saw these guys this summer and they came out wearing evil ninja plastic masks and tore through a set until the guitar player got thrown through a window by an all out free-for-all in the crowd. SW (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

TANGER- s/t CD

This is dark rock n roll that shoots out unpredictably with a kick to the stomach when you're not looking. TANGER jumps into a groove and takes the listener with them. But just when the track starts to get old, they'll hit you from behind with a bridge and hook you right back into the scheme of things. Look for more from TANGER and their original blend of hard post punk rock n roll. SW (Owned & Operated, PO Box 36, Ft Collins, CO 80522)

TILT- "Viewers Like You" CD

The first time I heard this album, I was fairly disappointed. However on a second go through, I like it a whole lot more. And now, I think that this is their best recording out yet. There is always something to said for great poetic and intellectual lyrics, with solid consistent music. This recording has more experimenting with different sounds before songs, after songs, and sometimes just some non-Tilt sounding vocal distortion and guitar playing thrown in. Most of it I like, some of it I don't, but it's great to see Tilt testing its feet into new things, yet still keeping true to the sound that has built their fan base. I've been trying to only list my top two songs from each album, and "War Room" is definitely #1. Then it's a toss between "Pious" and "Annie Segall" both of which I truly enjoy, yet for different reasons. I also liked "Viewers Like You" and "Dog Collar." If you like Tilt, get this one. If you don't like Tilt, it's because you haven't gotten this album yet. MIB (Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

TIME IN MALTA- "Construct and Demolish" CD

I threw in this album and was immediately kicked in the head by an energetic kid that I imagined would be rocking out no holds barred to Time in Malta's opening track. Screamy hardcore played with such a good intensity that it was all too easy to imagine the bruise I would receive from my overexcited fellow show-goer. As the album progresses through the rest of the five songs (they're longer songs), the listener is offered a hint of melody when the vocalist jumps into singing parts reminding me where this kind of emotional hardcore is going (ala Boy Sets Fire). A great first impression. SW (Escape, PO Box 472, Downingtown, PA 19335)

TOMORROW- "The Industry of Natural Occurrence" CD

This was my favorite of the bunch given to me. This is just fucking incredible. My research shows that this is the third release from this Florida band, and is being re-released on No Idea records. This is emo without the whining. It doesn't sound pretentious as some (most?) other emo bands seem to come off, these four songs are just pure and unadulterated, with the bare basic elements of hardcore, emo and punk. I love the sense of tension, that the true strength of this band is

simmering under the surface ... yet they're very much aware of it. **BUY THIS ALBUM!!!!!!** MeB (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

TOTAL CHAOS- "In God We Kill" CD

This was an easy one to do. Unbearable. The newest album from those punk rockers in heavy metal jackets absolutely sucks. The creativity on this falls way short and we're left with a stale and piss-poor punk album. Here's a metaphor: Like jumping into an empty swimming pool. SW (Cleopatra, 13428 Maxella Ave #251, Marina Delrey, CA 90292)

TWELVE TRIBES- "As Feathers to Flowers and Petals to Wings" CD

This band is throwing the listener for a loop. They play screamed hardcore called emo hardcore these days and have good hits in the rhythm section and some furious guitars happening underneath the screams. And yet, two minutes deep into the first song, past all of the furious screaming, the listener is attacked with awesome melody in the vocals colliding with a pure genius guitar line that makes my heart melt and sends my Adam's Apple deep into my lungs, worth the first song alone. SW (Eulogy, PO B 590833, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33359)

23RD CHAPTER "An Eden For the Machines" CD

Definitely one of the best metal-hardcore bands out there right now. I was tempted to tell Stefan I lost it so I didn't have to give it back. If you are into the likes of CONVERGE and FALL SILENT type bands, I would greatly encourage you to purchase this album. 5 of 5 stars. MF (OHEV, 1500 NW 15th Ave #4, Boca Raton, FL 33486)

UK SUBS- "Endangered Species" CD

Nicky Garratt, Charlie Harper and the rest of the UK SUBS are back with yet another album to prove that old punks die slowly. The tempos are slowed down a notch on this disc and Charlie is quicker to pull out the harmonica on blues punk numbers such as "Ambition." But the balls are still there with energetic upstart tracks like "Fear of Girls" and "Plan of Action" (one of the 2 bonus tracks). But the obvious tendency indicated here is towards a mellower, old UK feel ala a rough THE CLASH (as shown in "Sensitive Boys"). SW (NRA, PO Box 210501, San Fran, CA 94121)

UNDISPUTED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONS CD

If you are into the whole kickboxing hardcore scene, then this is the album for you. The cover has a picture of two guys boxing on it, so there ya go. Straightforward hardcore and punk with a kick (Doh). 3 of 5 stars. MF (Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)

UNITED SUPER VILLAINS- "escapist" 7"

Despite the overall good packaging here (especially the hideous back cover picture), the music falls short of my expectations. USV maximize their 7" time limit and fit 8 songs of good length onto the platter. But, by the end of the single, one generally

concludes that the great sound clips between songs were more entertaining than USV's fast, crusty pissed punk. SW (Havoc, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN)

UNRUH- "Setting Fire to Sinking Ships" CD

One comes to expect blistering speed power violence and grind from Pessimiser who established a name for themselves in these categories even after only being around for a short time. What sets UNRUH apart from most bands of this often head-ache causing genre is their ability to lead into the ultra fast and powerful mad speed fests with amazingly melodic and catchy acoustic bridges. UNRUH is so effective at this that I thought my ears had been mistaken by the rich piano and acoustic guitar duet which starts the album off. Something a little new and good for the power violence kids. SW (Pessimiser, PO Box 1070, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

US BOMBS- "One World" CD

I never really understood the appeal of the US Bombs before this album. I understood even less how they could land a regular spot onto a Comedy Central program. But their latest, "The World," helped me. The music is rocking but still maintains a light edge that is thoroughly laced with the acoustic drive of the lead guitar. Easy enough to sing and dance along with yet still maintaining a rawness to keep it dangerous enough to avoid Warner Brothers offers. Comes complete with opening track of kids saying the Pledge of Allegiance being bombed. SW (Hellcat, 2798 Sunset Blvd, LA, CA 90026)

THE WANNABES- "Saturday Night" 7

Pop Punk, on Mutant Pop... you don't say. The vocals are very clean on this one, sort of a British 60's pop music with faster guitar lines and drum beats. Lyrics are typical for the genre, with sappy songs about going out and dating. The second side picks up a bit, but not enough to break them out of the pop punk mold. Not bad as far as they can take it. JF

(Mutant Pop, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

WHERE FEAR AND WEAPONS MEET- "The Weapon" CD

Fast, dat dat dat da hardcore screamed away over fueling guitars. They're making an attempt to play old-school hardcore in a new way and I applaud them for it. MiB (Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

WILL HAVEN- "WHVN" CD

My immediate reaction was that with WILL HAVEN, Revelation had released their poorest title to date. This mainly had to do with my extreme annoyance with the first track. WILL HAVEN play headache causing hardcore with screams drawn out long enough so that the guitars underneath can create

some movement. I'm just tired of hearing this by the time 13 long tracks have passed. SW (Revelation, PO Box 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

WORKIN' STIFFS- Through Thick and Thin" CD

Six more songs from the Workin' Stiffs on TKO. The songs peak right when they're supposed to, with the highlights being the last two songs. This is rather unfortunate because these are two of the four songs that the Stiffs recorded with drummer Eric before he suffered a stroke and lost movement on the right side of his body. This is a great tribute to a man that may never be able to play the drums again. Good, hard rocking punk rock and oi that'll fill you with energy. SW (TKO, PMB #103, 4104 24th St, San Francis, CA 94114)

YOUNG HASSELHOFFS "Foibles & Follies" 7"

Let me first give some advice to those thinking off putting out a single. Please make an attempt at putting together a great overall single.

Overall means the vinyl, layout, sleeve, music and everything reflect the band's desire to be heard and respected. That said, props out to Tim at FAR OUT for putting together a great single, with swirled blue vinyl, full color sleeve complete with original artwork and everything. The Young Hasselhoffs play pop punk like SQUIRTGUN did while with the addition of a thicker bass than Mass' and lyrics not unlike those of SCREECHING WESEAL. Comes complete with a cover of "Run Around Sue." SW (Far Out, PO Box 14361, Ft Lauderdale, FL 33312)

ZONIC SHOCKUM- s/t 7"

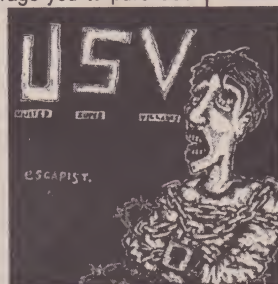
Whoever coined the term "indie rock" had heard ZONIC SHOCKUM. Female vocal fronted and proud of their lo-fi, high emphasis on music sound, they combine some tambourine and harmonica with the standard instruments on the A-side for a good pop anthem. The B-Side is tripped out sampling gone crazy with rhythmic drums that almost lend the song a tribal aura. SW (Stain, PO Box 2501, Philadelphia, PA 19147)

V/a- "Before you Were Punk 2" CD

Yes baby, the 80's tribute comp part two is here. A bunch of big bands that will attract big sales all get together and do a cover of a great song from years past. The BOUNCING SOULS do "Don't You Forget About Me" and sound just like the real thing. NOFX doing "Electricity" bring out an awesome guitar lead. THE HIPPOS, STRUNGOUT, and ALL (among several others) also do some great covers. But by far the winner (even though I strongly was hoping they'd butcher this) was the GETUP KIDS doing the Cure's "Close to Me." SW (Vagrant, PMB #361, 2118 Wilshire Blvd, Santa Monica, CA 90403)

V/a- "The Center of the Universe" CD

This is my all time favorite kind of compilation. There is just something great about combining different bands together in this way. We have 3 songs apiece from 5 different Ft. Collins area bands: WRETCH LIKE ME, SOMEDAY I..., NEW



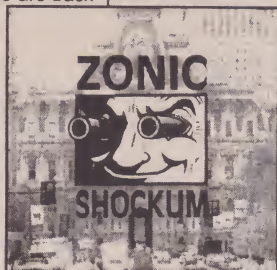
ROB ROBBIES, TANGER, and BILL THE WELDER. We have especially good offerings from Wretch Like Me and the New Rob Robbies, though the though the entire CD is far superior to 'merely listenable.' JF

(Owned & Op, PO Box 36, Ft Collins, CO 80522)

V/a- "Compilation of Warped Music II" CD

Most of the big name Warped Tour bands are back together on this disc for a long (that's a good thing) 23 songed comp. SOIA, Good Riddance, Dropkick Murphys, H2O, Pennywise, Blink 182, Unwritten Law, Suicidal Tendencies and Less than Jake are the big name drawers. EM

(Side 1, 6201 Sunset #211, Hollywood, CA 90028)



V/a- "The East Coast of Oil" CD

A good compilation whose theme should be self-evident. For the most part, you're offered tracks by many of the bands that have been on multiple other Oi comps that have come out over the last two years but they're also some new gems here. With WRETCHED ONES, OUTSIDERS, THE CUFFS, SQUIGGY, MAN" RUIN, INFILTRATORS, DUCKY BOYS, BRASSKNUCKLES and more (17 songs total). SW

(Radical, 77 Bleeker St #C2-21, NYC, NY 10012)

V/a- "Never Give In- Tribute to Bad Brains" CD

And a TRIBUTE to Bad Brains this is. I never expected a comp like this to come so close to representing what Bad Brains was all about. Every band on here makes the attempt (and succeeds) to imitate the wild guitar hitting in all the unusual paces, fast as lightning raps of HR, to singing and grooving choruses that made Bad Brains what they were. Excellent bands like SNAPCASE, IGNITE, TURMOIL, SHAI HULUD, SEPULTURA, CAVE-IN and more play excellent versions of everything from Re-Ignition to Pay to Cum, but nothing, I mean nothing, tops Boy Sets Fire's amazing rendition of Intro and I against I. SW

(Century Media, 1453-A 14th St #324, Santa Monica, CA 90404)

V/a- "No Borders" CD

In the land of compilations, you've got to do something special to set yours apart from the rest. No Borders pairs up Japanese, American and, if I'm not mistaken, even Australian hardcore bands for a great 'border crossing' release that features 18 songs that are exclusive US releases! The American bands that everyone will be familiar with are huge and attractive to any fan of good clean hardcore fun: 88 FINGERS LOUIE, SNAPCASE, GREY AREA, INDECISION, KID DYNAMITE, SHUTDOWN, FURY 66, and SICK OF IT ALL., but there are also some great Japanese surprises which will tempt you to expand your own record collection to include our eastern friends. AW

(Sub Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204)

V/a- "Old Skars and Upstarts" CD

This CD is just what its name implies: several established street punk, oi and rock bands paired with several rookies. It serves as a great

introduction to bands you'll never have heard of. Of course you'll buy it for the old ones: RANCID, DROPKICK MURPHYS, D GENERATION, ONE MAN ARMY, JFA, US BOMBS, and several more. This is one of the best comps I've seen recently, with 29 songs that you have never heard elsewhere. SW

(Alive, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510)

V/a- "Pedal Faster Bicycle Rider" CD

This is publicity agency HOLIDAY MATINEE's showcase of some of the latest tunes that their artists have made. They include PIEBALD, PEDRO THE LION, JEJUNE, BOILERMAKER and several other great names in indie rock

today. But this comp is also intended to promote the addition of authors to the HM lineup. This CD specifically features Adam Voith readings his "The Minor Rock Star" in three segments scattered between the excellent music. SW

(Accident Prone, 306 N/w El Norte Pkwy, PMB 305, Escondido, CA 92026)

V/a- "Return of the Read Menace" CD

A good joint venture between AK Press and Honest Dons that is an attempt to promote literacy advocacy and get the AK Press word out to the kids. J CHURCH, CHUMBAWAMBA, DISCOUNT, AVAIL, WAT TYLER, ENDEAVOR, PROPAGANDHI and HOT WATER MUSIC (doing a Leatherface cover) all contribute tracks along with 17 others for a nice compilation. SW

(Honest Dons, PO B 192027, San Fran, CA 94119)

V/a- "Short Music For Short People" CD

One hundred and one 30-second songs by so many different bands that I have a headache. We're talking from GWAR, to Dillinger 4 to Useless ID to Dogpiss to Samiam and back. This is a great comp with more bands than you can handle and is the only place where you could ever find almost all unreleased songs from good bands like those here. MiB

(Fat, PO Box 193690, San Francisco, CA 94119)

V/a- "The Spirit Can't Be Killed" CD

This is a tribute to Raybeez and Warzone and matches 27 bands (some that you won't have heard of before) with 27 classic Warzone songs. We're talking about opening up this CD with Don't Forget the Struggle complete with the spoken intro (changed a little bit for the comp though) that preceded the original. To close it all out, you get a Warzone song, "Fighting For Our Country" off a '93 7". This comp serves as a great reminder to the spiritual and artistic persona that Raybeez represented to the hardcore community. SW

(Hate Core, PMB 287, 1075 Broad Ripple Ave, Indpls, IN 46220)

V/a- "Start Your Engines" CD

I happen to like comps a lot. Especially when they start like this one. Unlike some comps, this rockabilly/punk comp kicks you in the head right away with a song from Blazing Haley that starts the

comp off like nothing I've heard before. This great band is followed by other rockers like Custom Made Scare, El Diablo, Hellbillys, The Hyperions, Teen Idols (yes THE Teen Idols), Los Infernos, Turd, The American Fuse, Go To Hells, Speedbuggy, Hai Karate, The Dich Band Okies and this isn't even half of the bands on the comp. Of course, they finish the comp with a funny song. Why does everyone do this? If you radio ska/punk kids see this comp buy it and listen to some real music for a change, trendy bastards. This CD gets a grade of 85%. Lots of great songs and it runs smoothly and it will keep anything awake, your parents or annoying neighbors for example. If you're taking a road trip, pick this up before you go, even if you don't like rockabilly for some strange reason, and if you haven't listened to rockabilly before, this is a great way to start. HRV

(Side 1, 6201 Sunset #211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

V/a- "A Tribute to the Exploited" CD

It's about time that something like this came out. A tribute to probably the best old school hard core punk group ever. All the old songs are in here, and they are done by bands such as Blanks '77, US Chaos and I.C.U. Great songs, great CD, this is something that any fan of the Exploited or old school should check out. Punk's Not Dead. AW

(Radical, 77 Bleeker St #C2-21, NYC, NY 10012)

V/a- "Ultra Swank" CD

Estrus, Man's Ruin and other underground labels, prepare to get introduced to Cacophone. 27 songs in over 70 minutes with JACK BLACK, the MORNING SHAKES, SPEED DEVILS, TURBO AC's and more fill up this CD to offer a sampling of 'the world's finest rock n roll,' and ROCK N ROLL it is. SW

(Cacophone, PO Box 6058, Albany, NY 12206)

V/a- "Underground Invasion Vol. 2-4" CD

Beer City's excellent Underground Invasion series is back with three more volumes worth of the widest variety of punk, hardcore and indie rock that you could imagine. Each disc usually sells for a couple bucks and includes 73 minutes (30 tracks) of music. Some bands you've heard of, while others appear on a CD for the first time. #2 has a THE DAGGERS track, #3 a WIMPY DICKS track and #4 a MUTINY (Australian POGUES) track. If you're looking for some new bands to listen to, sign to a label or put on a comp, then look no further. SW

(Beer City, PO Box 26035, Milwaukee, WI 53226)

V/a- "Weeds in the Garden II" LP

This is a great follow-up to a superb compilation a few years back showcasing some great underground bands. This time around, there's a great balance of hardcore (NERVE AGENTS, SHOGUN, S.O.B.H.) and punk (RECKLESS ABANDON, GUTBUCKET, MESSYHAIRS, CLUSTERFUX), as well as some international flavor in the form of DECAY, AK-47 and CHANIWA. There's a couple of tracks from bands that are no longer like DS3, ELECTRIC SUMMER and the great band THE FORCE, But overall, the best tracks are found in the pure, rock n roll spirit of KNOWITAL and STILL LEFT STANDING. SW

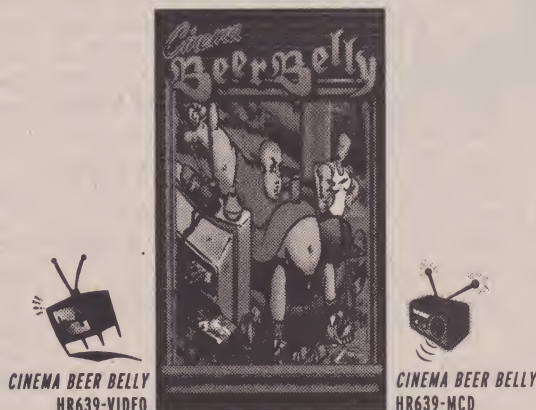
(Paco Gar, 569 E Cofax #123, Denver, CO 80203)

Cinema Beer Belly

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OUT OCTOBER 12TH

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AND MORE...

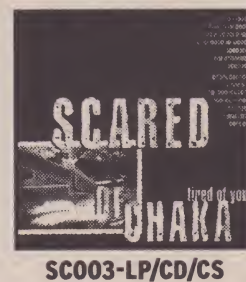
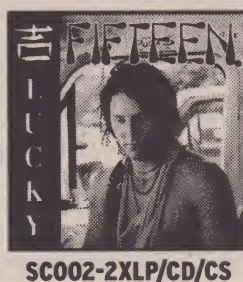


CINEMA BEER BELLY
HR639-VIDEO

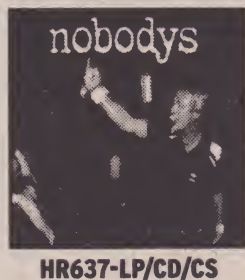
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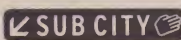
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Let me say that any zine reviewed here deserves credit; each zine here completed an entire issue, printed it and even sent it to us for review, a task that takes quite a bit of guts. I have already received our first multi-page letter from a zine that we have reviewed and want to stress that all these reviews are solely one person's constructive criticism and compliments and don't mean that the entire world hates your effort. - Stefan Wild

Angry Thoreauan #24

The deep-voiced Reverend is back. I cannot think of a more intellectually entertaining zine out on newsstands today. AT brings together more than just band interviews, with pointed special reports and a satirical spin on top of everything. In this issue there's a great conversation with Fuck-tooth ex-MRR Jen Angel, as well as an interview with foreign big-time rockers Turbonegro. There's also cynical looks at the LAPD and college publications in general as well as look into the people that produce all of those Fuck Work stickers that are taking over North America.

\$3: 88 pages avg. stock paper with a 4 color glossy cover
Reverend Randall, PO Box 3478, Hollywood, CA 90078

Attention Deficit Disorder #7

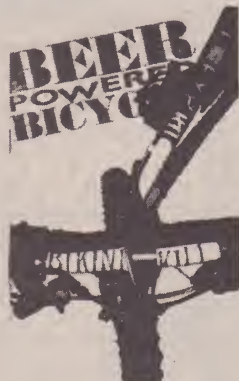
Nevermind the completely twisted rave cover that would be better fit on the cover of some zine peddling Ecstasy, ADD is a great zine. This one includes interviews with some of the best people making music in punk today; The Thumbs, Tiltwheel, Thor's Hammer, Lillingtons, Dropkick Murphys, 25 Ta Life, Welt, The Influenced, and Rational Enquirer are all featured. There's also writings by editor Dave, the consistent and always entertaining "Weasel's World" as well as other columns, reviews and letters from the readers. A great read from the humidity that is Florida.

\$3: 80 newsprint pages and a full color cover
Dave, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL 33674

Beer Powered Bicycle

Ha! This is worth it alone for the pictures of the frat boy initiation turned orgy picture that our fine editor here developed and later stole from the place he works! BPB is a collection of funny ramblings from a humorous kid who has handwriting similar to RITH Advertising guy Mike's (don't worry, the zine is typed). These days, they call these types "personal zines" and sell millions of 'em. Check this one out.

\$1: 24 pages less than half size
PO Box 40001, Portland, OR 97240



Bondage Parents #4

This seriously amused me for quite a while. I'm almost sure that the editor of Bondage Parents wrote at least one of the other columns here under an assumed alias. Most of them are entertaining and funny in the 'A Punk Kid Walks Into A Bar' way and are generally written about porn, midget porn or something similar. My favorite quote from this issue is the JIP's Ultimate First Date Sex Line: "You're already holding the hand I masturbate with, you might as well touch my penis." No serious interviews to speak of.

\$0.55: 16 full size copied pages
JIP Kelly, 762 East 84th St., Brooklyn, NY 11236

Carry No Banners #1

It was great to receive this zine from Sweden, to be reminded that we have like minded individuals around the globe that are serving punk in their own little projects. The best part about this zine and other foreign zines is that they are mostly uninfluenced by the making of magazines over here. This provides for a truly unique and creative product like this one, with an absolutely amazing layout and design.



It reads from cover to cover, straight through with graphics and cartoons to distract you along the way. Good punk and anarchist intellectual thoughts involved here with a layout that the emo kids here would die for!

\$2 (in US) ppd: 18 pages copied, full size
Karl, Perjansvagen 1, 903 55 Umeå, Sweden

Comfort Creature #5

So the creature has passed the test and survived to put out five good issues and is ready to jump into the ring with 'the regulars' of the personal zine world? This is all done by a hard-working "I'm taking a semester off of school just because I can't do it when I've graduated to the 'real world'" carefree heartthrob who goes by the three letters K-A-P. His writings are amusing and tend to either hit home pretty damn hard or miss their target and make you instead feel sorry for our hero and the stories he has to tell.

\$2: 44 pages half size

KAP, PO Box 4251, Boulder, CO 80302



Counter Theory #1

This is a good zine that you can expect to see a lot more from over the next few years. This first issue holds interviews/write-ups with Fugazi, At The Drive In, Kill Holiday, Sarge, Atom & His Package, Rocket Fuel Online, Asian Man Records, Muddle, Open Zine and Sub City Records. A good mix but I hope they cover more than just this particular genre that is in high demand right now. The layout is nice and easy to read, the way I like it, and doesn't throw away too much space which is a lot more than one can say for most debut issues. The writing itself, in the form of columns, stories and reviews, is also well done and I can't wait to watch this baby grow.

\$1: 48 pages on newsprint

Brian/ Matt, 12850 St Rd 84 11/10, Davie, FL 33325

Cow in a Foreign Land #2

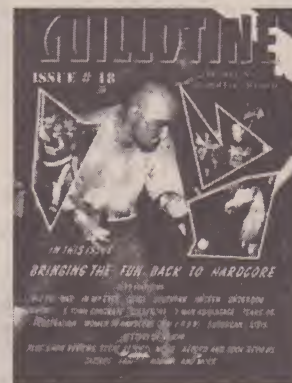
The biggest problem with this issue is when he admits to adding some filler (which should not be the case in a half size, 12 page zine). Other than the filler, which was below par, the second issue of Cow in a Foreign Land is put together rather nicely and is an entertaining read through a couple good stories and columns and an interview with HEARTATTACK zine (not Kent). There's also a trio of zine reviews and a review of the Primate Freedom Tour. You can't go wrong for a 33 cent stamp, especially if the stamp is like mine and was not canceled by Mr. Postman.

A stamp: 12 pages half size copied
Montse, PO Box 13018, College Station, TX

Guillotine #18

Yes, sireee, this here is New York Hardcore giving me flashbacks to listening to Gorilla Biscuits in junior high school! The cover touts that this issue features - "Bringing the Fun Back to Hardcore" and I couldn't personally agree more. Somebody has got to bring the fun back to hardcore, go Guillotine. Other interviews and write-ups include: All out War, In my Eyes, OS101, Southpaw, Underdog, The Truents, E-Town Concrete and many more. I love the graffiti coverage as it is a passion of mine that I don't get to see in too many zines out there today. Tons of reviews and tons of reading left and right makes this a definite must see!

\$3: glossy cover 158 pages newsprint with some red ink
Wendy, 314 79th St. #8, Brooklyn, NY 11209



Hanging Like a Hex #12

This is a great issue with an interview with my friend Chris from the Swarm alongside interviews with ex-Jawbox Burning Airlines, Sweep the Leg Johnny, the Neurosis keyboardist, Kid Dynamite and Slowdime Records. The format is excellent and supports the well-written

PINHEAD GUNPOWDER

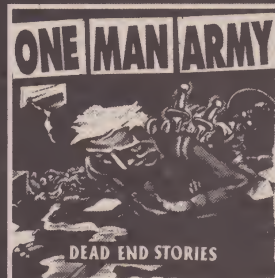
"...a new EP of excellently executed, lyrically heartfelt pop-punk"
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FRACTURE DEC. '98



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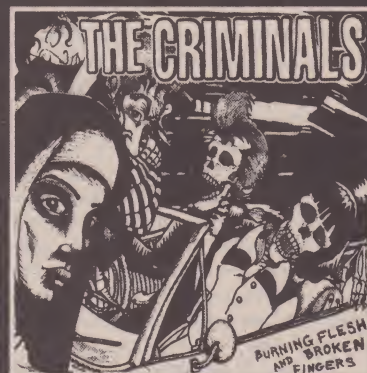
"RAGING HARDCORE... FROM THIS GREAT EAST BAY BAND"
FLIPSIDE, DEC. '98



AFI's 'A FIRE INSIDE'
CDEP- \$7 7"- \$5

THE CRIMINALS

"... a contender for punk greatness and success... Every song is rippin'..."
ZERO MAGAZINE Sept. '99

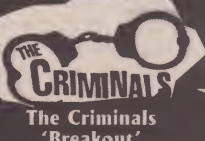


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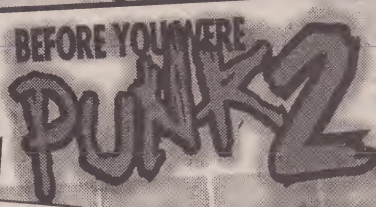
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and
THE CRIMINALS
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ADELINERECORDS.NET

Here it comes again...

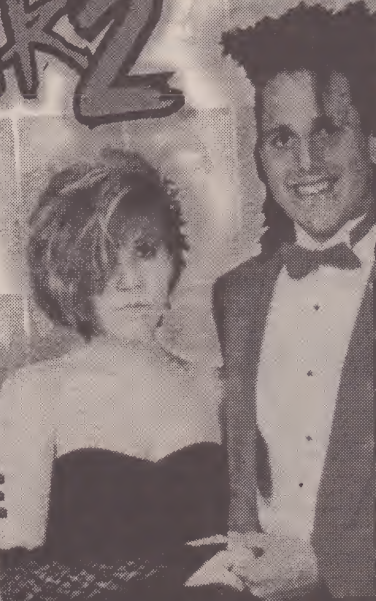
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NO MOTIV
MXPX
THE HIPPOS
ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT
SUICIDE MACHINES
ALL



Vagrant Records, P.M.B. 361, 2118 W. 18th Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90403
e-mail: Vagrant1@sprynet.com web: WWW.VAGRANT.NET

pieces including a particularly attractive piece on College asking if it is really worth it. Add some comics, pictures, reviews, and ads by all of the hardcore and indie rock labels of today and you've got yourself a nice publication here.

\$2: 98 pages with a fat color cover
 Ryan, 201 Maple Ln, N Syracuse, NY 13212

Jaded in Chicago #6

This is by far the best issue of Jaded in Chicago that I have seen. For the most part (but not all) the interviews are shorter with BEN WEASEL, MXPX, CATCH 22, MU330 and THE STRIKE. It was great to see Bill throw quite a bit more Chicago related things into this issue. What I really come to expect from this zine from its title (perhaps wrongly though) is the perspective of someone living in the capital of the Midwest. My appetite is fed here with tales of the Fireside Bowl and some pictures taken there and at The Metro. I can only hope that JiC continues publicizing some Chicago rock n roll and continues to feed me with tid-bits that can bring back some memories that I have of that city on the Lake.

24 pages full size on average stock
 Bill, 4031 Forest Ave, Western Springs, IL 60558

KiT 'Zine Vol. 4 #8

As with most punk/underground zines that publish an underground Christian lifestyle, Keeping It Together, is interesting to read for the letters alone. The first 1/3 of this issue is devoted to the writings of readers and the responses that the editor has to them. These letters are a great way to hone your side of 'The Argument,' whichever side that may be. The majority of the letters are extremely well-written as are the editor's responses. Regardless if you prescribe to a certain religion or not, KiT is a great read to hear the perspective of a definite non-traditional punk answering the pointed questions of readers like, "By punishing evil people, isn't Satan assisting God? It seems like a cosmic version of Good Cop / Bad Cop."

\$1 ppd?: 24 pages newsprint
 James, 371 Crossfield Road, King of Prussia, PA 19406

Klusterfuct #4

This is an interesting little zine. The editor says that he prints 5000 of these do-it-yourself copyshop zines just for the love! My kind of kid. At the same time, he's pissed because of the lack of response and thus includes some decent scrappers that you would expect like "50 Fun Things To Do At Target or Wal-Mart." There are definitely some good monologues here; anything from stories to poetry to diary entries and back. A literary magazine that severs its purpose as providing a source for an entertaining read.

\$1: 20 pages, copied and stapled
 Charlie PO Box 2142, Vacaville, CA 95696

LUSH #1

Wow, another personal type zine from my home state makes me swell with pride. Kids here won't ever have to worry about not finding a good source of alternative entertainment during class or work! This comes full of writings and cut n paste collages, a handful of reviews (only zines, hey that's kinda cool!) and some politics from 'be kind to animals' to 'Riot Grrl web sites.' I like how this doesn't take a shot to offend anyone (unless of course you take offense at punks writing about hip hop) and thus will give just about anyone picking it up a kick.

\$1: 18 half size pages with no staples
 Elizabeth, 1015 S Gaylord #247-B, Denver, CO 80209

JADED IN CHICAGO



BEN WEASEL
 MXPX
 MU330
 THE STRIKE

Midget Breakdancing Digest #13

Here's the new MBD, dubbed the "summer travel issue" in which editor Stuart went up to Northwest for a rock festival. AFI, Piebald, Hot Water music, Planes Mistaken For Stars and Electric Summer are all interviewed in this issue and Stuart graces us with a complete account of his run up north. A good read with the only small detail that bugged me being when Stuart talks about how shitty rural kids or kids going to college in Wyoming must have it. The rural life rules. Anyway, well-written, less wasted space and a good spread of reviews. MBD has moved down to our hometown, and it's funny that we haven't run into each other at the post office yet.

\$1: 48 pages, newsprint
 S. Anderson, PO Box 2337, Boulder, CO 80306

Misc. Noid #1

My first impression of this little zine from Florida was a quick flashback to another zine, Revenge of the Nerds, which is also from the same town. I would hope that, with all of the similarities between the two zines (in content, layout, everything) that these two editors could somehow meet and collaborate their efforts into one unified project. They seem to be friends (there's a little ad for R.O.T.N. on the inside cover) so I don't see what is stopping them. Both zines are good and would definitely benefit from each other's help, both artistically and financially, and then maybe they could give more pages or content for the \$1 cover price.

\$1: 12 half size pages copied
 Derik, 350 Harbour Isle Way, Longwood, FL 32750

Moral Majority #2

Flipping through this, I can't avoid thinking of another zine: The Infection. Both have "bands to avoid" type pages, a handful of reviews, and some twisted drawings and altered pictures. Overall, I love the ideas put in here, which include harsh criticisms on actions that get punk clubs closed, and a good article and complete discography of a different band each time. The music involved here is crusty and it's great (I mean great) to see that a sub-genre of punk that most people associate with lazy drunks is getting coverage and proving its worth.

\$1: 28 pages copied and stapled
 Will, 611 Marine St, Boulder, CO 80302

Mutant Renegade #11

Mutant Renegade is just cranking issues like they have inside information on the coming of the new Millennium. Interviews in this one with Erika Lopez, Lauren Hoffman and the mighty Superchunk, as well as survey results that are funny. The columns in here are just sort of scattered about like they were flying debris in a tornado. Some are too short, others too boring and so on. A good zine nonetheless with a consistency that has yet to be matched!

48 pages newsprint, 4 pages glossy with red ink



Grog, PO Box 3445, Dayton, OH 45401

No Really, I Can Change Things #4

Seeing another zine from Evanston, IL leads me to believe that it's about time to declare Evanston the new zine capital of the US based on amount of zines per resident (Zine Guide, Tailspins, Olive Pit to mention a few Evanston zines). "No Really" is a half size zine consisting of basic reflections on life and the experiences it brings from the viewpoint of a few guys in this college town. The pieces I most related to were the driving/ road trip stories even though I felt that they ended too quickly to satisfy me fully. A couple of ironic truths are discovered in this particular issue which will give you a good read during class if nothing else.

\$1: 20 pages half size
 Peter, 1114 Maple Ave, Evanston, IL 60202

People Can't Drive #5

Overall, I can easily classify this as a "literary" zine. It contains writings and poetry from such people as SPANK's Michelle Daugherty,

RITH's own Seth Ferranti, COMFORT CREATURE's Kap, Shit ED, and several others. The contents are primarily stories (as opposed to poetry) and range from personal experiences with characters and plots and endings, to ongoing rhetorical questions asked in a new light. You write for your readers and PEOPLE CAN'T DRIVE will definitely appeal to the more intellectual crowd who should be prepared to challenge themselves when reading this.

\$2: 48 white half size pages, 4 pages of a nice red and silver cover Michelle, 1004 Rose Avenue, Des Moines, IA 50315

The Pink Shoelace #2

The writings in here are so random that it turns out to be quite entertaining. From paragraph long props to ASIAN MAN RECORDS, to the 5 Easy Steps to Being Punk, to the scattered reviews, this covers the whole gamut. In this issue, there are short interviews with both the BLUE MEANIES and MU330 (hence the props to Asian Man) and several show reviews. I guess I never really saw the point of having show reviews (who is attracted to reading them?) but at the same time, after reading these, I see that it's fun to put yourself in the shoes of a kid just like you in a different scene and then hear their first-hand account. They hooked me.

\$1: 24 half size copied pages

Shamelle, 1400-C Windorah Way, W Palm Beach, FL 33411

Punk Fiction #10

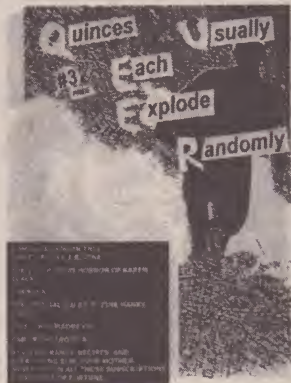
Hello Cana-duh, it's always great to receive a fresh copy of Punk Fiction! If I had to pick one group of people to visit in the land of the Mounties it would be this gang of kids. They seem to have their heads on straight, printing articles on activists throughout history, as well as being able to let loose and have a great time. There's a great "Jurassic Punk" cartoon here as well as entries from one of the writers' diary from 7 years ago! There's also some reviews, an interview with the Voodoo Glowskulls and enough fun to make any bored kid want to start up his/her own cut n paste zine!

\$2: 48 half size pages, blue cover

1011 Upper Middle Rd E #1314, Oakville, Ontario, Canada, L6H 5Z9

QUEER #3

This is a great zine from Louisiana, which partially owes some of its greatness to the small ratio of ads to page content. The intro serves as a great introduction to the zine and the queer editor goes off, giving you immediate insight into his head. In this issue, we find interviews with Jim Buck and the Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black alongside an article on the Teletubbies (this is the kind of zine that can pull such an article off-take note). Then you also get all of the usual music, video, zine reviews and some good writing throughout.



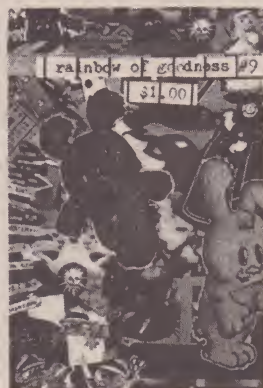
\$1: 32 pages newsprint

Avalo, PO Box 52812, New Orleans, LA 70152-2812

Rainbow of Goodness #9

I truly took the time to read all of the comics contained in this issue of RoG and my favorite cartoon was the one entitled "The Kid who poops out his mouth meets Tiffany the Balemic Cannibal Valley Girl." Some cartoons (like the one mentioned above) are fantastically drawn, while others are done in more of a child-like, sloppy style that adds (sometimes) to its entertainment value. Mind you, some are quite disturbing and twisted (especially the one with the metal kids in the woods who kill squirrels and are in turn slaughtered by an evil squirrel). This would be a great read for a fan of independent cartoons and humor.

\$1: 28 pages half size with full color cover Mark, 1289 Browning Ct, Lansdale, PA 19446



Roadkill Zine #3

A part of this zine that I always enjoyed was the skateboarding twist that the editors put on everything (pictures, tips on tricks, etc). Now I read in the introduction that the main man here has been sidelined from skating because his varsity baseball coach told him not to injure himself during the season. What's up with that man? If you're good enough of a ball player where the coach needs you, then you need to be calling the shots. Set your priorities: skating or baseball or maybe both? Interviews with the NOTONES, THE HIPPOES, CATCH 22 and AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY plus record and video reviews, a cartoon and the aforementioned skateboarding regulars which lead me to believe that Editor in Chief is not ready to hang up his board just yet. A good issue for their new move to full size.

32 pages full size on average stock paper John, PO Box 11278, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33339

Rude: International #4

I've said it before and I will say it again: Rude International is the best source for ska and related music in the world today. I mean it. Even for oi, punk and hardcore, Rude provides such great coverage that is almost unrivaled in the underground scene today. This one has a big write-up on Jimmy Cliff himself, interviews and pictures of Anti-Flag and GBH, a great chat with ex-Op Ivy man Jesse Michaels and more!!! There's news reports from around the world that contain little interesting blurbs about so many different bands that I'd almost call this a 'textbook' for the underground. I am seriously impressed with each new issue that the folks at Rude put out and hope they continue doing this for a long time, long time.

\$3.50: glossy cover and pages, 72 pages total Rude, PO Box 391302, Cambridge, MA 02139

Scanner #4

Scanner is one of my favorite UK zines. I love its half legal size on the glossier paper that UK zines seem to use. This issue is no different with BLUE TIP, BREZHNEV, DRAGONS, FIRE STARTER, HEADCHECKS, LOVEMEN, NAVEL, RYDELL and SOON interviewed. The columns are good and diverse, with writers from the UK, Australia, the US and more!! Half of the interviews were done on a recent visit the editor did to Japan and help expose these Japanese bands to the UK. I'm still amazed at the amount of work and great layout (reviews, interviews, everything) that the Scanner guys put into this for such a (compared to the US) small print run. Keep it up.



\$2: 60 half legal pages on good paper

Steve, 6 Chatsworth Drive, Rushmere Park, Ipswich, Suffolk, IP4 5 XA, UK

Slug & Lettuce #60

With each issue, I know that I can expect the latest S & L in my box. Read it for editor Christine's thoughts, for ads, zines and music that you won't find in every other zine, and for the pictures scattered throughout the entire publication.

\$0.55: 16 big pages of newsprint sized like a paper

Christine, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261

Sore #8

SORE has established itself on the East Coast for having a multitude of differing columns. The bulk of the zine is composed of one page columns written by people of such differing backgrounds that it encourages me to keep on doing what I'm doing here. The content of the column will of course depend on how much it appeals to you. Some can be skipped and for me it was the 'Communication' piece (just because the conclusion ran a little too



close to home) and the 'Christian Punk is Bad' piece (just because I've heard enough, thank you). There's also zine reviews and music reviews but no interviews which is great just because it's something different, and doing something different is something that we all try to accomplish.

*\$1 ppd: 36 pages half size
Taylor, PO Box 68711, Virginia Beach, VA 23471*

So What #4

The best part of the latest So What is their (her) account of this year's Zine Fest in Bowling Green. It offers actual quotes from the conference that you'll find amusing, especially if you've done any work on a zine before. The bulk of the story has to do with events that occurred before and after the conference, but then again, that's the way things usually go. The exciting things usually take place while you're not participating in your intended plans. They use their cut and paste format to their advantage, placing pictures and words (check out the Sleeping Beauty story) in an entertaining and melodramatic fashion to keep the reader interested (there's even a Picasso painting copied in!). The writing is good and I have a feeling that most late teens-aged girls could definitely relate to the content.

*2 stamps: 28 pages half size copied and stapled
Molly and Patti, 8133 S Filmore Wy, Littleton, CO 80122*

Spank #27

Interviews with the Kissofs, Stiff Pole Records, Moral Crux, No Motiv, Carter Peace Mission, Capital City Dusters, Bad Monkey Recs, Pinehurst Kids, and the Lillingtons. Most of the interviews are done in a non-traditional zine form and thus make up for the lack of other writings throughout the zine. There are a handful of columns not to be overlooked as well as good reviews of records and zines, but you can always turn to Spank for content in their interviews.



*\$2: glossy cover, different paper, 72 pages
Michelle + Doug, 1004 Rose Ave, Des Moines, IA 50315*

Take A Stand #3

I have to say that the first thing that caught my eye in this newest issue of TAKE A STAND is that the issue can be found in its entire length on their web page. This gives the added attraction of printing only the best parts of interviews in the zine and you don't have to sit through any 'typical' answers, unless you want to. Along with interviews with CHRIS MILLS, TILT and THE HANDSOME FAMILY there's a variety of articles and columns, the feature article being an interesting true story of one man's search through the FBI records for his relatives and then being in turn questioned himself. My favorite column was an amusing piece entitled "Killings In The Big City" which follows the conversations between a couple asking themselves how long it would take for someone to notice their disappearance if they were murdered. Good writings, good lay out, good zine.

*\$1: 32 half size pages
Travis, 0615 SW Palatine Hill Rd #1074, Portland, OR 97219*

Teenybopper #2

This is funny: Obviously the editor got himself in quite some trouble in the first issue after speaking badly about a local band. He even makes attempts at backing out of the majority of his comments. The odd thing is that he later goes on to attack (in a humorous way though, I'll give him that) a local zine this time around. I can only guess as to the nature of his apologies next time around. Teenybopper as a whole has grown this time with interviews with all of the big bands (Bad Religion, Less than Jake, and the Bouncing



Souls) and the content has improved (as one would expect) since the first issue. But for the most part, this zine continues to live off a fairly unestablished, but humorous nonetheless, foundation that we will all enjoy watching form.

*32 pages newsprint
Thorin, PO Box 62, Lyons, CO 80540*

Throwrug #23

I can relate to this: "Things were going pretty well; but as deadline after deadline came and went, it became obvious that some of my flakier friends weren't going to ever get around to writing the articles that they had been swearing to do for months..." The answer? Editor Karlos has to step up and fill Throwrug with some of his writings and some filler that both hits and misses. There's a good conversation with a psychic and some more words to read for a good time. There's the usual zine reviews and the music reviews with Throwrug twist put on them, but by far, the highlight of #23 is the "\$50 Box" piece. They go in depth into Harriet Carter's \$50 mystery box that contains more than \$200 worth of merchandise (And even do a final pie chart analysis). This was fantastic because I have always personally wondered if I should spring \$50 and see what goodies would come my way!



*\$2 ppd: 60 pages half size on cool paper
Karlos, PO Box 29378, Bellingham, WA 98228-1378*

Uprising #4

It's back and it's free as usual. The layout has gotten much better and the space is used the way it should be, packed with interviews with the Rejix and The Donnas and some zine and music reviews. Even though each issue is surprisingly thin to be printed on newsprint, it's still an entertaining read to pass the time.

*\$1: 16 pages newsprint
Rob, PO Box 2251, Monroe, MI 48161*

VAMPED #3 / THURTEEN #5 split

This has got to be one of the most productive things spurned out of

the northern Colorado in the 90's. This issue has been a year in the making and its much-anticipated release indicates that it was indeed well worth the wait. The focus of this issue is on sexual-assault and everything related to it. The columns and stories printed are so well-written that you know the first person interpretations have not been faked. In my current position here at work I have finally been smacked in the face repeatedly concerning this issue and once I sat down to read this zine, I couldn't pull myself away from it. For the first time, there's stories about women AND men being raped, there's tales of same sex rape (dispelling the 'that only happens in prison' idea), and a closer look at the problem with articles on the Images of Men and Women, Patterns of Abuse and even an article on how to make your own self-defense sprays. There's details of the Jux at Punks With Presses assaults as well as Jeff Ott's (FIFTEEN) own confessions and related stories. This is a great resource from a town's (who has gone through a lot concerning this matter) perspective. If you ever need something like this or have any curiosity on the subject please pick this up, it will help you develop your feelings on a very tough subject.

*\$2 ppd: 68 half-legal sized pages
Christian, PO Box 1943, Greeley, CO 80632-1943*



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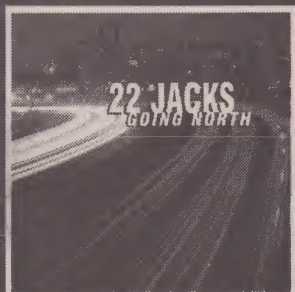
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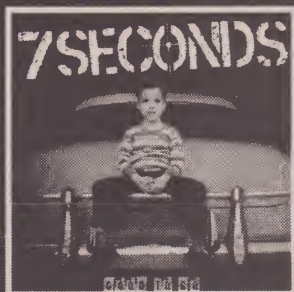


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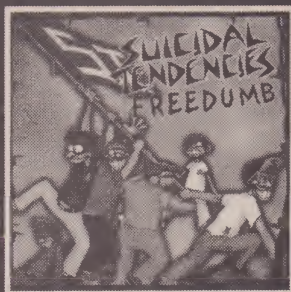
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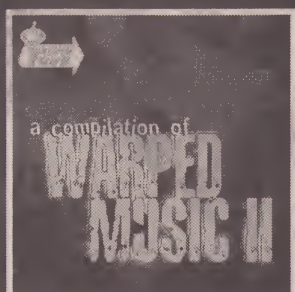
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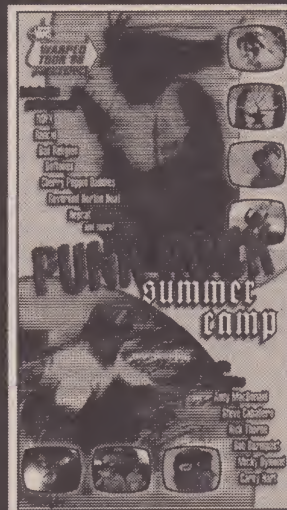
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HEY PUNK! WHICH ONES ARE YOU MISSING?

All back issues have very limited quantities, please list alternates. Also make all forms of payment out to Stefan Wild and not RITH.

#6- RITH makes the jump to newsprint while still trying to maintain our cut n' paste sincerity. Interviews with the BOUNCING SOULS, GOOBER PATROL, THE BROADWAYS, FERD MERT, MAILORDER CHILDREN, Petrol Apathy (is Dan a very bad man answered); Ross Haenfler cover; Food Not Bombs Denver; Straightedge; Police Treatment. - 40 pages

#7- The Skinhead Issue- lots of anti- racist and skinhead info and columns. Interviews with THE FORCE, LUNA- CHICKS, ELECTRIC SUMMER, THE 8 BUCKS EXPERIMENT, THE COMMERCIALS; "Is Marching Band Punk Rock?" debate; "Essence of a Generation" poem; art by Eric and Ross; music and zine reviews. - 48 pages

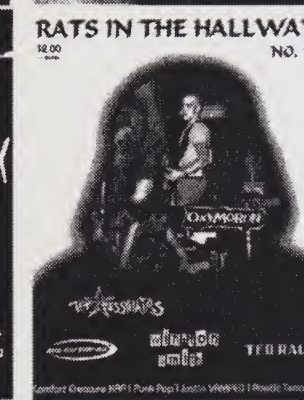
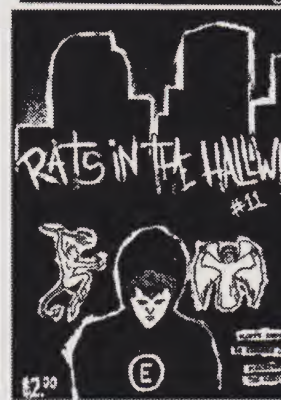
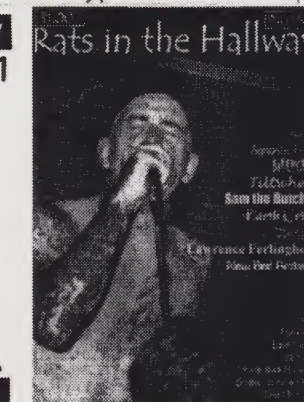
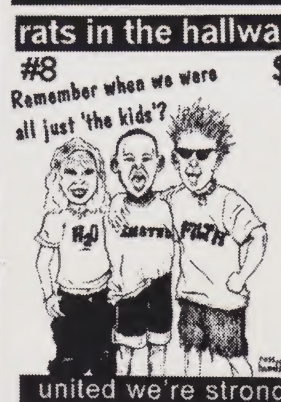
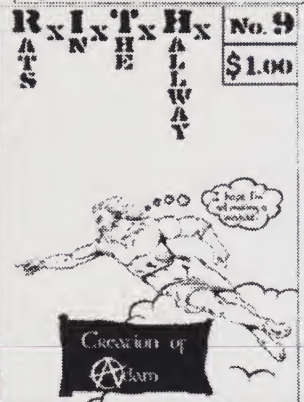
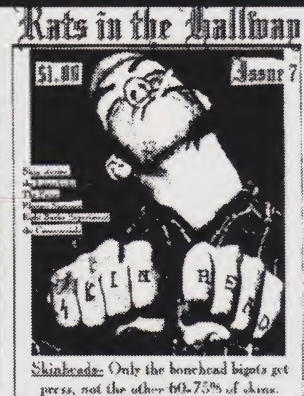
#8- Interviews with HAGFISH, DIESEL BOY, PIETASTERS, JUDGE ROUGHNECK, ARMCHAIR MARTIAN; Punk Pop; Chumbawamba discussion; Skinhead, Ska and Scooters columns; art by Ross and Eric; Nick Maas' column returns; much more. - 48 pages

#9- "Is the Warped Tour Evil or Not?" interviews with FURY 66, LESS THAN JAKE, TILT and MXPX; Chumbawamba responds; Mike and Sue's not-so-average-relationship; Punk Pop Christian Beansprout; Corey Skanker; Evan O'Meara; Mike McCabe; Double cover madness by Ross Haenfler; music and zine reviews; and a whole lot more fun on newsprint! - 48 pages

#10- Interviews with AGNOSTIC FRONT, BILLYCLUB, TILTWHEEL, SAM THE BUTCHER, EARTH CRISIS, SHOGUN, LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI (Beat writer), and NEW RED ARCHIVES. Columns from Comfort Creature Kap, Justin Vamped, Punk Pop, Silent Majority, Free Mumia, Seth Ferranti and tons (I mean tons) more. - 56 pages

#11- Interviews with SLOPPY SECONDS, 88 FINGERS LOUIE, FLOORPUNCH, THE GAMITS and a crazy KILL ALLEN WRENCH story. Great columns by Punk Pop, Comfort Creature Kap, Seth Ferranti, Justin Vamped, Mike McCabe Dave Paco, Phil, Dan Butcher and Eric Blacklist. There's art by Ross and Eric and the cover was done by Dave Paco. There's even a Leatherface article and discography. - 68 pages

#12- Interviews with OXYMORON, ONE CAR PILE-UP, collagist WINSTON SMITH, cartoonist TED RALL, and the MESSYHAIRS. Columns from Seth Ferranti, KAP, Dan Butcher, Punk Pop, Megan Briggs and a great story by Kris Daub with pictures from Stefan and art from Ross and Rasmussen. Much, much more! - 84 pages



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